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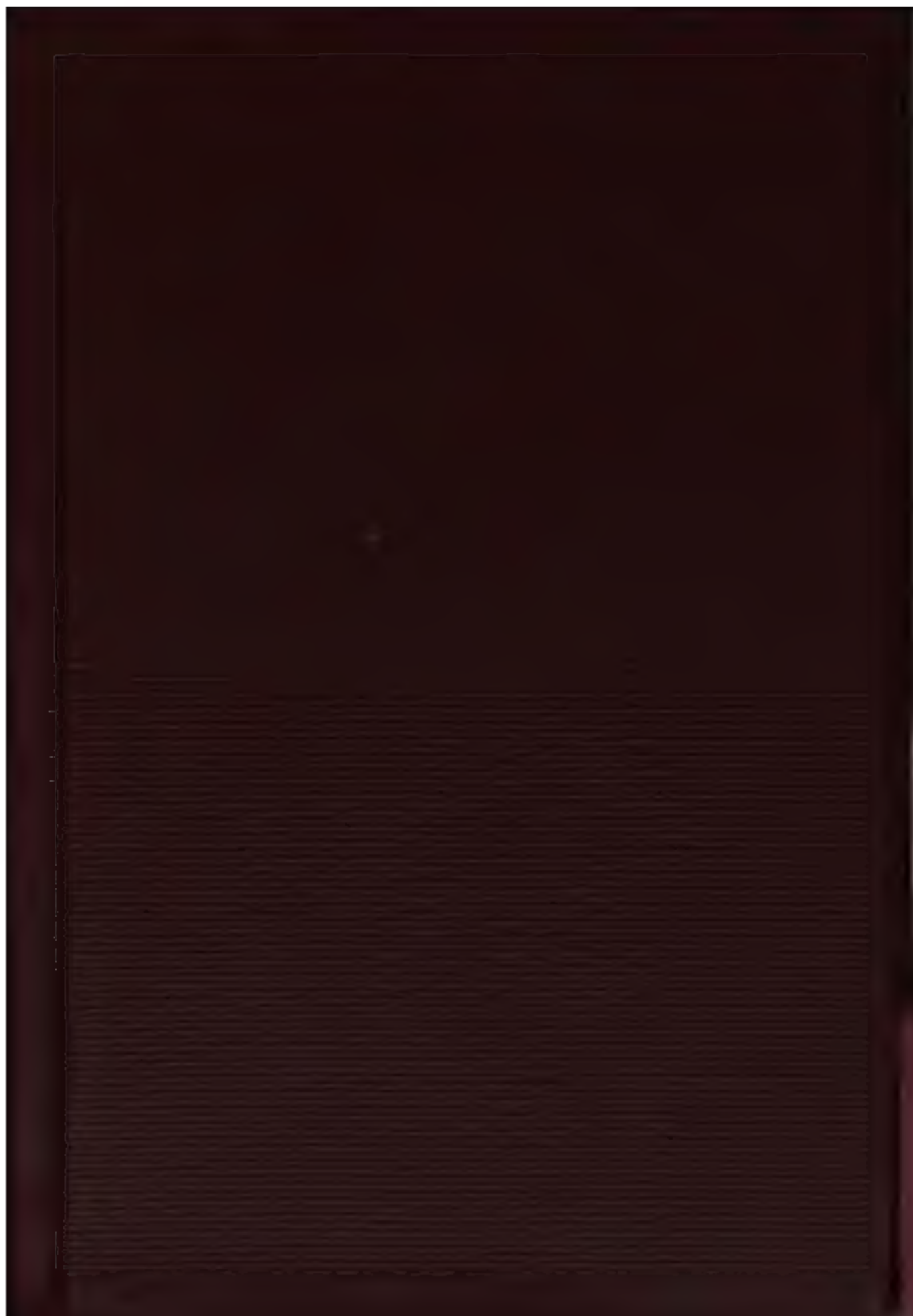
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# I V A N H O E //

BY  
SIR WALTER SCOTT

=

EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

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## PREFACE

In presenting this edition of *Ivanhoe* for the use of pupils in secondary schools, the editor has sought to provide such information, and only such information, as seems necessary to its appreciation by boys and girls. In annotating, most foreign terms and most technical and obsolete words have been explained. In many instances a brief statement of the etymology of the word has been added, not only because the historical development of words is in itself a legitimate branch of study, but also because, when the derivation can be traced, it constitutes an essential part of the definition and fixes the significance of the word in memory as nothing else will. *Ivanhoe* is particularly rich in words that illustrate the historical development of English in one of its most important phases—its relation to the Norman-French. It is with reference to the use of the notes for an occasional study of these etymologies as well as for convenience ordinarily, that the "Index of Words Annotated" has been prepared.

The breadth of Scott's vocabulary, his customary free and accurate selection of words, is one of the notable characteristics of his literary style. To illustrations of this and similar points of rhetorical criticism it is the province of the teacher, not the editor, to direct attention. There is no difficulty in providing material for study in connection with a work like this; the difficulty rather is to make that material as condensed as possible and of interest sufficient to tempt the average boy or girl to use it. By all means let the reading of the novel itself precede formal study of the *introduction*.

The writer wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the excellent edition of *Ivanhoe* prepared by Professor F. B. Perry of Princeton University, whose admirable choice of arrangement of matter has been of frequent service in the preparation of this text.

Galesburg, Ill., August 15, 1899.

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## INTRODUCTION

### 1. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

**Ancestry.** Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. His father, whose name was also Walter, was a Writer to the Signet, or attorney at law. His paternal ancestry contained many famous names. One of the poet's ancestors, likewise a Walter, commonly known as Auld Wat of Harden, is commemorated in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Auld Wat's son, William, having been made prisoner in one of the raids common enough in that day, was given his choice between hanging, and marrying a daughter of his captor, whose nickname of Meikle-Mouthed Meg is significant of her personal appearance. After three days of deliberation, this unwilling suitor chose the lady, and, as we are told, never had reason to regret his choice. Another Walter Scott, great grandfather of the novelist, was identified with the cause of the Stuarts, and it was from him, perhaps, that Sir Walter inherited that sentiment for the same cause so evident in his work. Scott's father was a dignified and somewhat formal personage. He is portrayed in *Redgauntlet* in the character of Alexander Fairford. The mother of the novelist was Anne Rutherford Scott, daughter of a professor in the University of Edinburgh. She was well educated, a woman of kindly nature and warm heart.

**Childhood.** Walter was the ninth of twelve children, and although unusually strong and athletic when a man, he was sickly as a child. When two and a half years old, he was taken to his *grandfather's* farm at Sandyknowe, where he

remained under the special care of his grandmother for several years. One of the old servants on the place afterward described him as "a sweet-tempered bairn, a darling with all about the house." Here the child grew rapidly strong, and although lame, he could clamber about with agility, and even while very young learned to gallop about the country on a small Shetland pony of his own. Amid such surroundings Scott's taste for the ancient literature of his native Scotland developed early and was fostered by all the circumstances of his environment. Under the direction of his grandmother, whose memory was a treasure-house of the past, he learned to read and to recite some of the old border-poems of which he grew passionately fond. On one occasion he declaimed the ballad of *Hardicanute* with such gusto that he quite put out the parish clergyman who complained that he "might as well speak in a cannon mouth as where that child was." The vivid imagination of the romancer was manifested in the boy and roused the astonishment of his friends. A relative of the family saw him when six years old reading to his mother, and described him thus: "He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. 'There's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash it goes; they will all perish.' After his agitation he turns to me, 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.'

**Schooldays.** In 1779 the eight-year-old lad came back to Edinburgh and was placed in the High School, where he made less of a reputation as a scholar than as a teller of tales to his comrades in the school. The spirit of his rough and ready ancestry was not wanting in the youth; he was a good fighter on occasion and bold enough in all boyish adventure. Although, as he says, he "glanced like a meteor from one end of the class to the other," meaning thereby a movement in the wrong direction, it is not to be inferred that he was either a dunce or an idler. With the book

at he enjoyed he grew more than familiar. He absorbed the spirit as well as the words of the authors he loved. Something of their enthusiasm and something of their prejudice he assimilated also. Even as a boy Scott was staunch, unyielding Tory, and took the side of the Cavaliers as against the Roundheads, from a conviction that their creed was "the more gentlemanlike" of the two. Such are the characteristics of this precocious lad; it is not difficult to see in them the possibility and promise of a *Marmion* and an *Ivanhoe*.

**Professional Career.** About 1785 or 1786 Scott entered his father's office to study law, supplementing his office-study with courses in the law-school of the University. He worked on thus for six or seven years, with more or less perseverance, though with no great enthusiasm for his profession. As occasion offered the young attorney made excursions into the Highlands and met some of the characters afterward introduced in the tales. He also joined the yeomanry, or militia, and thus gained acquaintance with military matters. In 1792 he was admitted to the bar.

On Christmas eve, 1797, the young advocate was married to Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, or Charpentier, the name originally stood, a lady of French parentage, though reared and educated in England. Soon afterward Scott was made sheriff of Selkirkshire and rented Abbestiel, a country-house on the Tweed. In 1806 he assumed the duties of one of the Clerks of Session, but did not enjoy the salary of this office, £1300, until 1811.

**Literary Labors.** Scott's entrance upon a literary career began with the publication of some translations of the newer romantic poetry of Germany. In 1799 he published a version of Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*. In 1800 he wrote the *Eve of St. John*, a border ballad, and in 1805 appeared his first poem of note, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. This was followed by *Marmion*, in 1808; *The Lady of the Lake*, in 1810; *The Vision of Don Roderick*

1811, and *Rokeby*, 1813. But this was not all; along with other poems of lesser note, Scott also did an extraordinary amount of editorial work during this period, including editions, with biographies, of Dryden and Swift. His metrical romances, the best of their kind ever written, made their author the most popular writer of his day. The history of the Scottish borders was rich in material suited to the purpose of the romancer, and Scott, thoroughly familiar with the customs and traditions of his native land, happily endowed with a sentiment and a sympathy for his subject, was remarkably well qualified to thus revive the spirit of the past. The poet found himself famous and wealthy. In 1811 he bought Abbotsford—forever afterward associated with his name—an estate on the banks of the Tweed about thirty miles from Edinburgh.

**The  
Novels.**

In 1812 Lord Byron published the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and followed these in the next year with *The Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos*. There was therefore now a new poet in the field. *Rokeby* had not proved so successful as the earlier poems, and after two further ventures in *The Bridal of Triermain*, 1813, and *The Lord of the Isles*, 1814, Scott quietly withdrew from the field of verse and opened a vein of imaginative creation the like of which had never before been discovered in English literature. In 1814 appeared *Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since*, a novel of manners and adventure in Scotland during the period indicated by the title. This was indeed an event in English letters, and the "author of *Waverley*," who rigorously concealed his identity until secrecy finally became impossible, found himself for a second time the success of the hour. *Guy Mannering* followed in 1815, "the work of six weeks at Christmas time;" then came in quick succession *The Antiquary*, *The Black Dwarf*, *Old Mortality*, all in 1816; *Rob Roy*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, 1817, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and *The Legend of Montrose*, 1819. During

Last year the novelist suffered intensely with a malady of the stomach which caused an agony of pain, "but," as he wrote afterward to a friend, with reference to his sufferings at this time, "I have no idea of these things preventing me from doing what he has a mind." When *The Bride of Lammermoor* was completed, however, Scott declared that he did not recollect one single incident, character or conversation it contained, so severe and so continuous had been the pain which had tormented him throughout its creation.

*Ivanhoe*. The year 1819 marks a slight departure in Scott's selection of subjects. Hitherto he had confined himself to the field of Scottish history and Scottish character, a field where he felt himself perfectly at home; he now tried an "experiment on a subject purely English," with gratifying success. *Ivanhoe*, if not the greatest, is probably the most popular of all his works. As a romance of chivalry, picturesque, brilliant, absorbing, vivid in its portrayal of the jarring adjustment of Norman and Saxon, *Ivanhoe* remains, in spite of the criticism inspired by the melodrama of its action, unsurpassed by any work of fiction to which it can be appropriately compared. No one is impressed by the scope of the imagination displayed in its scenes, the rapidity of its movement or its freshness of tone, could suspect that the author while engaged upon its creation was racked with physical pain; yet such was the fact. At the time of its creation Scott was still a sufferer from the malady already referred to.

It was Scott's plan to launch this "experiment" as the work of a novelist entirely unknown. He therefore adopted the device of a "dedicatory epistle" presenting his views on the handling of antiquarian material and signed by "Laurence Templeton." In the course of this epistle the writer says: "Of my materials I have but little to say. They may be chiefly found in the singular Anglo-Norman MS. which Sir Arthur Wardour preserves with such jealous care."



in the third drawer of his oaken cabinet, scarcely allowing anyone to touch it, and being himself not able to read one syllable of its contents. I should never have got his consent, on my visit to Scotland, to read in those precious pages for so many hours, had I not promised to designate it by some emphatic mode of printing, as **The Wardour Manuscript**, giving it, thereby, an individuality as important as the Bannatyne MS., the Auchinleck MS., or any other monument of the patience of a Gothic Scrivener." This quotation will explain the notes signed "L. T." as well as the occasional allusions to the Wardour MS., a purely fictitious invention. In the preface to the edition of 1830 the author gives a number of interesting details concerning the real materials used in the novel. The name of "Ivanhoe" was suggested by an old rhyme recording the names of three manors forfeited by the ancestor of the celebrated Hampden, for striking the Black Prince a blow with his racket when they quarreled at tennis—

"Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,  
For striking of a blow,  
Hampden did forego,  
And glad he could escape so."

The actual sources from which Scott drew the material of *Ivanhoe*, however, were in his own intimate acquaintance, not only with the facts of early English history, but as well with the spirit of her people in all ages of the past. With this substantial knowledge at his command, his masterly imagination seemed to have no difficulty in recalling the historical personages of whom he wrote and in reviving the spirit and manners of the age in which they lived, or in adding characters of his own invention to supplement and round out the little world of his romance.

**Later Years.** In 1820 Scott was made a baronet, the first *person thus* honored by George IV. after his accession to *the throne*. At Abbotsford he lived the life of a Scottish

ed, hospitable, industrious, busying himself with official duties and displaying a capacity for work that has hardly been equalled. Along with memoirs, essays and translations, continued to appear the successive volumes of the Waverley novels, including *Kenilworth*, 1821, *The Pirate*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, and *Peveril of the Peak*, 1822, *Antin Durward*, 1823, *St. Ronan's Well*, and *Redgauntlet*, 1824, *The Betrothed*, and *The Talisman*, 1825, and *Godstock*, 1826.

This last year was a disastrous one for the Laird. In 1825 he had become a silent partner in the printing and publishing firm of the Ballantynes; he was also financially involved with Constable, the publisher of the novels. There was evident mismanagement on all sides, and in 1826 both firms collapsed, leaving Sir Walter under a load of debt which he bore heroically till his death. The amount of the obligations assumed by Scott was about £130,000. He turned over to trustees his property at Abbotsford and bravely to work to discharge the debt. He was fifty years old and subject to the attacks of a new disorder, which struck at the brain and eventually caused paralysis. The story of the next few years is full of pathos. Within a few years' time he had earned nearly £40,000, £18,000 having come from the sales of a *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*. In February, 1830, the novelist had a stroke of paralysis, but still he struggled on at his task. On September 23, 1831, too late to regain his shattered health, Scott left Abbotsford for a trip to Italy, seeking rest. He sailed from Portsmouth for the Mediterranean upon a frigate placed by the government at his disposal, visited Malta, Naples and Rome, and then began to long for home. In May the party started to return, traveling down the Rhine to Rotterdam, where the almost dying man was placed on an English steamboat, arriving in London June 13, 1832. Here he lay and, though very weak, at his urgent desire was brought home to Abbotsford, recognizing familiar scenes



and greeting with a cry of delight the first view of its old-fashioned towers. Foremost among the old friends eager to extend a greeting were his favorite dogs, and Sir Walter smiled or sobbed as they fawned about him and licked his hand.

Scott lived two months after his return. On September 17, in an interval of consciousness, he called his son-in-law to the bedside and said: "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." Four days later, September 21, 1832, Sir Walter died. He was buried in Dryburgh Abbey where for many generations his ancestors had been laid. His death was regarded as a national loss and unprecedented honors were paid to his memory.

The terrible task, under the strain of which he at last succumbed, was not accomplished during the novelist's lifetime, although by his sacrificing labor the debt was reduced more than one-half in the six years of ceaseless toil. The remainder of the debt was more than covered by the royalties from his books and within a few years after his death Sir Walter's account was clear.

## II. THE STUDY OF THE NOVEL.

So many inquiries are made by teachers and pupils concerning just what is meant by the phrase "a study of fiction" that the editor feels justified in commenting upon this point somewhat at length. It should be understood at the outset that what follows is intended to be suggestive only, and that the material offered in illustration is in no wise complete. The personal tastes and interests of teacher or student may very well modify the method of examination *here used*; the wider the reader's familiarity with general literature, the larger his practice in literary criticism.

more extended his knowledge of fact—the greater will be his independence in his application of tests to the material at hand and the more ample will be the results of his “study” of the work.

**The Aim of  
Story-telling  
is to give  
Pleasure.**

First of all, let the fact be emphasized that the novel or romance is created primarily not to be made an object of study, but to afford pleasure to its reader. In some works of fiction the purpose to entertain is more obvious than in others. In *Ivanhoe*, as in all of Scott's novels, that purpose is paramount, and our first reading of it should not be so minutely attentive to technical features that we shall be robbed of our entertainment and lose what was intended by the author, our pleasure in the *story*. And, in fact, as a matter of fact, that enjoyment will naturally be intensified if at the same time we feel the value of the work as a whole and note here and there the evidence of skillful construction and artistic effect. These waymarks of genius we may be conscious of as we pass and a more careful examination will increase our appreciation and brighten our pleasure. Herein is the justification for subsequent study of the work, a study which should result not only in a more intense feeling of the effects designed, but also to a greater or less degree in the apprehension of how those effects have been achieved.

**The Setting  
and  
the Situation.**

In the study of any novel we may begin by noting the *setting* and the *situation*. The first has to do with the general environment, the characteristics of time and place, the date and scene of action; the second deals with the conditions which involve the principal persons in the narrative and presents the ground-work or starting-point from which the story springs. Either of these may be placed before the reader first, or something of both may be made to appear, the details of each unfolding coincidentally. In what we may call the *introduction of Ivanhoe* the principal points of the setting

are clearly and briefly given in the first five paragraphs of chapter I, and although in the paragraphs following, so many further details are added which make more vivid the political and social order of the kingdom, it transpires that the further facts are given as necessary to our knowledge of the situation. Thus Wamba's discourse upon the meats reveals something of the relative position of Norman and Saxon together with the personal relations naturally existing between them; and this constitutes a most important factor in the development of the romance. The allusions to Cedric and Front-de-Bœuf are incidental to the situation for these persons are prominent in the story. With the introduction of the Prior and the Templar (chapter II) our acquaintance with the situation grows; the personal allusions to Cedric, Rowena, and particularly the mention of the son banished "for lifting his eyes in affection" toward the lady, are most important. In chapter III the utterance of Cedric concerning Wilfred and the statement of Rowena's interest in news from Palestine confirm the position of the Prior, while the lady's championship of Ivanhoe (chapter V) and the description of the Palmer's nocturnal visit to Rowena, make our understanding of the situation complete. Lady Rowena is obviously the heroine of the novel; between herself and the absent Ivanhoe exists an attachment the progress of which is hindered by the hostility of the arbitrary Thane who has disowned his son, and which is also threatened by the hate of the Knight Templar who from the outset assumes the part of an evil element in the story just opening. The situation also involves the peculiar social antagonisms of Norman and Saxon, the pretensions of Prince John and the cause of King Richard, while the reception accorded to Isaac of York and his interview with the Palmer indicate that he also has a part to play in the romance.

*The Plot.* The situation once made clear, we are in a position to follow with greater interest the developme

of the story, and this development is made manifest in the working out of what is called the *plot*. This last is nothing more than the thread of logical connection on which are strung the happenings that furnish the forces, the motives, and the action necessary to the growth of the story. In some novels the plot is simple; few characters are involved, the motives are plain, a single idea commands our interest. Here in *Ivanhoe* a half dozen important personages demand attention at the start and as many more appear later as secondary yet prominent figures. Primarily we are interested in the fortunes of Rowena and Ivanhoe even when the identity of the latter is but suspected; at the same time our interest is aroused in other groups and in the forces which dominate them. Suppose we tabulate the more important characters of *Ivanhoe*; they seem to fall naturally into groups like these:

1.	2.	3.
Ivanhoe and Rowena.	Cedric and Athelstane.	Prince John, Fitzurse and De Bracy.
King Richard.	Robin Hood and Friar Tuck.	Front-de-Bœuf and Malvoisin.
Rebecca and Isaac.	Gurth and Wamba.	Bois-Guilbert and The Templars.

That is to say: (1) those who, because of their situation, directly or indirectly appeal to our sympathy; the actual hero and heroine, who are contending with the traditional difficulties that beset the path of lovers in romance, the chivalrous king, vigorously conspired against by unnatural foes, and the Jew, an object of general persecution and contempt, associated with his daughter who, through her beauty of person and character, divides affection and honor with the heroine herself; (2) the Saxons, more or less inde-

pendent, more or less aggrieved; (3) the Normans, conspirators politically and personally hostile to the hero.

Now if the highest artistic success is to be attained, the threads which carry the fortunes of these individual groups must be so closely interwoven that they shall visibly form one single strand. We must be made aware that these elements, hostile and congenial, conciliatory and discordant, compose a society which by their existence, and only by their existence, is complete; that the tendencies and inclinations here presented must inevitably act and react as described, and that though badly tangled at the start, the skein will prove to be properly in order at the end. Such is the problem of the plot; it is for us to discover, if we may, by what devices that result is accomplished.

**Unity of the Plot.** In the first place, how is the structural unity perhaps the most important, as it is the most difficult, essential in such a plot, to be obtained? Chiefly by showing that the interests of all the groups individually center in the interests of one group, which naturally is the important group of the narrative, that comprising the hero and the heroine of the romance. Now let the reader watch for the links in the narrative that bind these groups together, and prove for himself whether or not the bonds that unite them are natural and sufficiently strong to secure the unity required.

**Scenes.** The development of the plot takes place in a series of *scenes*. It would be well to make a list of these scenes in order, together with the chapters occupied by each. Naturally the more elaborate, the more picturesque scenes are impressed most vividly on the mind, and if one were asked to enumerate the successive scenes of *Ivanhoe*, the list would probably run like this:

1. The Forest near Rotherwood.
2. The Hall and Mansion of Rotherwood.
3. The Lists at Ashby.
4. *The Hermit's* Hut of Copmanhurst.



6. The Castle of Torquilstone.
7. The Trysting Tree.
8. Templestowe
9. The Castle of Coningsburgh.
10. The Lists at Templestowe.

Now while the scenes mentioned are indeed prominent, the list is by no means complete. Several of these may be subdivided. There is really a change of scene when, though still in the forest, Gurth and Wamba are joined by Prior and his companions; and this new scene is clearly marked by its separation in chapter II. Similarly a new scene is created by the entrance of Cedric's guests recorded in chapter IV, although the location of the scene is precisely that of the former chapter, namely, Cedric's hall. The same change occurs with Isaac's entrance in chapter V and the reader will in each case note the close of the preceding chapter for the announcement of the new event. Chapter divisions, however, do not always correspond to the succession of scenes. In chapter VI, for example, we have, first, the scene between the Palmer and the cup-bearer; second, that in the apartment of Rowena; third, a brief interview with Anwold; fourth, the morning call to Isaac; fifth, the rousing of Gurth; sixth, the journey toward Sheffield. A *scene*, therefore, is a section of the narrative which through the presence of the characters introduced, the conversation recorded, or the action described, is in dramatic effect, complete.

The various scenes should be classified. Some are of the kind as presenting portraits of the persons concerned, some contain the germ from which subsequent action is to spring, some are apparently designed for contrasts and relief, as the great forest scene (chapter XXXII) and others, for spectacular effect. In some scenes the action sets rapidly forward; in others it is almost stationary. Occasionally the author is compelled to go back in his narrative in order to pick up some *thread of the action* or to explain a situation

which might otherwise be obscure. Note the symmetrical arrangement of scenes running through chapters XXXI which narrate the siege of Torquilstone. The chapters arrange themselves thus:

Chapter XXI. Adventure of Cedric and Athelstane.

Chapter XXII. Adventure of Isaac and Front-de-Bœuf.

Chapter XXIII. Adventure of Rowena and De Bracy.

Chapter XXIV. Adventure of Rebecca and Boisbat.

Chapter XXV. Front-de-Bœuf, De Bracy and Guilbert meet in counsel and the different movements converge. The Black Knight, Locksley, and Wamba give counsel, and plans are made which bring the besieger and the besieged together.

Chapter XXVI is Wamba's chapter.

Chapter XXVII advances the action rapidly, introducing Ulrica, an element of discord in the castle and the agent in its overthrow.

Chapter XXVIII is explanatory, accounting for Ulrica's presence in Torquilstone, developing also Rebecca's interest in the hero.

Chapter XXIX is the most striking scene of the book and yet is not of great importance dramatically, other than in furnishing a clever device for picturesquely presenting the account. It is vastly more impressive to witness the event by the side of those in peril than to listen to the narrative told by an historian, however eloquent he may be.

Chapter XXX belongs to Ulrica and Front-de-Bœuf.

Chapter XXXI not only describes the end of Torquilstone, but also makes fresh disposition of the characters and prepares the way for the next great scene, the trial of Rebecca at Templestowe.

**Incidents.** An important element in the scene is the *incident*, or event which supplies the motive for the action *of the scene*. In these two fields, the arrangement of

In the invention of incident, the story-teller's power is severely tested. Just as the scene must contribute naturally and directly to the action of the plot, so must the incidents that enliven it occur spontaneously and at least cause no digression from the strict line of plot construction—an extravagance which the economy of novel-writing cannot permit. The incidents of any important scene may be isolated and examined. With regard to the probability of incidents, it should be stated that more latitude is allowed the romancer than is granted to the realistic novelist. A romance frankly assumes that things shall be done on the large. An amount of hyperbole in deeds as well as in words is expected; the atmosphere is one of adventure and daring; the extraordinary and marvelous are in order; beauty and heroism are demanded; the superlative prevails. At the same time there is a limit set by good sense and experience, and if the story-teller over-steps that, he will fall into the ditch of the mock-heroic and the absurd. There are a number of incidents in *Ivanhoe* that should be noted in this regard; the reader will have no difficulty in detecting them.

In the invention and combination of incidents all degrees of artistic skill are shown. Let us examine, with reference to this point, the incidents set forth in chapters I and II. We have, first, the two thralls of Cedric fraternizing in the forest, watching the swine. The attempt to collect the scattered herd with the poor assistance of Fangs, serves to bring out several facts of importance relative to Norman rule, including Wamba's discourse on the meats. The second incident is the approach of travelers, announced by the trampling of their horses. The third is the threat of a coming storm. These incidents are all preparatory to the scene in the hall at Rotherwood; let the reader trace to the end the chain of incidents thus begun. The manifest purpose of the author is to account for the assembly of characters who meet eventually in Cedric's mansion. What



is served by these preliminary incidents? Would it have been as well to raise the curtain on the scene presented in chapter III, or is there a propriety and order in the arrangement as it stands? Let each one of these incidents be studied in turn. What is the degree of probability of each? Is the logical connection clear? What is the force of each in shaping subsequent action? Note particularly the usefulness of the storm, and consider how much of what occurs is directly attributable to its agency. Not only should these points be noted by the reader, but he should feel their comparative value in stimulating interest and heightening suspense. Sir Walter was not always so happy in his introductions as here, and it might be well to compare these opening chapters with those of his first novel *Waverley*, to emphasize the point.

**Climax.** The incidents should be so arranged as to permit no dropping of interest; if possible, each should be more striking than the one preceding. Look through the list just made and see if this is the case here. As the story proceeds these climaxes become an important matter. There is a fine example of dramatic effect in climax in chapter V when the Palmer meets the imputations of the Templar with the words "Second to NONE!" Study this incident with considerable care; see how unexpected and how forceful it is; then note how interest is quickened by Rowena's championship of Ivanhoe, after which the company soon separates and the chapter ends. A similar study should be made of the climaxes in the scenes at Ashby and at Templestowe, both in their immediate connection and their relation to the final climax of the novel—the reconciliation of Cedric and the marriage of Ivanhoe.

**The Characters.** Finally, the *characters* demand our study. What touches of true nature do we find, what *marks of unreal portraiture*, if any? Words and actions *may be inconsistent* with the nature and endowment of the *character as conceived*; do you then find the sincere ex-

of actual personality, or is the characterization obviously artificial and unreal? Always remembering the liberty of romance, what deeds, if any, seem incredible and likely to detract from the probability of the story? Are the propensities for evil exaggerated; can models of the more startling acts of cruelty be found in history? Compare these portraitures with history, and with similar attempts in other fiction. Study Shakspeare's *King Lear* and also his Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*. Do you think that Scott's characters show traces of Shakspeare's influence? Note the author's skill in the treatment of Richard. Ivanhoe is the hero of the novel and therefore should not be presented as inferior to the best, but how should the King appear to less advantage than his subject. Do you think it more appropriate that the Jester should sound the blast which summons the outlaws (chapter 11) than that Richard should? Is it not an artistic touch before that permits Wamba to steal the bugle from the King? What other incidents reveal the art of the novelist in this respect? Still more delicate is the relation between the two women, Rowena and Rebecca. What is your impression concerning Scott's treatment of these two characters in personality, appearance and influence?

In the more mechanical handling of his characters it is important to note the author's practice in several particulars.

How does he get them before us? Are any of the important figures in *Ivanhoe* brought directly on the scene without previous mention? Study the careful preparation of Rowena's first appearance and note how effective is the verbal introduction. In what degree are the characters self-revealing? How far is description necessary? When descriptive passages of some length do occur, is there evidence of skill in planning and placing them? In some instances disguise is evident, there is some degree of mystery involved. In such instances how complete is the disguise as the reader is concerned? Is it wise to attempt

utterly to conceal identity in fiction? May it not a the interest in most cases to indulge the reader in a gr suspicion of the truth? Note the stages in the iden tion of the Black Knight. How is the effect of c heightened when the Knight reveals himself amon outlaws?

Another interesting line of study on the charact to note the counter-play of influence. Chapter XI is good material for such examination. The worki character on character is well brought out in the between Prince John, De Bracy and Fitzurse. Not the ruling motives displayed by each person in the for example, in Bois-Guilbert, in Isaac, Cedric, a Athelstane. Now it is easy enough to depict a " motive," but it is not so easy to blend and harmonize i the infinite variety of tendencies and motives that into human nature and give to the individual a cor and consistent personality of his own. It is neithe cature nor allegory that the novelist created, but men and women. How far in this respect do you thi novelist has succeeded? In this connection it wo well to look through the "List of Characters in *Iv* to consider the distinctness and individuality of p ture. Suppose you number the characters in the next you happen to read and make comparisons in this : with Scott. When in addition to the characters c romance we take into our count those of equal mer sented in his other novels, we arrive, perhaps, at a estimate of the real genius of this Wizard of the North in any other way.

Such is the line of study suggested for the rea *Ivanhoe*. There is not space to consider other poi technique or other exercises that would be profitab tudy of the time-divisions would be interesting; s examination of the passages descriptive of i

A complete outline of the narrative in headings properly subordinated is almost a necessity. And all these efforts in the "study" of *Ivanhoe* will not only add to our knowledge of the work but will measurably heighten our enjoyment in the reading it.

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*Scott* (in *Chamber's Encyclopædia*), by Andrew Lang, are authoritative and concise.

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## A LIST OF THE CHARACTERS APPEARING IN IVANHOE.

SEVERAL NAMES THAT ARE BARELY MENTIONED ARE OMITTED.

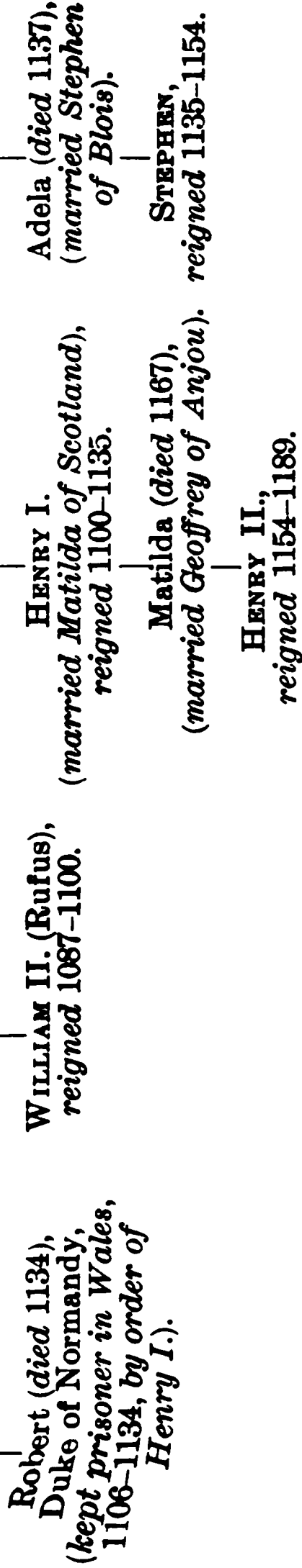
1. CEDRIC OF ROTHERWOOD, a Saxon Thane.
2. WILFRED OF IVANHOE, his son.
3. ROWENA, ward of Cedric.
4. ATHELSTANE OF CONINGSBURGH, a Saxon of princely rank.
5. EDITH, mother of Athelstane.
6. OSWALD, Cedric's cupbearer.
7. HUNDEBERT, his major-domo.
8. WAMBA, his jester.
9. GURTH, his swineherd.
10. ANWOLD, a servant.
11. ELGITHA, Rowena's maid.
12. URFRIED (Ulrica), a Saxon woman held captive at Torquilstone.
13. RICHARD CŒUR DE LION (kêr dê lē-ôn'),\* King of England.
14. PRINCE JOHN.
15. SIR BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT (bwä' gël-bār'), Knight Templar.
16. LUCAS DE BEAUMANOIR (bō-mă-nwor'), Grand Master of the Order.
17. CONRAD DE MONT FICHET (môn fē-shā), a Preceptor of the Templars.
18. HERMAN OF GOODALRICKE (good-äl-rik'-e), a Preceptor.
19. ALBERT DE MALVOISIN (mäl-vwä-zân'), Preceptor of Templestowe.
20. PHILIP DE MALVOISIN, a Norman noble.

\*Although the pronunciation of these Norman names, as warranted by the *Century Cyclopædia of Names*, is appended, too much stress should not be laid upon the matter; it is not probable that Scott gave them in all cases the sound of the modern French (which certainly was not the pronunciation current in the time of Richard), and usage has largely anglicized these *noted titles familiar only through their appearance in this English classic*

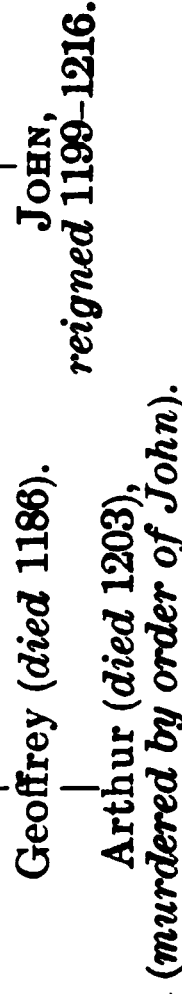
21. REGINALD FRONT-DE-BŒUF (frôn dè bēf), a Norman noble.
22. WALDEMAR FITZURSE (fits-ērs'), John's counsellor.
23. MAURICE DE BRACY (brä-cē'), Leader of the Free Companions.
24. HUGH DE GRANTMESNIL (grân-mā-nē') } Norman Knight
25. RALPH DE VIPONT (ve-pon') } Challengers in the Tourney.
26. WILLIAM DE WYVIL } Marshals of the lists at Ashby
27. STEPHEN DE MARTIVAL } de-la-Zouche (zoosh).
28. DAMIAN, a squire of the Templars at Templestowe.
29. BALDWIN D' OYLEY, a squire of Bois-Guilbert.
30. HUGH BARDON, John's scoutmaster.
31. DE BIGOT (bē-gō'), John's seneschal.
32. ANSELM
33. GILES
34. CLEMENT
35. EUSTACE
36. STEPHEN
37. JOCELYN
38. ST. MAUR } Squires and servants of Front-de-Bœuf.
39. HUBERT, a forester of Philip de Malvoisin.
40. Two Mohammedan attendants on Bois-Guilbert.
41. AYMER, Prior of Jorvaulx (zhor-vóx) Abbey.
42. FATHER AMBROSE, attendant on the Prior.
43. Prior of St. Botolph's.
44. FATHER DIGGORY, a brother of St. Botolph's.
45. ISAAC OF YORK, a Jewish banker.
46. REBECCA, his daughter.
47. REUBEN AND SETH, his servants.
48. NATHAN BEN ISRAEL, a Rabbi, Isaac's friend.
49. HENRY BOHUN, Earl of Essex, High Constable of England
50. ROBIN HOOD, leader of the outlaws.
51. FRIAR TUCK, the Hermit of Copmanhurst.
52. ALLAN-A-DALE, the minstrel of the outlaws.
53. GILBERT, WIBBOLD, SCATHLOCK AND THE MILLER, outlaws
54. HIGG, son of Snell, a peasant.
55. FATHER DENNET, a peasant.

# GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE ENGLISH KINGS AFTER THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

WILLIAM I. (The Conqueror),  
reigned 1066-1087.



RICHARD I. (The Lion-Hearted),  
reigned 1189-1199.







# IVANHOE

## CHAPTER I

Thus communed these; while to their lowly dome  
The full-fed swine return'd with evening home,  
Compell'd, reluctant, to the several sties,  
With din obstreperous and ungrateful cries.

POPE'S *Odyssey*.

In that pleasant district of merry England which is  
watered by the river Don, there extended in ancient times  
a great forest, covering the greater part of the beautiful  
hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and the pleas-  
ant town of Doncaster.<sup>1</sup> The remains of this extensive  
forest are still to be seen at the noble seats of Wentworth,  
Wharfedale Park, and around Rotherham. Here  
was fought of yore the fabulous Dragon of Wantley;<sup>2</sup> here  
were fought many of the most desperate battles during the  
Wars of the Roses;<sup>3</sup> and here also flourished in ancient  
times those bands of gallant outlaws whose deeds have been  
so often sung and so popular in English song.

Each being our chief scene, the date of our story refers  
to a period towards the end of the reign of Richard I., when  
his return from his long captivity had become an event

<sup>1</sup> **DONCASTER.** This termination *caster*, which appears also in Lancaster, Leicester, is derived from the Latin *castra*, a camp, and English town-  
endings thus indicate an origin during Roman rule. The endings  
Doncaster, Leicester, and Gloucester (pronounced Wooster, Lester,  
&c.) are from the same source, also Winchester, Dorchester, and Ches-  
ter.

<sup>2</sup> **WANTLEY.** Wantley and Wharfedale (Wharfedale) were originally one  
place. The legend which tells the exploit of More, of More Hall, in killing  
the fabulous dragon, is found in *Percy's Reliques*, III. 3, 13.

<sup>3</sup> **WARS OF THE ROSES.** Concerning this long period of civil war, see  
*Short History of the English People*, chap. VI., sec. 11.

rather wished than hoped for by his despairing subjects who were in the mean time subjected to every species of subordinate oppression. The nobles, whose power had become exorbitant during the reign of Stephen, and which the prudence of Henry the Second had scarce reduced to some degree of subjection to the crown, had now resumed their ancient license in its utmost extent; despising the feeble interference of the English Council of State, fortifying their castles, increasing the number of their dependants, reducing all around them to a state of vassalage,<sup>1</sup> and striving by every means in their power to place themselves at the head of such forces as might enable him to make a figure in the national convulsions which appeared to be impending.

The situation of the inferior gentry, or franklins, as they were called, who, by the law and spirit of the English constitution, were entitled to hold themselves independent of feudal tyranny, became now unusually precarious. As was most generally the case, they placed themselves under the protection of any of the petty kings<sup>3</sup> in the vicinity, accepted of feudal offices in his household, bound themselves, by mutual treaties of alliance and protection, to support him in his enterprises, they might indeed purchase temporary repose; but it must be with the sacrifice of that independence which was so dear to every English bosom, and at the certain hazard of being involved as a party in whatever rash expedition the ambition of the protector might lead him to undertake. On the other hand, such and so multiplied were the means of vexa-

<sup>1</sup> VASSALAGE. A term incident to the feudal system introduced into England by William the Conqueror. The word *vassal* means "servant," and was applied to those who held land subject to the will of a higher lord, rendering him such service in war and peace as he required. Thus the barons who exercised authority over vassals of their own were in turn subject to the vassals of the king.

<sup>2</sup> FRANKLIN. A "freeman," holding property in his own right and though not of the nobility, independent of the barons and subject only to the king. Read the description of the Franklin given by Chaucer in the *Canterbury Tales* II 331-360.

<sup>3</sup> PETTY KINGS. The barons.

and oppression possessed by the great barons, that they never wanted the pretext, and seldom the will, to harass and pursue, even to the very edge of destruction, any of their less powerful neighbours who attempted to separate themselves from their authority, and to trust for their protection, during the dangers of the times, to their own inoffensive conduct and to the laws of the land.

A circumstance which greatly tended to enhance the tyranny of the nobility and the sufferings of the inferior classes arose from the consequences of the Conquest by Duke William of Normandy. Four generations had not sufficed to blend the hostile blood of the Normans and Anglo-Saxons, or to unite, by common language and mutual interests, two hostile races, one of which still felt the elation of triumph, while the other groaned under all the consequences of defeat. The power had been completely placed in the hands of the Norman nobility by the event of the battle of Hastings, and it had been used, as our histories assure us, with no moderate hand. The whole race of Saxon princes and nobles had been extirpated or disinherited, with few or no exceptions; nor were the numbers great who possessed land in the country of their fathers, even as proprietors of the second or of yet inferior classes. The royal policy had long been to weaken, by every means, legal or illegal, the strength of a part of the population which was justly considered as nourishing the most inveterate antipathy to their victor. All the monarchs of the Norman race had shown the most marked predilection for their Norman subjects; the laws of the chase, and many others, equally unknown to the milder and more free spirit of the Saxon constitution, had been fixed upon the neck of the subjugated inhabitants, to add weight, as it were, to the feudal chains with which they were loaded. At court, and in the castles of the great nobles, where the pomp and state of a court was emulated, Norman-French

NORMAN-FRENCH. When did English come to be again recognized as the speech of the kingdom? See chapter XLIV.

was the only language employed; in courts of law, the pleadings and judgments were delivered in the same tongue. In short, French was the language of honour of chivalry, and even of justice, while the far more manly and expressive Anglo-Saxon was abandoned to the use of rustics and hinds,<sup>1</sup> who knew no other. Still, however, the necessary intercourse between the lords of the soil, and those oppressed inferior beings by whom that soil was cultivated, occasioned the gradual formation of a dialect compounded betwixt the French and the Anglo-Saxon, in which they could render themselves mutually intelligible to each other; and from this necessity arose by degrees the structure of our present English language, in which the speech of the victors and the vanquished have been so happily blended together; and which has since been richly improved by importations from the classical languages, and from those spoken by the southern nations of Europe.

This state of things I have thought it necessary to premise for the information of the general reader, who might be apt to forget that, although no great historical events, such as war or insurrection, mark the existence of the Anglo-Saxons as a separate people subsequent to the reign of William the Second, yet the great national distinctions betwixt them and their conquerors, the recollection of what they had formerly been, and to what they were now reduced, continued, down to the reign of Edward the Third, to keep open the wounds which the Conquest had inflicted, and to maintain a line of separation betwixt the descendants of the victor Normans and the vanquished Saxons.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest which we have mentioned in the beginning

<sup>1</sup> *Hinds*. Common laborers, especially farm hands, the word is Anglo-Saxon. It would be instructive to make lists of the prominent Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French words which follow, and to note the general distinctions which Scott here suggests.



ing of the chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious green sward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of silvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical<sup>1</sup> superstition: for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough, unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and, in stopping the course of a small brook which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

The human figures which completed this landscape were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West Riding<sup>2</sup> of Yorkshire at that

<sup>1</sup> DRUIDICAL. The Druids were the priesthood of the old Celtic peoples in Britain and in Gaul. They offered human sacrifices on huge stone altars erected in sacred groves or in wild and lonely places on the open heath. Ancient ruins of their sacred structures are found here and there in England, the most famous being the great circle at Stonehenge near Salisbury in Wiltshire.

<sup>2</sup> WEST RIDING. Another example of corruption in common speech. The word comes from the old English *thriding*, a third part.

early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in many places that it would have been difficult to distinguish from the patches that remained, to what creature the furs had belonged. This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing; there was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head from which it may be inferred that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt, or ancient hauberk.<sup>1</sup> Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet, and a rope of thin leather was twined artificially round the legs, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare, like the hose of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle; to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip,<sup>2</sup> and to the other a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouthpiece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck one of those long broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buckhorn handle, which were fabricated in the neighbourhood, and bore even at this early period the name of a Sheffield whittle.<sup>3</sup> The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty dark-red colour, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue. One part of his dress only remain-

<sup>1</sup> HAUBERK. A coat of ringed mail falling as low as the knees. The *etymology* of the word suggests a covering for the neck, and as it is Germanic, probably indicates the German origin of this piece of armor.

<sup>2</sup> SCRIP. A bag or pouch.

<sup>3</sup> WHITTLE. A knife; from Anglo-Saxon *hwiltan*, to cut.

that it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget<sup>1</sup> was engraved, in Saxon characters, the inscription of the following purport: "Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall<sup>2</sup> of Cedric of Rotherwood."

Beside the swineherd, for such was Gurth's occupation, was seated, upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments, a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials, and of a more fantastic description. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments of different colours. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half-way down his thigh; it was of samson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or at his pleasure draw it all around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription, "Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood." This personage had the same sort of sandals with his companion, but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were cased in a sort of slippers, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other: and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge

<sup>1</sup> GORGET. Armor for the throat; compare modern French gorge, throat.  
But English words spring from the same source?

<sup>2</sup> THRALL. A serf or slave.



of this cap was a stiff bandeau<sup>1</sup> of leather, cut at the into open-work, resembling a coronet, while a prolon bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder like an old-fashioned night-cap, or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a modern hussar. It was to this part of the that the bells were attached; which circumstance, well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters, maintained in the houses of the wealthy to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors. He bore, like his companion, a scrip attached to his belt, but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class whom it is esteemed dangerous to entrust with edge-tools. In place of these, he was equipped with a sword of lath, resembling that with which harlequin operates his wonders upon the modern stage.

The outward appearance of these two men formed scarce a stronger contrast than their look and demeanour. That of the serf, or bondsman, was sad and sullen; his aspect was bent on the ground with an air of deep dejection which might be almost construed into apathy, had not a fire which occasionally sparkled in his red eye manifested that there slumbered, under the appearance of sullen indifference, a sense of oppression, and a disposition to resistance. The looks of Wamba, on the other hand, indicated as usual with his class, a sort of vacant curiosity, and a fidgety impatience of any posture of repose, together with the utmost self-satisfaction respecting his own situation and the appearance which he made. The dialogue which they maintained between them was carried on in Anglo-Saxon, which, as we said before, was universally spoken by the inferior classes, excepting the Norman soldiers and the immediate personal dependants of the great feudal nobles.

<sup>1</sup> BANDEAU. In actual armor always of metal.

such their conversation in the original would convey  
 when formation to the modern reader, for whose  
 ed to g to offer the following translation:

the Vee of St. Withold<sup>1</sup> upon these infernal pork-  
 the and swineherd, after blowing his horn obstreper-  
 co: at to collect together the scattered herd of swine,  
 we During his call with notes equally melodious,  
 we: liter, no haste to remove themselves from the  
 ba: s to quet of beech-mast<sup>2</sup> and acorns on which they  
 ed, he, or to forsake the marshy banks of the rivulet,  
 en: al of them, half plunged in mud, lay stretched  
 use, altogether regardless of the voice of their  
 The curse of St. Withold upon them and upon  
 Gurth; "if the two-legged wolf snap not up some  
 e nightfall, I am no true man. Here, Fangs!  
 he ejaculated at the top of his voice to a ragged,  
 oking dog, a sort of lurcher,<sup>3</sup> half mastiff, half  
 od, which ran limping about as if with the purpose  
 ing he his master in collecting the refractory grunt-  
 which, in fact, from misapprehension of the  
 d's signals, ignorance of his own duty, or mal-  
 ense, only drove them hither and thither, and  
 the evil which he seemed to design to remedy.  
 draw the teeth of him," said Gurth, "and the  
 if mischief, confound the ranger of the forest,<sup>4</sup> that  
 fore-claws off our dogs, and makes them unfit for  
 ede! Wamba, up and help me an thou beest a  
 ke a turn round the back o' the hill to gain the  
 them; and when thou'st got the weather-gage,  
 yst drive them before thee as gently as so many  
 lambs."

ST. WITHOLD. An imaginary saint. Compare Shakspeare's use of the  
 Lear, III, 4, 125, whence it is borrowed by Scott.

From the German *maisten*, to fatten, edible fruit, especially  
 corns, chestnuts, and beech-nuts, common food for hogs.

TO LURK. To mean to lurk, to lie in wait, later the noun was  
 a thief or a dog, and to a dog that lies in wait for prey.

See Appendix, note A. [Scott].

"Truly," said Wamba, without stirring from the  
 "I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and the  
 altogether of opinion that to carry my gay gear  
 through these sloughs would be an act of unfriendship  
 my sovereign person and royal wardrobe; wherefore  
 Gurth, I advise thee to call off Fangs, and leave them  
 to their destiny, which, whether they meet with bar-  
 travelling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pil-  
 can be little else than to be converted into Normans  
 morning, to thy no small ease and comfort."

"The swine turned Normans to my comfort!"  
 Gurth; "expound that to me, Wamba, for my brain  
 dull and my mind too vexed to read riddles."

"Why, how call you those grunting brutes run  
 about on their four legs?" demanded Wamba.

"Swine, fool—swine," said the herd; "every fool  
 that."

"And swine is good Saxon," said the Jester; "but  
 call you the sow when she is flayed, and drawn, and  
 tered, and hung up by the heels, like a traitor?"

"Pork,"<sup>1</sup> answered the swineherd.

"I am very glad every fool knows that too," said Wamba  
 "and pork, I think, is good Norman-French; and so  
 the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave  
 goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and  
 called pork, when she is carried to the castle hall to  
 among the nobles. What dost thou think of this, friend  
 Gurth, ha?"

"It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however  
 got into thy fool's pate."

"Nay, I can tell you more," said Wamba in the  
 tone: "there is old Alderman Ox continues to hold  
 Saxon epithet while he is under the charge of serfs."

<sup>1</sup> PORK From the French porc. Latin *porcus*. PORK from French  
 Latin *bois*: VEAU, the French word for calf. Latin *cat* gives us  
 For an interesting paragraph upon this dialogue French & Saxon  
 Words, page 98.

dsmen such as thou, but becomes Beef, a fiery French knight, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynherr Calf, too, becomes Monsieur de Veau in the like manner: he is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he comes matter of enjoyment."

"By St. Dunstan," answered Gurth, "thou speakest but truths; little is left to us but the air we breathe, and it appears to have been reserved with much hesitation, only for the purpose of enabling us to endure the tasks they lay upon our shoulders. The finest and the fattest for their board; the loveliest is for their couch; the stout and bravest supply their foreign masters with soldiers, and whiten distant lands with their bones, leaving few here to have either will or the power to protect the unfortunate Saxon. God's blessing on our Master Cedric, he hath done the work of a man in standing in the gap; but Reginald Front-de-Bœuf<sup>1</sup> is coming down to this country person, and we shall soon see how little Cedric's trouble will avail him. Here, here," he exclaimed again, raising his voice, "So ho! so ho! well done, Fangs! thou hast them before thee now, and bring'st them on bravely, lad."

"Gurth," said the Jester, "I know thou thinkest me a fool, or thou wouldst not be so rash in putting thy head into my mouth. One word to Reginald Front-de-Bœuf or Philip de Malvoisin, that thou hast spoken treason against the Norman—and thou art but a castaway swineherd. thou wouldst waver on one of these trees as a terror to all evil speakers against dignities."

"Dog, thou wouldst not betray me," said Gurth, "after having led me on to speak so much at disadvantage?"

"Betray thee!" answered the Jester; "no, that were the trick of a wise man; a fool cannot half so well help himself. But soft, whom have we here?" he said, listening

<sup>1</sup>FRONT-DE-BŒUF. This name has been best translated as "Bull-Head."



to the tramping of several horses which became the audible.

"Never mind whom," answered Gurth, who had not yet got his herd before him, and, with the aid of Fangs, was driving them down one of the long dim vistas which he had endeavoured to describe.

"Nay, but I must see the riders," answered Wamba. "perhaps they are come from Fairyland with a message from King Oberon."<sup>1</sup>

"A murrain<sup>2</sup> take thee!" rejoined the swineherd; "wilt thou talk of such things, while a terrible storm of thunder and lightning is raging within a few miles of us! Hark how the thunder rumbles<sup>3</sup> and for summer rain, I never saw such broad downright flat drops fall out of the clouds! The oaks, too, notwithstanding the calm weather, sob and creak with their great boughs as if announcing a tempest. Thou canst play the rational if thou wilt; credit me for once, and let us home ere the storm begins to rage, for the night will be fearful."

Wamba seemed to feel the force of this appeal, and accompanied his companion, who began his journey after catching up a long quarter-staff<sup>4</sup> which lay upon the ground beside him. This second Eumæus<sup>5</sup> strode hastily down the forest glade, driving before him, with the assistance of Fangs, the whole herd of his inharmonious charge.

<sup>1</sup> OBERON. King of the Fairies. Oberon is an important character in Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

<sup>2</sup> MURRAIN. An infectious disease among cattle.

<sup>3</sup> QUARTER-STAFF. A stout stick six feet or more in length, a common weapon in England at this time. The wielder of the staff grasped it in the middle with one hand and gave it a rotary motion with the other, parrying the blows of his opponent and striking as occasion offered.

<sup>4</sup> EUMÆUS. The swineherd of Ulysses mentioned by Homer in the *Odyssey*.

## CHAPTER II

A monk there was, a fayre for the maistrie,  
An outrider that loved venerie;  
A manly man, to be an abbot able,  
Full many a daintie horse had he in stable.  
And whan he rode, men might his bridle hear  
Gingeling in a whistling wind as clear,  
And eke as loud, as doth the chapell bell,  
There as this lord was keeper of the cell.

CHAUCER.

Notwithstanding the occasional exhortation and chiding of his companion, the noise of the horsemen's feet coming to approach, Wamba could not be prevented from stopping occasionally on the road, upon every pretence that occurred; now catching from the hazel a cluster of ripe nuts, and now turning his head to leer after a young maiden who crossed their path. The horsemen, however, soon overtook them on the road.

Their numbers amounted to ten men, of whom the two foremost seemed to be persons of considerable rank, and the others their attendants. It was not difficult to ascertain the condition and character of one of the personages. He was obviously an ecclesiastic of high rank; his dress was that of a Cistercian<sup>1</sup> monk, but composed of materials much finer than those which the order admitted. His mantle and hood were of the best Flanders cloth, and fell in ample, and not unbecomingly graceful, folds around a handsome though somewhat stern person. His countenance bore as little the marks of self-denial as his habit indicated contempt of

<sup>1</sup> CISTERCIAN. The monastic order of the Benedictines, founded 1098, at Cistercium, "the cisterns") in France.

worldly splendour. His features might have been good, had there not lurked under the penthouse<sup>1</sup> of eye that sly epicurean twinkle which indicates the carnivoluptuary. In other respects, his profession and education had taught him a ready command over his countenance, which he could contract at pleasure into solemnity, although its natural expression was that of good-humoured social indulgence. In defiance of conventual rules, the edicts of popes and councils, the sleeves of this dietary were lined and turned up with rich furs, his manacles secured at the throat with a golden clasp, and the dress proper to his order as much refined upon and ornamented as that of a Quaker beauty of the present day, while she retains the garb and costume of her sect. It continues to give to its simplicity, by the choice of materials and the mode of disposing them, a certain air of coquetry and attraction savouring but too much of the vanities of the world.

This worthy churchman rode upon a well-fed, amiable mule, whose furniture was highly decorated, and whose bridle, according to the fashion of the day, was ornamented with silver bells. In his seat he had nothing of the awkwardness of the convent, but displayed the easy habitual grace of a well-trained horseman. Indeed, it seemed that so humble a conveyance as a mule, in how good a case, and however well broken to a pleasant and accommodating amble, was only used by the gallant for travelling on the road. A lay brother,<sup>2</sup> one of whom followed in the train, had, for his use on other occasions, one of the most handsome Spanish jennets bred in Andalusia, which merchants used at that time

<sup>1</sup> **PENTHOUSE.** A small structure built against a larger one, like a porch with sloping roof; from Latin *pendere* to hang. Compare Tennyson's

"He dragged his eyebrow bushes down, and made  
A snowy penthouse for his hollow eyes."

*Merlin and Vivian*

<sup>2</sup> **LAY BROTHER.** One not actually in holy orders but attached to a monastery under certain vows.

it, with great trouble and risk, for the use of persons of wealth and distinction. The saddle and housings of a superb palfrey<sup>1</sup> were covered by a long foot-cloth, which reached nearly to the ground, and on which were embroidered mitres, crosses, and other ecclesiastical emblems. Another lay brother led a sumpter mule,<sup>2</sup> and probably with his superior's baggage; and two of his own order, of inferior station, rode together in rear, laughing and conversing with each other, without taking much notice of the other members of thecade.

The companion of the church dignitary was a man past middle age, thin, strong, tall, and muscular; an athletic figure, in which long fatigue and constant exercise seemed to have supplanted all the softer part of the human form, having reduced the whole to brawn, bones, and sinews, which had sustained a thousand toils, and were ready to dare a thousand dangers.

His head was covered with a scarlet cap, faced with black of that kind which the French call *mortier*, from its resemblance to the shape of an inverted mortar. His countenance was therefore fully displayed, and its expression was calculated to impress a degree of awe, if not of fear, upon beholders. High features, naturally strong and powerfully marked, had been burnt almost into negro blackness by constant exposure to the tropical sun, and might, in their ordinary state, be said to slumber after the storm of passion had passed away; but the projection of the veins of the forehead, and the readiness with which the upper lip and its thick moustaches quivered upon the slightest emotion, clearly intimated that the tempest might be again and easily awakened. His keen, piercing, dark eyes told in every

<sup>1</sup> **PALFREY** Used of the ordinary riding horse employed when ease rather than strength or spirit was desired. If a knight was on a journey he usually rode a palfrey while his squire followed, led his charger, or war-horse, and himself comes through the Old French *palefrei* from the Latin *parvus* a post horse. Compare the dialogue between Ivanhoe and the Prior of St. Giles.

<sup>2</sup> **SUMPTEUR MULE.** A baggage mule.



glance a history of difficulties subdued and dangers dared and seemed to challenge opposition to his wishes, for the pleasure of sweeping it from his road by a determined exertion of courage and of will; a deep scar on his brow gave additional sternness to his countenance and a sinister expression to one of his eyes, which had been slightly injured on the same occasion, and of which the vision, though perfect, was in a slight and partial degree distorted.

The upper dress of this personage resembled that of his companion in shape, being a long monastic mantle, but the colour, being scarlet, showed that he did not belong to any of the four regular orders<sup>1</sup> of monks. On the right shoulder of the mantle there was cut, in white cloth, a cross<sup>2</sup> of a peculiar form. This upper robe concealed what at first view seemed rather inconsistent with its form, a shirt, namely, of linked mail, with sleeves and gloves of the same, curiously plaited and interwoven, as flexible to the body as those which are now wrought in the stocking-loom out of less obdurate materials. The fore-part of his thighs, where the folds of his mantle permitted them to be seen, were also covered with linked mail; the knees and feet were defended by splints, or thin plates of steel ingeniously jointed upon each other; and mail hose reaching from the ankle to the knee, effectually protected the legs, and completed the rider's defensive armour. In his girdle he wore a long and double-edged dagger, which was the only offensive weapon about his person.

He rode, not a mule, like his companion, but a strong hackney for the road, to save his gallant war-horse, which a squire led behind, fully accoutred for battle, with a chamfron or plaited head-piece upon his head, having a short spike projecting from the front. On one side of the saddle hung a short battle-axe, richly inlaid with Damas-

<sup>1</sup> *THE FOUR ORDERS.* The four orders or societies of monks were the Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustinians, and Carmelites.

<sup>2</sup> *Cross.* The Maltese cross, so called.

the carving; on the other the rider's plumed head-piece and hood of mail, with a long two-handled sword, used by the chivalry of the period. A second squire held aloft his master's lance, from the extremity of which fluttered a small banderole, or streamer, bearing a cross of the same form with that embroidered upon his cloak. He also carried his small triangular shield, broad enough at the top to protect the breast, and from thence diminishing to a point. It was covered with a scarlet cloth, which prevented the device<sup>1</sup> from being seen.

These two squires<sup>2</sup> were followed by two attendants, whose dark visages,<sup>3</sup> white turbans, and the Oriental form of their garments, showed them to be natives of some distant Eastern country. The whole appearance of this warrior and his retinue was wild and outlandish; the dress of his squires was gorgeous, and his Eastern attendants wore silver collars round their throats, and bracelets of the same metal upon their swarthy legs and arms, of which the latter were naked from the elbow, and the former from mid-leg to ankle. Silk and embroidery distinguished their dresses, and marked the wealth and importance of their master: forming, at the same time, a striking contrast with the martial simplicity of his own attire. They were armed with crooked sabres, having the hilt and baldric<sup>4</sup> adorned with gold, and matched with Turkish daggers of more costly workmanship. Each of them bore at his saddle-bow a bundle of darts or javelins, about four feet in length, having sharp steel heads, a weapon much in use among the Saracens, and of which the memory is yet pre-

<sup>1</sup> **Device.** The motto or symbol, identifying the knight. See chap. VIII, the device of Ivanhoe.

<sup>2</sup> **Squires.** Attendants upon the knight. The word comes through Old French *escuyer*, from the Latin *scutiger* shield bearer. The relations between knight and squire while formal were multifarious and intimate, though only a servant, the squire was in most cases himself in training for knighthood, and his period of service was a part of his novitiate. For a more complete portrait of the squire, see Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, l. 29100.

<sup>3</sup> **Dark Visages.** See Appendix note B. [Scott]

<sup>4</sup> **Baldric.** A belt crossing shoulder and breast diagonally.

served in the martial exercise called *el jerrid*,<sup>1</sup> still used in the Eastern countries.

The steeds of these attendants were in appearance foreign as their riders. They were of Saracen origin; consequently of Arabian descent; and their fine slender limbs, small fetlocks, thin manes, and easy springy movement formed a marked contrast with the large-jointed horses, of which the race was cultivated in Flanders and Normandy for mounting the men-at-arms of the period. All the panoply of plate and mail, and which, placed beside of those Eastern coursers, might have passed for personification of substance and of shadow.

The singular appearance of this cavalcade not only attracted the curiosity of Wamba, but excited even the interest of his less volatile companion. The monk he instantly recognised to be the Prior<sup>2</sup> of Jorvaulx Abbey, well known for many miles around as a lover of the chase, of the banquet, and of fame did him not wrong, of other worldly pleasures more inconsistent with his monastic vows.

Yet so loose were the ideas of the times respecting the conduct of the clergy, whether secular or regular,<sup>3</sup> that the Prior Aymer maintained a fair character in the neighbourhood of his abbey. His free and jovial temper, and his readiness with which he granted absolution from all manner of delinquencies, rendered him a favourite among the nobility and principal gentry, to several of whom he was allied by birth, being of a distinguished Norman family. The ladies, in particular, were not disposed to scrutinise the morals of a man who was a professed adherent of their sex, and who possessed many means of dis-

<sup>1</sup> EL JERRID. The Arabic name of a military exercise with the javelin.

<sup>2</sup> PRIOR. A title inferior to that of Abbot, although Aymer is referred to in the story by both titles. The abbey was a religious house of greater importance than a priory. There was a Cistercian abbey, founded in the North Riding of Yorkshire, which, from its situation in the valley of the Tors, derived its name of Jor-vaulx.

<sup>3</sup> SECULAR OR REGULAR. The regular clergy comprised all who were bound by full monastic discipline; there were other orders that required only a partial discipline, *e. g.* the military orders; and these latter were called secular.

which was too apt to intrude upon the halls and  
sports of an ancient feudal castle. The Prior mingled in  
sports of the field with more than due eagerness, and  
allowed to possess the best-trained hawks and the fleet-  
greyhounds in the North Riding—circumstances which  
highly recommended him to the youthful gentry. With  
bold he had another part to play, which, when needful,  
could sustain with great decorum. His knowledge of  
the, however superficial, was sufficient to impress upon  
their ignorance respect for his supposed learning; and the  
city of his deportment and language, with the high tone  
which he exerted in setting forth the authority of the  
arch and of the priesthood, impressed them no less with  
opinion of his sanctity. Even the common people, the  
best critics of the conduct of their betters, had  
amusement with the follies of Prior Aymer. He was  
pious; and charity, as it is well known, covereth a  
multitude of sins, in another sense than that in which it  
did to do so in Scripture. The revenues of the monas-  
tery, of which a large part was at his disposal, while they  
gave him the means of supplying his own very consider-  
able expenses, afforded also those largesses which he  
doleed among the peasantry, and with which he fre-  
quently relieved the distresses of the oppressed. If Prior  
Aymer rode hard in the chase, or remained long at the  
quart, if Prior Aymer was seen at the early peep of dawn  
enter the postern of the abbey, as he glided home from  
the rendezvous which had occupied the hours of dark-  
ness, the men only shrugged up their shoulders, and reconciled  
themselves to his irregularities by recollecting that the  
same were practised by many of his brethren who had no  
atoning qualities whatsoever to atone for them. Prior  
Aymer, therefore, and his character, were well known to  
the Saxon serfs, who made their rude obeisance, and  
gave him "*Benedicite, mes filz,*"<sup>2</sup> in return.

<sup>1</sup> GIFTS.

<sup>2</sup> BLESSINGS, AND FILLS. "Bless you, my sons."

But the singular appearance of his companion and attendants arrested their attention and excited wonder, and they could scarcely attend to the Prior Jorvaulx' question, when he demanded if they knew of place of harbourage in the vicinity; so much were surprised at the half-monastic, half-military appearance of the swarthy stranger, and at the uncouth dress and of his Eastern attendants. It is probable, too, that language in which the benediction was conferred, and information asked, sounded ungracious, though not probably unintelligible, in the ears of the Saxon peasants.

"I asked you, my children," said the Prior, raising voice, and using the *lingua Franca*, or mixed language which the Norman and Saxon races conversed with other, "if there be in this neighbourhood any good who, for the love of God and devotion to Mother Church will give two of her humblest servants, with their travelling night's hospitality and refreshment?"

This he spoke with a tone of conscious importance which formed a strong contrast to the modest terms which he thought it proper to employ.

"Two of the humblest servants of Mother Church repeated Wamba to himself, but, fool as he was, took care not to make his observation audible; "I should like to see her seneschals,<sup>1</sup> her chief butlers, and her other principal domestics!"

After this internal commentary on the Prior's speech he raised his eyes and replied to the question which had been put.

"If the reverend fathers," he said, "loved good food and soft lodging, few miles of riding would carry them to the Priory of Brinxworth, where their quality could but secure them the most honourable reception; or if preferred spending a penitential evening, they might

<sup>1</sup> *SENECHALS*. High stewards: an office of considerable importance. The word means etymologically, "an old servant."



in yonder wild glade, which would bring them to the hermitage of Copmanhurst, where a pious anchoret<sup>1</sup> would take them sharers for the night of the shelter of his roof and the benefit of his prayers."

The Prior shook his head at both proposals.

"Mine honest friend," said he, "if the jangling of thy bells had not dazzled thine understanding, thou mightest know *Clericus clericum non decimat*,<sup>2</sup> that is to say, we churchmen do not exhaust each other's hospitality, but rather require that of the laity, giving them thus an opportunity to serve God in honouring and relieving His appointed servants."

"It is true," replied Wamba, "that I, being but an ass, nevertheless, honoured to bear the bells as well as your reverence's mule: notwithstanding, I did conceive that the charity of Mother Church and her servants might be rendered more other charity, to begin at home."

"A truce to thine insolence, fellow," said the abbot, breaking in on his prattle with a high rant and a place of voice, "and tell us, if thou canst, the road to—show the way to—show'd you your franklin, Prior Aymer?"

"Cedric," answered the Prior—"Cedric the Squire—show me, good fellow, are we near his dwelling, and show us the road?"

"The road will be uneasy to find," answered Gurth, who broke silence for the first time, "and the family of Cedric retire early to rest."

"Tush, tell not me, fellow!" said the military rider; "it is easy for them to arise and supply the wants of travellers such as we are, who will not stoop to beg the hospitality which we have a right to command."

"I know not," said Gurth, sullenly, "if I should show the way to my master's house to those who demand as a reward the shelter which most are fain to ask as a favour."

<sup>1</sup> ANCHORET. Anchorite, a hermit, from a Greek word signifying one who has retired from the world.

<sup>2</sup> *Clericus, etc.* "A priest does not take tithes of a priest."

## IVANHOE

"Do you dispute with me, slave!" said the soldier; and, taking spurs to his horse, he caused him to make a demi-crescent across the path, raising at the same time the riding-whip which he held in his hand, with a purpose of chastising that he considered as the insolence of the peasant.

Gurth darted at him a savage and revengeful scowl, and with a fierce yet hesitating motion laid his hand on the hilt of his knife; but the interference of Prior Aymer, who pushed his mule betwixt his companion and the swine-herd, prevented the meditated violence.

"Nay, by St. Mary, brother Brian, you must not think you are now in Palestine, predominating over heathen Turks and infidel Saracens; we islanders love not blow above those of Holy Church, who chasteneth whom she loveth. Tell me, good fellow," said he to Wamba, "who handed his speech by a small piece of silver coin, will give Cedric the Saxon's; you cannot be ignorant of which knight's is your duty to direct the wanderer even when this is less sanctified than ours."

"Which for truth, venerable father," answered the Jester, "he thorn head of your right reverend companion has for me."

"But of mine the way home: I am not sure I shall repease to-night myself."

"Tush," said the Abbot, "thou canst tell us if thou carest. My reverend brother has been all his life engaged in seeing among the Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre; he is of the order of Knights Templars, as you may have heard of: he is half a monk, half a soldier."

"If he is but half a monk," said the Jester, "he is not worth the name."

\* DEMIVOLTE A half-turn

\* KNIGHTS TEMPLARS. There were three principal military orders at different times with a religious purpose. The Knights Hospitaller, as the Knights of St. John and later as the Knights of Rhodes and the Order of Malta. The Teutonic Order, established by Germans founded at Marienburg in 1190. Most famous of all the Templars, some time in the twelfth century established headquarters at the Mosque of St. Omar on the reputed site of the Temple of Solomon. They came influential throughout Europe, and finally because of their power and arrogance, were suppressed by a church council in 1312. See article on Templars in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

be wholly unreasonable with those whom he meets on the road, even if they should be in no hurry to answer questions that no way concern them."

"I forgive thy wit," replied the Abbot, "on condition thou wilt show me the way to Cedric's mansion."

"Well, then," answered Wamba, "your reverences must go on this path till you come to a sunken cross, of which scarce a cubit's length remains above ground; then take the path to the left, for there are four which meet at the Sunken Cross, and I trust your reverences will obtain shelter before the storm comes on."

The Abbot thanked his sage adviser; and the cavaliers, setting spurs to their horses, rode on as men do who wish to reach their inn before the bursting of a night-storm.

As their horses' hoofs died away, Gurth said to his companion, "If they follow thy wise direction, the reverend fathers will hardly reach Rotherwood this night."

"Ay to o," said the Jester, grinning, "but they may reach it all the same if they have good luck, and that is as fit a place for them. I am not so bad a woodsman as to show the way to the deer lies, if I have no mind he should chase me."

"Thou art right," said Gurth; "it were ill that Aymer should quarrel with the Lady Rowena; and it were worse, it may be, for Cedric to quarrel, as is most likely he would, with this solitary monk. But, like good servants, let us hear and say nothing."

We return to the riders, who had soon left the bondsmen far behind them, and who maintained the following conversation in the Norman-French language, usually employed by the superior classes, with the exception of the knights who were still inclined to boast their Saxon descent:

"What mean these fellows by their capricious insolence?" said the Templar to the Cistercian, "and why didst thou prevent me from chastising it?"



"Marry,<sup>1</sup> brother Brian," replied the Prior, "touching the one of them, it were hard for me to render a reason for a fool speaking according to his folly; and the other churl<sup>2</sup> is of that savage, fierce, intractable race some of whom, as I have often told you, are still to be found among the descendants of the conquered Saxons, and whose supreme pleasure it is to testify, by all means in their power, their aversion to their conquerors."

"I would soon have beat him into courtesy," observed Brian; "I am accustomed to deal with such spirits. (The Turkish captives are as fierce and intractable as Odin himself could have been; yet two months in my household under the management of my master of the slaves, I made them humble, submissive, serviceable, and obedient of your will. Marry, sir, you must beware of the point and the dagger; for they use either with free will when you give them the slightest opportunity."

"Ay, but," answered Prior Aymer, "every land has its own manners and fashions; and, besides that beating that fellow could procure us no information respecting the road to Cedric's house, it would have been sure to have established a quarrel betwixt you and him had we found our way thither. Remember what I told you: this wealthe franklin is proud, fierce, jealous, and irritable, a withstander of the nobility, and even of his neighbor Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Philip Malvoisin, who are babes to strive with. He stands up so sternly for the privileges of his race, and is so proud of his uninterrupted descent from Hereward,<sup>4</sup> a renowned champion of

<sup>1</sup> MARRY. Originally an oath; a corruption of Mary, the name of the Mother of Christ: used here and elsewhere with force of "in truth" "indeed."

<sup>2</sup> CHURL. A feudal term of Saxon origin designating a common workman on the farm, but a freeman, not a serf, or thrall. The evident characteristics of the churl are suggested by the epithet, "churlish."

<sup>3</sup> ODIN. In Scandinavian mythology, the chief of the gods. Read Carlyle's interpretation of Odin in *Heroes and Hero-Worship*.

<sup>4</sup> HEReward. A Saxon hero, the last to make resistance against the conquest of England by William. Read Charles Kingsley's historical novel *Hereward the Wake*.

"that he is universally called Cedric the Saxon; as a boast of his belonging to a people from whom others endeavoured to hide their descent, lest they should counter a share of the *vae victis*,<sup>2</sup> or severities upon the vanquished."

"Aymer," said the Templar, "you are a man of learning in the study of beauty, and as expert as a lover<sup>3</sup> in all matters concerning the *arrêts*<sup>4</sup> of love; all expect much beauty in this celebrated Rowena, to balance the self-denial and forbearance which I bet if I am to court the favour of such a seditious son have described her father Cedric."

"He is not her father," replied the Prior, "and is but in relation: she is descended from higher blood than he pretends to, and is but distantly connected with him by birth. Her guardian, however, he is, self-constituted as I believe; but his ward is as dear to him as his own child. Of her beauty you shall soon see; and if the purity of her complexion, and the sweet soft expression of a mild blue eye, do not chase from memory the black-tressed girls of Palestine, ay, *Eden*<sup>5</sup> of old Mahound's<sup>6</sup> paradise, I am an infidel and the son of the church."

"Would your boasted beauty," said the Templar, "be in the balance and found wanting, you know our

"gold collar," answered the Prior, "against ten Arabian wine: they are mine as securely as if they

<sup>1</sup> *KEY* The name given to the union of the seven principal Anglo-Saxons; as a matter of fact, this union was dissolved two hundred years after Hereward's time.

<sup>2</sup> *VAE* "Woe to the vanquished". a war-cry of the Romans, heard at the *quadriga*. shows

<sup>3</sup> *LOVER* A wandering poet or minstrel prominent in the social life during the Middle Ages, and associated with the literature of romance and chivalry.

<sup>4</sup> *DECREES*

<sup>5</sup> *EDEN* (pronounced *our-iz*) An Arabic word; the name given by Mohammed to the nymphs of Paradise.

<sup>6</sup> *MAHOMMED*

were already in the convent vaults, under the key of old Dennis, the cellarer."

"And I am myself to be judge," said the Templar, "and I am only to be convicted on my own admission that I have seen no maiden so beautiful since Pentecost<sup>1</sup> was a twelvemonth. Ran it not so? Prior, your collar is in danger. I will wear it over my gorget in the lists<sup>2</sup> of Ashby-de-la-Zouche."

"Win it fairly," said the Prior, "and wear it as ye will. I will trust your giving true response, on your word as a knight and as a churchman. Yet, brother, take my advice, and file your tongue to a little more courtesy than your habits of predominating over infidel captives and Eastern bondsmen have accustomed you. Cedric the Saxon, if offended—and he is no way slack in taking offence—is a man who, without respect to your knight-hood, my high office, or the sanctity of either, would demolish his house of us, and send us to lodge with the larks, though the hour were midnight. And be careful how you look on Rowena, whom he cherishes with the most jealous care; an he take the least alarm in that quarter we are but lost men. It is said he banished his only son from his family for lifting his eyes in the way of affection towards the beauty, who may be worshipped, it seems, at a distance, but is not to be approached with other thoughts than such as we bring to the shrine of the Blessed Virgin."

"Well, you have said enough," answered the Templar. "I will for a night put on the needful restraint, and depend on me as meekly as a maiden; but as for the fear of his expecting us by violence, myself and squires, with Hamet and Abdalla, will warrant you against that disgrace. Doubt not that we shall be strong enough to make good our quarters."

"We must not let it come so far," answered the Prior.

<sup>1</sup> PENTECOST. That festival of the Church now called Whitsuntide.

<sup>2</sup> LISTS. "Borders"; here, the ground enclosed for combat.

"This is the clown's sunken cross, and the night is so dark we can hardly see which of the roads we are to take. He bid us turn, I think, to the left."

"To the right," said Brian, "to the best of my remembrance the left—certainly the left; I remember his pointing his wooden sword."

"But he held his sword in his left hand, and so he crossed his body with it," said the Templar.

"He maintained his opinion with sufficient obstinacy, at least in all such cases; the attendants were appealed to, but they had not been near enough to hear Wamba's

"At length Brian remarked, what had at first escaped him in the twilight: "Here is some one either asleep or dead at the foot of this cross. Hugo, stir him with the end of thy lance."

"As no sooner done than the figure arose, exclaimed in French, "Whosoever thou art, it is discourteous to disturb my thoughts."

"I did but wish to ask you," said the Prior, "the road to the wood, the abode of Cedric the Saxon."

"I myself am bound thither," replied the stranger; "if I had a horse I would be your guide, for the way is not intricate, though perfectly well known to me."

"Thou shalt have both thanks and reward, my friend," said the Prior, "if thou wilt bring us to Cedric's in safety."

"He caused one of his attendants to mount his own horse and give that upon which he had hitherto ridden to the stranger who was to serve for a guide.

"The conductor pursued an opposite road from that which Wamba had recommended for the purpose of misdirection. The path soon led deeper into the wood, and crossed more than one brook, the approach to which was rendered perilous by the marshes through which it ran; but the stranger seemed to know, as if by

instinct, the soundest ground and the safest points of passage; and, by dint of caution and attention, brought the party safely into a wider avenue than any they had yet seen; and, pointing to a large, low, irregular building at the upper extremity, he said to the Prior, "Yonder is Rotherwood, the dwelling of Cedric the Saxon."

This was a joyful intimation to Aymer, whose nerves were none of the strongest, and who had suffered such agitation and alarm in the course of passing through the dangerous bogs, that he had not yet had the curiosity to ask his guide a single question. Finding himself now at his ease and near shelter, his curiosity began to awake, and he demanded of the guide who and what he was.

"A palmer,<sup>1</sup> just returned from the Holy Land," was the answer.

"You had better have tarried there to fight for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre," said the Templar.

"True, Reverend Sir Knight," answered the Palmer, to whom the appearance of the Templar seemed perfectly familiar; "but when those who are under oath to recover the holy city are found travelling at such a distance from the scene of their duties, can you wonder that a peaceful peasant like me should decline the task which they have abandoned?"

The Templar would have made an angry reply, but was interrupted by the Prior, who again expressed his astonishment that their guide, after such long absence, should be so perfectly acquainted with the passes of the forest.

"I was born a native of these parts," answered their guide, and as he made the reply they stood before the mansion of Cedric—a low, irregular building, containing several courtyards or inclosures, extending over a considerable space of ground, and which, though its size argued the inhabitant to be a person of wealth, differed entirely from

<sup>1</sup> PALMER. A pilgrim who had visited the holy places at Jerusalem, and who bore a palm branch as apparent token of his visit.

tall, turreted, and castellated buildings in which the man nobility resided, and which had become the usual style of architecture throughout England.

Rotherwood was not, however, without defences; no situation, in that disturbed period, could have been so without the risk of being plundered and burnt before the morning. A deep fosse,<sup>1</sup> or ditch, was drawn round the whole building, and filled with water from a neighbouring stream. A double stockade, or palisade, composed of pointed beams, which the adjacent forest supplied, defended the outer and inner bank of the trench. There was an entrance from the west through the outer stockade, which communicated by a drawbridge with a similar opening in the interior defences. Some precautions had been taken to place those entrances under the protection of projecting angles, by which they might be flanked in case of attack by archers or slingers.

Before this entrance the Templar wound his horn loudly; for the rain, which had long threatened, began now to descend with great violence.

<sup>1</sup>Fosse. From the Latin *fossa*, a ditch, one of the half-dozen words retained in English from the period of the Roman occupation, which ended in

### CHAPTER III

Then (sad relief!) from the bleak coast that hears  
The German Ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,  
And yellow-hair'd, the blue-eyed Saxon came.

THOMSON'S *Liberty*.

In a hall, the height of which was greatly disproportioned to its extreme length and width, a long oaken table formed of planks rough-hewn from the forest, and which had scarcely received any polish, stood ready prepared for the evening meal of Cedric the Saxon. The roof, composed of beams and rafters, had nothing to divide the apartment from the sky excepting the planking and thatch; there was a huge fireplace at either end of the hall, but, as the chimneys were constructed in a very clumsy manner, at least as much of the smoke found its way into the apartment as escaped by the proper vent. The constant vapour which this occasioned had polished the rafters and beams of the low-browed hall, by encrusting them with a black varnish of soot. On the sides of the apartment hung implements of war and of the chase, and there were at each corner folding doors, which gave access to other parts of the extensive building.

The other appointments of the mansion partook of the rude simplicity of the Saxon period, which Cedric piqued himself upon maintaining. The floor was composed of earth mixed with lime, trodden into a hard substance, such as is often employed in flooring our modern barns. At about one quarter of the length of the apartment the floor was raised by a step, and this space, which was called the *dais*, was occupied only by the principal members of the



aily and visitors of distinction. For this purpose, a table fully covered with scarlet cloth was placed transversely across the platform, from the middle of which ran the upper and lower board, at which the domestics and inferior persons fed, down towards the bottom of the hall. The whole resembled the form of the letter T, or some of those ancient dinner-tables which, arranged on the same principles, may be still seen in the antique Colleges of Oxford or Cambridge. Massive chairs and settles of carved oak were placed upon the dais, and over these seats and the elevated table was fastened a canopy of cloth, which served in some degree to protect the dignitaries who occupied that distinguished station from the weather, and especially from the rain, which in some places found its way through the ill-constructed roof.

The walls of this upper end of the hall, as far as the dais extended, were covered with hangings or curtains, and upon the floor there was a carpet, both of which were adorned with some attempts at tapestry or embroidery, executed with brilliant, or rather gaudy, colouring. Over the upper range of table, the roof, as we have noticed, had no covering; the rough plastered walls were left bare, and the earthen floor was uncarpeted; the board was uncovered by a cloth, and rude massive benches supplied the place of chairs.

In the centre of the upper table were placed two chairs more elevated than the rest, for the master and mistress of the family, who presided over the scene of hospitality, and from doing so derived their Saxon title of honour, which signifies "the Dividers of Bread."

To each of these chairs was added a footstool, curiously carved and inlaid with ivory, which mark of dis-

**DIVIDERS OF BREAD.** The words *lord* and *lady* are derived through the *Alaford* and *Alafdige*, from the Anglo-Saxon *Alaf*, a loaf in composition with *weard*, *warder*, protector, provider, and *dæges* (?) kneader, *distriber*; the form and meaning of the latter termination is not altogether certain.



tion was peculiar to them. One of these seats present occupied by Cedric the Saxon, who, though rank a thane,<sup>1</sup> or, as the Normans called him, a knight, felt at the delay of his evening meal an irritable impatience which might have become an alderman, whether in the times of the Saxons or of modern times.

It appeared, indeed, from the countenance of the prior, that he was of a frank, but hasty and impatient temper. He was not above the middle stature, but well shouldered, long-armed, and powerfully made, like a man accustomed to endure the fatigue of war or of the chase. His face was broad, with large blue eyes, open and frank features, fine teeth, and a well-formed head, altogether expressive of that sort of good humour which often accompanies a sudden and hasty temper. Pride and jealousy was in his eye, for his life had been spent in asserting the rights of his country, which were constantly liable to invasion; and the fiery, and resolute disposition of the man had been kept constantly upon the alert by the circumstances of his situation. His long yellow hair was equally divided over the top of his head and upon his brow, and combed down each side to the length of his shoulders: it had a strong tendency to grey, although Cedric was approaching his sixtieth year.

His dress was a tunic of forest green, fur-trimmed at the throat and cuffs with what was called minever—a fur inferior in quality to ermine, and formed, as they believed, of the skin of the grey squirrel. This doublet was unbuttoned over a close dress of scarlet which fitted to his body; he had breeches of the same, but they did not reach below the lower part of the thigh, leaving his legs exposed. His feet had sandals of the same fashion as the peasants, but of finer materials, and secured in front with golden clasps. He had bracelets of gold on his arms, and a broad collar of the same precious

<sup>1</sup> *THANE.* A freeholder, though not of the old nobility

and his neck. About his waist he wore a richly studded  
coat in which was stuck a short, straight, two-edged sword,  
with a sharp point, so disposed as to hang almost perpen-  
dicularly by his side. Behind his seat was hung a scarlet  
cloak lined with fur, and a cap of the same materials,  
richly embroidered, which completed the dress of the opu-  
lent handholder when he chose to go forth. A short board  
with a broad and bright steel head, also reclined  
against the back of his chair, which served him, when he  
went abroad, for the purposes of a staff or of a weapon,  
in case of need might require.

Several domestics, whose dress held various proportions  
between the richness of their master's and the coarse and  
simple attire of Gurth, the swineherd, watched the looks  
and waited the commands of the Saxon dignitary. Two  
free servants of a superior order stood behind their  
master upon the dais; the rest occupied the lower part of  
the hall. Other attendants there were of a different de-  
scription: two or three large and shaggy greyhounds, such  
as were then employed in hunting the stag and wolf; as  
well as slow-hounds,<sup>1</sup> of a large bony breed, with thick  
skins, large heads, and long ears; and one or two of the  
smaller dogs, now called terriers, which waited with im-  
patient silence the arrival of the supper; but, with the sagacious  
knowledge of physiognomy peculiar to their race, for-  
getting to intrude upon the moody silence of their master,  
they were offensive probably of a small white truncheon which  
was Cedric's trencher, for the purpose of repelling the  
pushes of his four-legged dependants. One grisly old  
dog alone, with the liberty of an indulged favourite,  
perched himself close by the chair of state, and occa-  
sionally ventured to solicit notice by putting his large  
head upon his master's knee, or pushing his nose into  
his hand. Even he was repelled by the stern command,

<sup>1</sup> SLOW-HOUNDS. South hounds dogs that track by scent. What do you  
mean by Scott's fondness for dogs?

"Down, Balder!—down! I am not in the humour for foolery."

In fact, Cedric, as we have observed, was in no placid state of mind. The Lady Rowena, who had been absent to attend an evening mass at a distant church, but just returned, and was changing her garments, which had been wetted by the storm. There were as yet no signs of Gurth and his charge, which should long since have been driven home from the forest: and such was the security of the period as to render it probable that the delay might be explained by some depredation of the wolves, with whom the adjacent forest abounded, or by the violence of some neighbouring baron, whose consciousness of strength made him equally negligent of the laws of property. The matter was of consequence, for great part of the domestic wealth of the Saxon proprietors consisted in numerous herds of swine, especially in forest land, where those animals easily found their food.

Besides these subjects of anxiety, the Saxon thane was impatient for the presence of his favourite clown, Wat, whose jests, such as they were, served for a sort of seasoning to his evening meal, and to the deep draughts of ale and wine with which he was in the habit of accompanying it. Add to all this, Cedric had fasted since noon, his usual supper hour was long past, a cause of irritation common to country squires, both in ancient and modern times. His displeasure was expressed in broken sentences partly muttered to himself, partly addressed to the domestics who stood around; and particularly to his cupbearer, who offered him from time to time, as a sedative, a silver goblet filled with wine—"Why tarries the Lady Rowena?"

"She is but changing her head-gear," replied a faithful attendant, with as much confidence as the favourite lady's maid usually answers the master of a modern family; "I would not wish her to sit down to the banquet in her

<sup>1</sup> BALDER The name of the Norse sun-god.

"And no lady within the shire can be quicker herself than my mistress."

His able argument produced a sort of acquiescence on the part of the Saxon, with the addition, "Devotion may choose fair weather for the next year's Kirk. But what, in the name of ten devils, he, turning to the cupbearer, and raising as if happy to have found a channel into which to divert his indignation without fear of consequence the name of ten devils, keeps Gurth so long in suspense we shall have an evil account of the fellow who went to be a faithful and cautious drudge, and turned him for something better; perchance I have made him one of my warders."<sup>2</sup>

The cup-bearer, modestly suggested, "That it is an hour since the telling of the curfew"<sup>3</sup>—an allusion, since it turned upon a topic so harsh to

the offender," exclaimed Cedric, "take the curfew—tyrannical bastard by whom it was devised, the base slave who names it with a Saxon tongue." "The curfew!" he added, pausing—"ay, the curfew compels true men to extinguish their lights, and robbers may work their deeds in darkness at the curfew! Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and his villainous knaves know the use of the curfew as well as the Bastard himself, or e'er a Norman adven-

<sup>2</sup> used of a cloak though usually meaning a skirt or tunic. The original has *Cnichts*, by which the Saxons seem to have denoted military attendants, sometimes free, sometimes bond-slaves, ranking above an ordinary domestic, whether in the royal household or of the aldermen and thanes. But the term *cnicht*, having been received into the English language as equivalent to the word *chevalier*, I have avoided using it in its more ancient and confused sense. L. T. [Scott]

<sup>3</sup> I have added that in German the word still survives as *Knicht*, though indicating a position even more humble than

the bell which announced the hour fixed by Norman law for lights and hence for retiring. This law was most unpopular in the north, against whose independence it was aimed. The word *curfew*, from the French *couvre-feu*,



turer that fought at Hastings. I shall hear, I guess, that my property has been swept off to save from starving the hungry banditti whom they cannot support but by theft and robbery. My faithful slave is murdered, and my goods are taken for a prey; and Wamba—where is Wamba? Shall not some one he had gone forth with Gurth?"

Oswald replied in the affirmative.

"Ay! why, this is better and better! he is carried off too, the Saxon fool, to serve the Norman lord. Fools are we all indeed that serve them, and fitter subjects for their scorn and laughter than if we were born with but half our wits. But I will be avenged," he added, starting from his chair in impatience at the supposed injury, and catching hold of his boar spear; "I will go with my complaint to the great council. I have friends, I have followers; many a man will I appeal the Norman to the lists. Let him come in his plate<sup>1</sup> and his mail, and all that can render cowardly bold: I have sent such a javelin as this through a stronger fence than three of their war shields! Haply they think me old; but they shall find, alone and childless as I am, the blood of Hereward is in the veins of Cedric. Ah, Wulfred, Wilfred!" he exclaimed in a lower tone, "couldst thou have ruled thine unreasonable passion, thy father had not been left in his age like the solitary oak that throws out its shattered and unprotected branches against the full sweep of the tempest!" The reflection seemed to conjure into sadness his irritated feelings. Replacing his javelin he resumed his seat, bent his looks downward, and appeared to be absorbed in melancholy reflection.

From his musing Cedric was suddenly awakened by the blast of a horn, which was replied to by the clamorous yells and barking of all the dogs in the hall, and some twenty or thirty which were quartered in other parts of the building. It cost some exercise of the white truncheon

<sup>1</sup> PLATE. Plate armor. MAIL is from the Latin *macula*, a spot, a hole; the word came to mean the mesh of a net, and a coat of mail was a coat or armor of steel rings, or links, closely interwoven.

seconded by the exertions of the domestics, to silence canine clamour.

To the gate, knaves!" said the Saxon, hastily, as soon as the tumult was so much appeased that the dependants could hear his voice. "See what tidings that horn tells me to announce, I ween, some her<sup>1</sup>ship and robbery has been done upon my lands."

Returning in less than three minutes, a warder answered, "That the Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx, and the good knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert, commander of the valiant and venerable order of Knight Templars, with a small retinue, requested hospitality and lodging for the night, on their way to a tournament<sup>2</sup> which was to be held far from Ashby-de-la-Zouche on the second day from the present."

Aymer—the Prior Aymer! Brian de Bois-Guilbert!" cried Cedric—"Normans both; but Norman or Saxon, the hospitality of Rotherwood must not be impeached: they are welcome, since they have chosen to halt; more welcome would they have been to have ridden further on their way. But it were unworthy to murmur for a night's lodging and a night's food; in the quality of guests, at least even Normans must suppress their insolence. Go, Hundebert," he added, to a sort of major-domo<sup>3</sup> who stood before him with a white wand; "take six of the attendants and introduce the strangers to the guests' lodging. Look to their horses and mules, and see their train lack nothing. Let them have change of vestments if they require it, and fire, and water to wash, and wine and ale; and bid the cooks add what they hastily can to our evening meal; let it be put on the board when those strangers are ready to share it. Say to them, Hundebert, that Cedric himself bid them welcome, but he is under a vow

<sup>1</sup>HERSHIP Pillage. [Scott.]

<sup>2</sup>TOURNAMENT Sometimes *tourney*, from the French *tourner*, to turn, &c. a combat between knights. The words *tilt* and *joust* are synonymous.

<sup>3</sup>MAJOR DOMO, Steward more literally "master in the house."

never to step more than three steps from the dais of his own hall to meet any who shares not the blood of Saxon royalty. Begone! see them carefully tended; let them not say in their pride, the Saxon churl has shown at once poverty and his avarice."

The major-domo departed with several attendants to execute his master's commands. "The Prior Aymer!" repeated Cedric, looking to Oswald, "the brother, if I mistake not, of Giles de Mauleverer, now lord of Middleham?"

Oswald made a respectful sign of assent. "His brother sits in the seat, and usurps the patrimony, of a better race—the race of Ulfgar of Middleham; but what Norman lord doth not the same? This Prior is, they say, a free and jovial priest, who loves the wine-cup and the bugle-horn better than bell and book. Good; let him come, he shall be welcome. How named ye the Templar?"

"Brian de Bois-Guilbert."

"Bois-Guilbert!" said Cedric, still in the musing, half-arguing tone which the habit of living among dependants had accustomed him to employ, and which resembled that of a man who talks to himself rather than to those around him—"Bois-Guilbert! That name has been spread wide both for good and evil. They say he is valiant as the bravest of his order; but stained with their usual vices—pride, arrogance, cruelty, and voluptuousness—a hard-hearted man who knows neither fear of earth nor awe of heaven. I say the few warriors who have returned from Palestine Well, it is but for one night; he shall be welcome to Oswald, broach the oldest wine-cask; place the best mead, the mightiest ale, the richest morat, the most sparkling cider, the most odoriferous pigments upon the board; and the largest horns;<sup>1</sup> Templars and abbots love good wine and good measure. Elgitha, let thy Lady Rowena know

<sup>1</sup> HORNS. These were drinks used by the Saxons, as we are informed by Mr. Turner (*History of the Anglo-Saxons*). MORAT was made of honey flavoured with the juice of mulberries. PIGMENT was a sweet and rich liquor, composed of wine highly spiced, and sweetened also with honey; the other liquors need no explanation. L. T. [SCOTT]



"Not this night expect her in the hall, unless such special pleasure."

"It will be her especial pleasure," answered with great readiness, "for she is ever desirous to have the latest news from Palestine."

He darted at the forward damsel a glance of hasty contempt; but Rowena and whatever belonged to her were privileged, and secure from his anger. He only replied, "Silence, maiden; thy tongue outruns thy discretion. Deliver my message to thy mistress, and let her do her pleasure. At least, the descendant of Alfred still reigns a prince."

Rowena left the apartment.

"Palestine!" repeated the Saxon—"Palestine! how many of our knights are turned to the tales which dissolute crusaders and critical pilgrims bring from that fatal land! I too might—I too might inquire—I too might listen with a careless heart to fables which the wily strollers devise to draw us into hospitality; but no—the son who has dishonoured his name is no longer mine; nor will I concern myself with his fate than for that of the most worthless among our knights, who have taken the cross on their shoulder, and gone into excess and blood-guiltiness, and called it an obedience to the will of God."

He knit his brows, and fixed his eyes for an instant on the ground; as he raised them, the folding doors at the end of the hall were cast wide, and preceded by the lord of the manor with his wand, and four domestics bearing torches, the guests of the evening entered the hall.

## CHAPTER IV

With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,  
And the proud steer was on the marble spread;  
With fire prepared, they deal the morsels round,  
Wine rosy bright the brimming goblets crown'd.

Disposed apart, Ulysses shares the treat;  
A trivet table and ignobler seat,  
The Prince assigns——

*Odyssey, Book XXI.*

The Prior Aymer had taken the opportunity afforded him of changing his riding robe for one of yet more costly materials, over which he wore a cope<sup>1</sup> curiously embroidered. Besides the massive golden signet ring which marked his ecclesiastical dignity, his fingers, though contrary to the canon,<sup>2</sup> were loaded with precious gems: his sandals were of the finest leather which was imported from Spain; his beard trimmed to as small dimensions as his order would possibly permit, and his shaven crown concealed by a scarlet cap richly embroidered.

The appearance of the Knight Templar was also changed; and though less studiously bedecked with ornament, his dress was as rich, and his appearance far more commanding, than that of his companion. He had exchanged his shirt of mail for an under tunic of dark purple silk, garnished with furs, over which flowed his long robe of spotless white in ample folds. The eight-pointed cross of his order was cut on the shoulder of his mantle in black velvet. The high cap no longer invested his brows, which were only shaded by short and thick curled hair of a raven

<sup>1</sup> COPE. A long cape worn by the clergy.

<sup>2</sup> CANON. A system of rules for the government of a religious order

weakness, corresponding to his unusually swart complexion. Nothing could be more gracefully majestic than his step and manner, had they not been marked by a predominant air of haughtiness, easily acquired by the exercise of resisted authority.

These two dignified persons were followed by their respective attendants, and at a more humble distance by their guide, whose figure had nothing more remarkable than it derived from the usual weeds of a pilgrim. A cloak or mantle of coarse black serge enveloped his whole body. It was in shape something like the cloak of a modern hussar, having similar flaps for covering the arms, and was called "sclaveyn," or "sclavonian." Coarse sandals, bound with leongs, on his bare feet; a broad and shadowy hat, with cockle-shells<sup>1</sup> stitched on its brim, and a long staff shod with iron, to the upper end of which was attached a branch of palm, completed the Palmer's attire. He followed modestly the last of the train which entered the hall, and, perceiving that the lower table scarce afforded room sufficient for the domestics of Cedric and the retinue of his guests, he withdrew to a settle placed beside, and almost under, one of the large chimneys, and seemed to employ himself in drying his garments, until the retreat of some one should make room at the board, or the hospitality of a steward should supply him with refreshments in the place he had chosen apart.

Cedric rose to receive his guests with an air of dignified hospitality, and, descending from the dais, or elevated part of his hall, made three steps towards them, and then invited their approach.

"I grieve," he said, "reverend Prior, that my vow binds me to advance no farther upon this floor of my fathers, nor to receive such guests as you and this valiant Knight of the Holy Temple. But my steward has expounded to

<sup>1</sup>COCKLE-SHELLS. Sea-shells; used as a sign of pilgrimage to some distant place.

you the cause of my seeming discourtesy. Let me also pray that you will excuse my speaking to you in my native language, and that you will reply in the same if your knowledge of it permits; if not, I sufficiently understand Norman to follow your meaning."

"Vows," said the Abbot, "must be unloosed, worthy franklin, or permit me rather to say, worthy thane, though the title is antiquated. Vows are the knots which tie us to Heaven—they are the cords which bind the sacrifice to the horns of the altar—and are therefore, as I said before, to be unloosed and discharged, unless our Holy Mother Church shall pronounce the contrary. And respecting language, I willingly hold communication in that spoken by my respected grandmother, Hilda of Middleham, who died in odour of sanctity, little short, if we may presume to say so, of her glorious namesake, the blessed Saint Hilda of Whitby—God be gracious to her soul!"

When the Prior had ceased what he meant as a conciliatory harangue, his companion said briefly and emphatically, "I speak ever French, the language of King Richard and his nobles; but I understand English sufficiently to communicate with the natives of the country."

Cedric darted at the speaker one of those hasty and impatient glances which comparisons between the two rival nations seldom failed to call forth; but, recollecting the duties of hospitality, he suppressed further show of resentment, and, motioning with his hand, caused his guests to assume two seats a little lower than his own, but placed close beside him, and gave a signal that the evening meal should be placed upon the board.

While the attendants hastened to obey Cedric's commands, his eye distinguished Gurth, the swineherd, who with his companion Wamba, had just entered the hall. "Send these loitering knaves up hither," said the Saxon

<sup>1</sup> SAINT HILDA. A famous abbess who founded the monastery of Whitby (658), a place noted as a seat of piety and learning in the first period of our literature.

"And when the culprits came before the dais comes it, villains,<sup>1</sup> that you have loitered abroad this? Hast thou brought home thy charge, sir, or hast thou left them to robbers and murder? My lord is safe, so please ye," said Gurth.

"It does not please me, thou knave," said Cedric, "could be made to suppose otherwise for two hours, he devising vengeance against my neighbours for they have not done me. I tell thee, shackles and prison-house shall punish the next offence of this

knowing his master's irritable temper, at no exculpation; but the Jester, who could pre-empt Cedric's tolerance, by virtue of his privileges replied for them both—"In troth, uncle<sup>3</sup> Cedric, neither wise nor reasonable to-night."

"Sir!" said his master; "you shall to the porter's taste of the discipline there if you give your own license."

"Let your wisdom tell me," said Wamba, "is it reasonable to punish one person for the fault of

only not, fool," answered Cedric.

"Why should you shackle poor Gurth, uncle, for his dog Fangs? for I dare be sworn we lost late by the way, when we had got our herd together which Fangs did not manage until we heard the

"hang up Fangs," said Cedric, turning hastily to the swineherd, "if the fault is his, and get thee

<sup>1</sup> Not always used in precisely the modern sense; originally a synonym for thrall or serf, and derived from Latin *villa*, a farm. A word used in anger or contempt, sometimes also with a hu-

<sup>2</sup> Used by jesters in place of "master", also a familiar title of affection than now.



"Under favour, uncle," said the Jester, "that were still somewhat on the bow-hand<sup>1</sup> of fair justice; for it was no fault of Fangs that he was lame and could not gather the herd, but the fault of those that struck off two of his foreclaws, an operation for which, if the poor fellow had been consulted, he would scarce have given his voice."

"And who dared to lame an animal which belonged to my bondsman?" said the Saxon, kindling in wrath.

"Marry, that did old Hubert," said Wamba, "Sir Philip de Malvoisin's keeper of the chase. He caught Fangs strolling in the forest, and said he chased the deer contrary to his master's right, as warden of the walk."

"The foul fiend take Malvoisin," answered the Saxon, "and his keeper both! I will teach them that the wood was disforested in terms of the great Forest Charter.<sup>2</sup> But enough of this. Go to, knave,—go to thy place; and thou Gurth, get thee another dog, and should the keeper dare to touch it, I will mar his archery; the curse of a coward on my head, if I strike not off the forefinger of his right hand! he shall draw bowstring no more. I crave your pardon, my worthy guests. I am beset here with neighbours that match your infidels, Sir Knight, in Holy Land. But your homely fare is before you; feed, and let welcome make amends for hard fare."

The feast, however, which was spread upon the board needed no apologies from the lord of the mansion. Swine's flesh, dressed in several modes, appeared on the lower part of the board, as also that of fowls, deer, goats, and hares, and various kinds of fish, together with huge loaves and cakes of bread, and sundry confections made of fruits and honey. The smaller sorts of wild-fowl, of which there was abundance, were not served up in platters, but brought in

<sup>1</sup> BOW-HAND. The left hand held the bow, while the string was drawn with the right.

<sup>2</sup> FOREST CHARTER. This is another misstatement of fact; the Great Charter was not drawn up till 1215, later than the time of Ivanhoe. *DISFORESTED* means freed from the strict law of the forest: made public. See *Green's Short History*, chap. III, sec. III.



small wooden spits or broaches, and offered by the men and domestics who bore them to each guest in succession, who cut from them such a portion as he pleased. To each person of rank was placed a goblet of silver; the lower board was accommodated with large drinking-cups.

When the repast was about to commence, the major-domo, or steward, suddenly raising his wand, said aloud: "Hear! Place for the Lady Rowena." A side-door at the upper end of the hall now opened behind the banquet-table, and Rowena, followed by four female attendants, entered the apartment. Cedric, though surprised, and perhaps not altogether agreeably so, at his ward appearing in public on this occasion, hastened to meet her, and to conduct her, with respectful ceremony, to the elevated seat at his own right hand appropriated to the lady of the manor.

All stood up to receive her; and, replying to their salutation by a mute gesture of salutation, she moved gracefully forward to assume her place at the board. Ere she had time to do so, the Templar whispered to the Prior: "All wear no collar of gold of yours at the tournament. Chian wine is your own."

"Said I not so?" answered the Prior; "but check your tongues, the franklin observes you."

Unheeding this remonstrance, and accustomed only to follow upon the immediate impulse of his own wishes, Brian Bois-Guilbert kept his eyes riveted on the Saxon beauty, striking perhaps to his imagination because differing widely from those of the Eastern sultanas.

Formed in the best proportions of her sex, Rowena was of a tall stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation on account of superior height. Her complexion was extremely fair, but the noble cast of her head and features counteracted the insipidity which sometimes attaches to fair skin. Her clear blue eye, which sat enshrined beneath a graceful eyebrow of brown, sufficiently marked to give

expression to the forehead, seemed capable to kindle as well as melt, to command as well as to beseech. If mildness were the more natural expression of such a combination of features, it was plain that, in the present instance, the exercise of habitual superiority, and the reception of general homage, had given to the Saxon lady a loftier character, which mingled with and qualified that bestowed by nature. Her profuse hair, of a colour betwixt brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, to form which art had probably aided nature. These locks were braided with gems, and being worn at full length, intimated the noble birth and free-born condition of the maiden. A golden chain, to which was attached a small reliquary<sup>1</sup> of the same metal, hung round her neck. She wore bracelets on her arms, which were bare. Her dress was an under-gown and kirtle of pale green silk, over which hung a long loose robe, which reached to the ground, having very wide sleeves, which came down, however, very little below the elbow. The robe was crimson, and manufactured out of the very finest wool. A veil of silk, interwoven with gold, was attached to the upper part of it, which could be, at the wearer's pleasure, either drawn over the face and bosom after the Spanish fashion, or disposed as a sort of drapery round the shoulders.

When Rowena perceived the Knight Templar's eyes bent on her with an ardour that, compared with the darkness of the caverns under which they moved, gave them the effect of lighted charcoal, she drew with dignity the veil around her face, as an intimation that the determined freedom of her glance was disagreeable.

Cedric saw the motion and its cause. "Sir Templeton said he, 'the cheeks of our Saxon maidens have seen a little of the sun to enable them to bear the fixed glance of a crusader.'"

<sup>1</sup> RELIQUARY A casket for sacred relics.

"I have offended," replied Sir Brian, "I crave your pardon—that is, I crave the Lady Rowena's pardon, for my fault will carry me no lower."

"Lady Rowena," said the Prior, "has punished us chastising the boldness of my friend. Let me hope she will be less cruel to the splendid train which are to attend the tournament."

"I am going thither," said Cedric, "is uncertain. I love the vanities, which were unknown to my fathers when England was free."

"I trust us hope, nevertheless," said the Prior, "our company will determine you to travel thitherward; when the journey is so unsafe, the escort of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert will not be despised."

"Sir Prior," answered the Saxon, "wheresoever I have been in this land, I have hitherto found myself, with the assistance of my good sword and faithful followers, in no want of needful of other aid. At present, if we indeed go to Ashby-de-la-Zouche, we do so with my noble friend and countryman, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, and such a train as would set outlaws and feudal enmities at defiance. I drink to you, Sir Prior, in this cup of which I trust your taste will approve, and I thank you for your courtesy. Should you be so rigid in adhering to the monastic rule," he added, "as to prefer your acid preparation of milk, I hope you will not strain courtesy to do so."

"I," said the Priest, laughing, "it is only in our abbey we confine ourselves to the *lac dulce*<sup>2</sup> or the *lac acidum*.

Conversing with the world, we use the world's wine, and therefore I answer your pledge in this honest manner, and leave the weaker liquor to my lay brother."

"I," said the Templar, filling his goblet, "drink

<sup>2</sup> etc. The sense of this passage is 'I hope you will not feel constrained by courtesy to break a rule to humor me.'

<sup>3</sup> etc. Sweet milk. *LAC ACIDUM* Sour milk

wassail<sup>1</sup> to the fair Rowena;<sup>2</sup> for since her namesake introduced the word into England, has never been one more worthy of such a tribute. By my faith, I could pardon the unhappy Vortigern, had he half the cause that we now witness for making a shipwreck of his honour and his kingdom."

"I will spare your courtesy, Sir Knight," said Rowena with dignity, and without unveiling herself; "or rather I will tax it so far as to require of you the latest news from Palestine, a theme more agreeable to our English ears than the compliments which your French breeding teaches."

"I have little of importance to say, lady," answered Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "excepting the confirmed tidings of a truce with Saladin."<sup>3</sup>

He was interrupted by Wamba, who had taken his appropriated seat upon a chair the back of which was decorated with two ass's ears, and which was placed about two steps behind that of his master, who, from time to time, supplied him with victuals from his own trencher; a favour, however, which the Jester shared with the favourite dogs of whom, as we have already noticed, there were several in attendance. Here sat Wamba, with a small table before him, his heels tucked up against the bar of the chair, his cheeks sucked up so as to make his jaws resemble a pair of nut-crackers, and his eyes half-shut, yet watching with alertness every opportunity to exercise his licensed foolery.

"These truces with the infidels," he exclaimed, without caring how suddenly he interrupted the stately Templar, "make an old man of me!"

"Go to, knave—how so," said Cedric, his features prepared to receive favourably the expected jest.

<sup>1</sup> WASSAIL. Saxon *waes hael*; "to your health!" See the *Century Dictionary*, under *wassail*. for the incident alluded to.

<sup>2</sup> ROWENA. Also the name of the daughter of Hengist, wife of Vortigern the Briton.

<sup>3</sup> SALADIN. Sultan of Egypt and Syria (1137-93). and Richard's vigorous enemy. In Scott's *Talisman*, the story of their conflict, together with the chivalrous nature of Saladin, are vividly described.

"I," answered Wamba, "I remember three of  
the day, each of which was to endure for the course  
of years; so that, by computation, I must be at least  
thirty and fifty years old."

"I warrant you against dying of old age, however,"  
said the Templar, who now recognised his friend of the  
past, "I will assure you from all deaths but a violent one,  
in such directions to wayfarers as you did this  
evening, the Prior and me."

"Arrah!" said Cedric, "misdirect travellers? We  
are you whipt; you are at least as much rogue as

thee, uncle," answered the Jester, "let my folly  
protect my roguery. I did but make a mistake  
with my right hand and my left; and he might have  
been a greater who took a fool for his counsellor and

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of  
a page, who announced that there was a stranger  
at the door, imploring admittance and hospitality.

"Admit him," said Cedric, "be he who or what he may:  
that which roars without compels even wild  
beast to herd with tame, and to seek the protection of  
the mortal foe, rather than perish by the elements.  
Let needs be ministered to with all care; look to it,

The steward left the banqueting-hall to see the  
stranger if his patron obeyed.

## CHAPTER V

Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hatched with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?  
*Merchant of Venice.*

Oswald, returning, whispered into the ear of his sister, "It is a Jew, who calls himself Isaac of York; is it not I should marshal him into the hall?"

"Let Gurth do thine office, Oswald," said Wamba, in his usual effrontery: "the swineherd will be a fit usher to the Jew."

"St. Mary," said the Abbot, crossing himself, "an unbelieving Jew, and admitted into this presence!"

"A dog Jew," echoed the Templar, "to approach a defender of the Holy Sepulchre?"

"By my faith," said Wamba, "it would seem the Templars love the Jews' inheritance better than they do their company."

"Peace, my worthy guests," said Cedric; "my hospitality must not be bounded by your dislikes. If Heaven will, I will live with the whole nation of stiff-necked unbelievers for many years than a layman can number, we may endure the presence of one Jew for a few hours. But I constrain none to converse or to feed with him. Let him have a bench and a morsel apart,—unless," he said, smiling, "these ban'd strangers will admit his society."

"Sir Franklin," answered the Templar, "my Saracen slaves are true Moslems,<sup>1</sup> and scorn as much as any Christian to hold intercourse with a Jew."

<sup>1</sup> *MOSLEMS.* Mussulmans; followers of Islam, Mohammedans.



"Now, in faith," said Wamba, "I cannot see that the sippers of Mahound and Termagaunt<sup>1</sup> have so greatly advantage over the people once chosen of Heaven."

"He shall sit with thee, Wamba," said Cedric; "the fool and the knave will be well met."

"The fool," answered Wamba, raising the relics of a son<sup>2</sup> of bacon, "will take care to erect a bulwark at the knave."

"Hush," said Cedric, "for here he comes."

Introduced with little ceremony, and advancing with some hesitation, and many a bow of deep humility, a thin old man, who, however, had lost by the habit of bending much of his actual height, approached the lower end of the board. His features, keen and regular, with an eagle nose, and piercing black eyes; his high and wrinkled forehead, and long grey hair and beard, would have been considered as handsome, had they not been the marks of physiognomy peculiar to a race which, during those ages, was alike detested by the credulous and prejudiced vulgar, and persecuted by the greedy and rapacious clergy, and who, perhaps owing to that very hatred and persecution, had adopted a national character in which there was much, to say the least, mean and unamiable. He wore the Jew's dress, which appeared to have suffered considerably from the storm, was a plain russet cloak of many years' covering a dark purple tunic. He had large boots with fur, and a belt around his waist, which suspended a small knife, together with a case for writing materials, but no weapon. He wore a high square yellow cap of peculiar fashion, assigned to his nation to distinguish them from Christians, and which he doffed with great humility at the door of the hall.

At the reception of this person in the hall of Cedric the

<sup>1</sup>TERMAGAUNT. A supposed deity of the Mohammedans, used in medieval romances as co-equal with Mahound, or Mohammed. An unfailing epithet. The popular idea of this character was his violent temper.

<sup>2</sup>SON OF BACON. A ham. French *jambon*, from *jambe*, a leg.

Saxon was such as might have satisfied the most prejudiced enemy of the tribes of Israel. Cedric himself con-nodded in answer to the Jew's repeated salutations, and signed to him to take place at the lower end of the table where, however, no one offered to make room for him. To the contrary, as he passed along the file, casting a timid supplicating glance, and turning towards each of those who occupied the lower end of the board, the Saxon domestics squared their shoulders, and continued to devour their supper with great perseverance, paying not the least attention to the wants of the new guest. The attendants of the abbot crossed themselves, with looks of pious horror, and very heathen Saracens, as Isaac drew near them, curled their whiskers with indignation, and laid their hands to their poniards, as if ready to rid themselves by the most desperate means from the apprehended contamination of his nearer approach.

Probably the same motives which induced Cedric to open his hall to this son of a rejected people would have made him insist on his attendants receiving Isaac with more courtesy; but the Abbot had at this moment engaged him in a most interesting discussion on the breed and character of his favourite hounds, which he would not be interrupted for matters of much greater importance than that of a Jew going to bed supperless. While Isaac stood an outcast in the present society, like his people among the nations, looking in vain for welcome or resting place, the Pilgrim, who sat by the chimney, took compassion upon him, and resigned his seat, saying briefly, "Man, my garments are dried, my hunger is appeased, I am both wet and fasting." So saying, he gathered together and brought to a flame the decaying brands which were scattered on the ample hearth; took from the larger boiler a mess of pottage and seethed kid, placed it upon the *table at which he had himself supped*, and, without w

The Jew's thanks, went to the other side of the hall, or from unwillingness to hold more close communion with the object of his benevolence, or from a wish now near to the upper end of the table, seemed un-

And there been painters in those days capable to express such a subject, the Jew, as he bent his withered form expanded his chilled and trembling hands over the fire, have formed no bad emblematical personification of winter season. Having dispelled the cold, he turned to the smoking mess which was placed before him, and ate with a haste and an apparent relish that seemed tooken long abstinence from food.

Meanwhile the Abbot and Cedric continued their discourse upon hunting; the Lady Rowena seemed engaged in conversation with one of her attendant females; and the young Templar, whose eye seemed to wander from the face of the Saxon beauty, revolved in his mind thoughts which appeared deeply to interest him.

"Marvel, worthy Cedric," said the Abbot, as their discourse proceeded, "that, great as your predilection is for your own manly language, you do not receive the Norman tongue into your favour, so far at least as the mystery of craft and hunting is concerned. Surely no tongue is so rich in the various phrases which the field-sports demand, or furnishes means to the experienced woodman so to express his jovial art."

"Good Father Aymer," said the Saxon, "be it known to you, I care not for those over-sea refinements, without which I can well enough take my pleasure in the woods. I will wind my horn, though I call not the blast either a *faux* or a *morte*; I can cheer my dogs on the prey, and I will bay and quarter the animal when it is brought down,

FAUX The signal given with the horn to call the dogs from a false chase. MORTE the signal of the death of the game. CORÈX, the portion of the dogs, ANSON the vitals, NOMBLES, the entrails.

without using the new-fangled jargon of *curée*, *arbor*, *nobles*, and all the babble of the fabulous Sir Tristrem.<sup>1</sup>

"The French," said the Templar, raising his voice with the presumptuous and authoritative tone which he used upon all occasions, "is not only the natural language of the chase, but that of love and of war, in which ladies should be won and enemies defied."

"Pledge me in a cup of wine, Sir Templar," said Cedric, "and fill another to the Abbot, while I look back some thirty years to tell you another tale. As Cedric the Saxon then was, his plain English tale needed no garnish from French troubadours when it was told in the ear of beauty; and the field of Northallerton,<sup>2</sup> upon the day of the Holy Standard, could tell whether the Saxon war-song was not heard as far within the ranks of the Scottish host as the *cri de guerre*<sup>3</sup> of the boldest Norman baron. To the memory of the brave who fought there! Pledge me, my guests." He drank deep, and went on with increased warmth: "Ay, that was a day of cleaving of shields, when a hundred banners were bent forward over the heads of the valiant, and blood flowed round like water, and death held better than flight. A Saxon bard<sup>4</sup> had called it the feast of the swords—a gathering of the eagles to the prey, the clashing of bills<sup>5</sup> upon shield and helmet, the shout of battle more joyful than the clamour of a bridal. I

<sup>1</sup> SIR TRISTREM. There was no language which the Normans more formally separated from that of common life than the terms of the chase. The objects of the pursuit, whether bird or animal, changed their name each year; there were a hundred conventional terms, to be ignorant of which was without one of the distinguishing marks of a gentleman. The reader must consult Dame Juliana Berners' book on the subject. The origin of this sort of language was ascribed to the celebrated Sir Tristrem, famous for his tragic interlude with the beautiful Ysolde. As the Normans reserved the amusement of hunting strictly to themselves, the terms of this formal jargon were all taken from the French language. [Scott]

<sup>2</sup> NORTHALLERTON. The Battle of the Standard so called was fought in 1138, when the Normans and the Scots were defeated by the Saxons. Significance of the name, see Green's *Short History* Chap. II. Sec. VII.

<sup>3</sup> CRI DE GUERRE. War-cry.

<sup>4</sup> SAXON BARD. As an illustration of the war poems of these bards, see Tennyson's translation entitled "The Battle of Brunanburh."

<sup>5</sup> BILLS. Broad-swords; later, the same term was applied to a weapon of pike or spear, with a hook-shaped blade just below the sharp point.



"ards are no more," he said; "our deeds are lost in those of other race; our language—our very name—is hastening to decay, and none mourns for it save one solitary old Cupbearer! knave, fill the goblets. To the strong in Sir Templar, be their race or language what it will, now bear them best in Palestine among the champions of the Cross!"

"It becomes not one wearing this badge to answer," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert; "yet to whom, besides the champions of the Holy Sepulchre, can the palm be added among the champions of the Cross?"

"To the Knights Hospitallers,"<sup>1</sup> said the Abbot; "I have rather of their order."

"I impeach not their fame," said the Templar; "never—"

"I think, friend Cedric," said Wamba, interfering, "that Richard of the Lion's Heart been wise enough to have taken a fool's advice, he might have staid at home with his Englishmen, and left the recovery of Jerusalem to those same Knights<sup>2</sup> who had most to do with the loss of it."

"Were there, then, none in the English army," said the Rowena, "whose names are worthy to be mentioned with the Knights of the Temple and of St. John?"

"Forgive me, lady," said De Bois-Guilbert; "the English monarch did indeed bring to Palestine a host of gallant warriors, second only to those whose breasts have been the bulwark of that blessed land."

"Second to NONE," said the Pilgrim, who had stood near enough to hear, and had listened to this conversation with great impatience. All turned towards the spot from whence this unexpected asseveration was heard. "I say," cried the Pilgrim in a firm and strong voice, "that the English chivalry were second to NONE who ever drew

<sup>1</sup> KNIGHTS HOSPITALIERS. See note page 82

<sup>2</sup> THOSE SAME KNIGHTS. The Knights Hospitallers and the Knights Templars who swore by their vows to defend Jerusalem from the infidels, but were defeated and driven from the city by Saladin in 1191.

sword in defence of the Holy Land. I say besides, for I saw it, that King Richard himself, and five of his Knights, held a tournament after the taking of St. John-de-Acre, as challengers against all comers. I say that, on that day, each knight ran three courses, and cast to the ground three antagonists. I add, that seven of these assailants were Knights of the Temple; and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert well knows the truth of what I tell you."

It is impossible for language to describe the bitter scowl of rage which rendered yet darker the swarthy countenance of the Templar. In the extremity of his resentment and confusion, his quivering fingers griped towards the handle of his sword, and perhaps only withdrew from the consciousness that no act of violence could be safely executed in that place and presence. Cedric, whose feelings were all of a right onward and simple kind, and were seldom occupied by more than one object at once, omitted, in the joyous glee with which he heard of the glory of his countrymen, to remark the angry confusion of his guest. "I would give thee this golden bracelet, Pilgrim," he said, "couldst thou tell me the names of those knights who upheld so gallantly the renown of merry England."

"That will I do blythely," replied the Pilgrim, "and without guerdon; my oath, for a time, prohibits me from touching gold."

"I will wear the bracelet for you, if you will, friend Palmer," said Wamba.

"The first in honour as in arms, in renown as in place," said the Pilgrim, "was the brave Richard, King of England."

"I forgive him," said Cedric— "I forgive him his descent from the tyrant Duke William."

"The Earl of Leicester was the second," continued the Pilgrim. "Sir Thomas Multon of Gilsland was the third."

"Of Saxon descent, he at least," said Cedric, with exultation.



"Sir Foulk Doilly the fourth," proceeded the Pilgrim.

"Saxon also, at least by the mother's side," continued Cedric, who listened with the utmost eagerness, and forgot, for part at least, his hatred to the Normans in the common triumph of the King of England and his islanders. "And who was the fifth?" he demanded.

"The fifth was Sir Edwin Turneham."

"Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist!" shouted Cedric.

"And the sixth?" he continued, with eagerness—  
"Now name you the sixth?"

"The sixth," said the Palmer, after a pause, in which he seemed to recollect himself, "was a young knight of lesser renown and lower rank, assumed into that honourable company less to aid their enterprise than to make up their number; his name dwells not in my memory."

"Sir Palmer," said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, scornfully, "this assumed forgetfulness, after so much has been remembered, comes too late to serve your purpose. I will myself tell the name of the knight before whose lance fortune and my horse's fault occasioned my falling: it was the Knight of Ivanhoe; nor was there one of the six that, in his years, had more renown in arms. Yet this will I say, and loudly—that were he in England, and durst repeat, at this week's tournament, the challenge of St. John-de-Pere, I, mounted and armed as I now am, would give him every advantage of weapons, and abide the result."

"Your challenge would be soon answered," replied the Palmer, "were your antagonist near you. As the matter would disturb not the peaceful hall with vaunts of the issue of a conflict which you well know cannot take place. If Ivanhoe ever returns from Palestine, I will be his surety that he meets you."

"A goodly security!" said the Knight Templar; "and what do you proffer as a pledge?"

"This reliquary," said the Palmer, taking a small ivory box from his bosom, and crossing himself, "containing

portion of the true cross, brought from the monastery of Mount Carmel."<sup>1</sup>

The Prior of Jorvaulx crossed himself and repeated a paternoster,<sup>2</sup> in which all devoutly joined, excepting the Jew, the Mahomedans, and the Templar; the latter of whom, without vailing his bonnet<sup>3</sup> or testifying any reverence for the alleged sanctity of the relic, took from his neck a gold chain, which he flung on the board, saying, "Let Prior Aymer hold my pledge and that of this nameless vagrant, in token that, when the Knight of Ivanhoe comes within the four seas of Britain, he underlies<sup>4</sup> the challenge of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, which, if he answers not, I will proclaim him as a coward on the walls of every Temple court in Europe."

"It will not need," said the Lady Rowena, breaking silence: "my voice shall be heard, if no other in this hall is raised, in behalf of the absent Ivanhoe. I affirm he will meet fairly every honourable challenge. Could my weak warrant add security to the inestimable pledge of this holy pilgrim, I would pledge name and fame that Ivanhoe gives this proud knight the meeting he desires."

A crowd of conflicting emotions seemed to have occupied Cedric and kept him silent during this discussion. Gratified pride, resentment, embarrassment, chased each other over his broad and open brow, like the shadow of clouds drifting over a harvest-field; while his attendant on whom the name of the sixth knight seemed to produce an effect almost electrical, hung in suspense upon the

<sup>1</sup> MOUNT CARMEL. This monastery was founded in Palestine in the twelfth century; the order of the Carmelites was instituted there in 1207.

<sup>2</sup> PATER NOSTER. The beginning of the Lord's Prayer in the Latin version; similarly the Latin words which form the beginning of the various prayers and hymns of the Church are used as titles. Thus an *ore* (two syllables) is the prayer to the Virgin which begins "Ave Maria"; "Hail Mary"; the *credo* the creed which begins "Credo in unum Deum."

<sup>3</sup> BONNET. This means "without removing his cap" but how was the Templar equipped in this respect? Compare the author's description of his appearance at the beginning of chapter IV.

<sup>4</sup> UNDERLIES. A peculiar use of the word, "is liable to."

looks. But when Rowena spoke, the sound of her voice seemed to startle him from his silence.

"Lady," said Cedric, "this beseems not; were further necessary, I myself, offended, and justly offended, would yet gage my honour for the honour of Ivanhoe. But the wager of battle is complete, even according to the fantastic fashions of Norman chivalry. Is it not, Aymer?"

"It is," replied the Prior; "and the blessed relic and chain will I bestow safely in the treasury of our convent until the decision of this warlike challenge."

Having thus spoken, he crossed himself again and, and after many genuflections and muttered prayers, delivered the reliquary to Brother Ambrose, his attendant monk, while he himself swept up with less ceremony, perhaps with no less internal satisfaction, the golden chain and bestowed it in a pouch lined with perfumed velvet, which opened under his arm. "And now, Sir," he said, "my ears are chiming vespers with the sound of your good wine: permit us another pledge to the health of the Lady Rowena, and indulge us with libation to our repose."

"By the rood<sup>1</sup> of Bromholme," said the Saxon, "you do small credit to your fame, Sir Prior! Report speaks of a bonny monk, that would hear the matin chime ere he touched his bowl; and, old as I am, I feared to have been encountering you. But, by my faith, a Saxon of twelve, in my time, would not so soon have relinquished his goblet."

The Prior had his own reasons, however, for persevering in his course of temperance which he had adopted. He was not only a professional peacemaker, but from practice in the settling of all feuds and brawls. It was not altogether from respect to his neighbour, or to himself, or from a mixture of both. On the present occasion, he had an instinctive ap-

prehension of the fiery temper of the Saxon, and saw the danger that the reckless and presumptuous spirit of which his companion had already given so many proofs might at length produce some disagreeable explosion. He therefore gently insinuated the incapacity of the native of any other country to engage in the genial conflict of the bowl with the hardy and strong-headed Saxons; something he mentioned, but slightly, about his own holy character, attended by pressing his proposal to depart to repose.

The grace-cup<sup>1</sup> was accordingly served round, and the guests, after making deep obeisance to their landlord as to the Lady Rowena, arose and mingled in the hall, while the heads of the family, by separate doors, retired with their attendants.

"Unbelieving dog," said the Templar to Isaac the Jew as he passed him in the throng, "dost thou bend thy countenance to the tournament?"

"I do so propose," replied Isaac, bowing in all humility, "if it please your reverend valour."

"Ay," said the knight, "to gnaw the bowels of our nobles with usury, and to gull women and boys with gewgaws and toys: I warrant thee store of shekels in thy Jewish scrip."

"Not a shekel, not a silver penny, not a halfling,<sup>2</sup> so help me the God of Abraham!" said the Jew, claspings his hands. "I go but to seek the assistance of some brethren of my tribe to aid me to pay the fine which the Exchequer of the Jews<sup>3</sup> have imposed upon me, Father Jacob be it speed! I am an impoverished wretch: the very gaberдин<sup>4</sup> I wear is borrowed from Reuben of Tadcaster."

<sup>1</sup> GRACE-CUP. The cup of wine served at parting.

<sup>2</sup> HALFLING. Half-penny.

<sup>3</sup> EXCHEQUER OF THE JEWS. In those days the Jews were subjected to an Exchequer specially dedicated to that purpose, and which laid them under the most exorbitant impositions. L. T. [Scott]

<sup>4</sup> GABERDINE. A coarse outer garment worn by the Jews in the Middle Ages.

Templar smiled sourly as he replied, "Beshrew<sup>1</sup> a false-hearted liar!" and passing onward, as if to a farther conference, he communed with his slaves in a language unknown to the bystanders. The Israelite seemed so staggered by the address of any monk, that the Templar had passed on to the end of the hall ere he raised his head from the humble position which he had assumed, so far as to be sensible of it. And when he did look around, it was with a shocked air of one at whose feet a thunderbolt has fallen, and who hears still the astounding report ringing in his ears.

Templar and Prior were shortly after marshalled to their sleeping apartments by the steward and the cupbearer, each attended by two torchbearers and two serving men for refreshments, while servants of inferior condition were directed to their retinue and to the other guests to their respective places of repose.

w. A mild curse; from an old English word meaning "to en-

## CHAPTER VI

To buy his favour I extend this friendship:  
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;  
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.  
*Merchant of Venice.*

As the Palmer, lighted by a domestic with a torch, past through the intricate combination of apartments of this large and irregular mansion, the cupbearer, coming behind him, whispered in his ear, that if he had no objection to a cup of good mead in his apartment, there were many domestics in that family who would gladly hear the news he had brought from the Holy Land, and particularly that which concerned the Knight of Ivanhoe. Wamba presently appeared to urge the same request, observing that a cup after midnight was worth three after curfew. Without disputing a maxim urged by such grave authority, the Palmer thanked them for their courtesy, but observed that he had included in his religious vow an obligation never to speak in the kitchen on matters which were prohibited in the hall.

"That vow," said Wamba to the cupbearer, "would scarce suit a serving-man."

The cupbearer shrugged up his shoulders in displeasure. "I thought to have lodged him in the solere chamber,"<sup>1</sup> said he; "but since he is so unsocial to Christians, e'en let him take the next stall to Isaac the Jew's. Anwold," said he to the torch-bearer, "carry the Pilgrim to the southern cell. I give you good-night," he added, "Sir Palmer, with small thanks for short courtesy."

<sup>1</sup> *SOLERE CHAMBER.* An upper chamber accessible to sunlight.



"night, and Our Lady's benison!" said the  
th composure; and his guide moved forward.  
small ante-chamber, into which several doors  
d which was lighted by a small iron lamp, they  
d interruption from the waiting-maid of  
no, saying in a tone of authority that her mis-  
ed to speak with the Palmer, took the torch  
and of Anwold, and, bidding him await her re-  
a sign to the Palmer to follow. Apparently  
think it proper to decline this invitation as he  
the former; for, though his gesture indicated  
he at the summons, he obeyed it without answer  
ance.

passage, and an ascent of seven steps, each of  
composed of a solid beam of oak, led him to  
ent of the Lady Rowena, the rude magnificence  
corresponded to the respect which was paid to  
lord of the mansion. The walls were covered  
sidered hangings, on which different-coloured  
woven with gold and silver threads, had been  
with all the art of which the age was capable,  
at the sports of hunting and hawking. The  
orned with the same rich tapestry, and sur-  
th curtains dyed with purple. The seats had  
ained coverings, and one, which was higher  
st, was accommodated with a footstool of ivory,  
rved.

ar than four silver candelabras, holding great  
es, served to illuminate this apartment. Yet  
ern beauty envy the magnificence of a Saxon  
The walls of the apartment were so ill-finished  
of crevices, that the rich hangings shook to  
ast, and, in despite of a sort of screen intended  
them from the wind, the flame of the torches  
deways into the air, like the unfurled pennon of  
Magnificence there was, with some rude at-

tempt at taste; but of comfort there was little, and, unknown, it was unmissed.

The Lady Rowena, with three of her attendants sitting at her back, and arranging her hair ere she lay to rest, was seated in the sort of throne already mentioned, and looked as if born to exact general homage. The grim acknowledged her claim to it by a low genuflection.

"Rise, Palmer," said she graciously. "The defence of the absent has a right to favourable reception from all who value truth and honour manhood." She then said to the train, "Retire, excepting only Elgitha; I would speak to this holy Pilgrim."

The maidens, without leaving the apartment, retired to its further extremity, and sat down on a small bench against the wall, where they remained mute as statues, though at such a distance that their whispers could not interrupt the conversation of their mistress.

"Pilgrim," said the lady, after a moment's pause, in which she seemed uncertain how to address him, "this night mentioned a name—I mean," she said with a degree of effort, "the name of Ivanhoe—in the halls of the Temple by nature and kindred it should have sounded most agreeably; and yet such is the perverse course of fate, that many whose hearts must have throbbed at the sound, dare not dare ask you where, and in what condition, you left off of whom you spoke? We heard that, having remained in Palestine, on account of his impaired health, after the departure of the English army, he had experienced the persecution of the French faction, to whom the Templars were known to be attached."

"I know little of the Knight of Ivanhoe," answered Palmer, with a troubled voice. "I would I knew his fate, since you, lady, are interested in his fate. He, I believe, surmounted the persecution of his enemies in Palestine, and is on the eve of returning to England,

lady, must know better than I what is his chance of success."

The Lady Rowena sighed deeply, and asked more particularly when the Knight of Ivanhoe might be expected in his native country, and whether he would not be exposed to great dangers by the road. On the first point, Palmer professed ignorance; on the second, he said the voyage might be safely made by the way of Venice and Genoa, and from thence through France to England. "Ivanhoe," he said, "was so well acquainted with the language and manners of the French, that there was no fear of his incurring any hazard during that part of his travels."

"Would to God," said the Lady Rowena, "he were here now, arrived, and able to bear arms in the approaching fray, in which the chivalry of this land are expected to display their address and valour. Should Athelstane Coningsburgh obtain the prize, Ivanhoe is like to hear sad tidings when he reaches England. How looked he, I wonder, when you last saw him? Had disease laid her heavy yoke upon his strength and comeliness?"

"He was darker," said the Palmer, "and thinner than when he came from Cyprus in the train of Cœur-de-Lion, but care seemed to sit heavy on his brow; but I approached his presence, because he is unknown to me."

"He will," said the lady, "I fear, find little in his native land to clear those clouds from his countenance. Thanks, good Pilgrim, for your information concerning the companion of my childhood. Maidens," she said, "draw near: let the sleeping-cup to this holy man, whom I will no longer detain from repose."

One of the maidens presented a silver cup containing a mixture of wine and spice, which Rowena barely put to her lips. It was then offered to the Palmer, who, after a low obeisance, tasted a few drops.

"Accept this alms, friend," continued the lady, offering

a piece of gold, "in acknowledgment of thy painful vail, and of the shrines thou hast visited."

The Palmer received the boon with another low reverence, and followed Elgitha out of the apartment.

In the ante-room he found his attendant Anwold, taking the torch from the hand of the waiting-maid, conducted him with more haste than ceremony to an extensive and ignoble part of the building, where a number of small apartments, or rather cells, served for sleeping-places to the lower order of domestics, and to strangers of no degree.

"In which of these sleeps the Jew?" said the Pilgrim.

"The unbelieving dog," answered Anwold, "kennels in the cell next your holiness. St. Dunstan, how it must be scraped and cleansed ere it be again fit for a Christian."

"And where sleeps Gurth, the swineherd?" said the stranger.

"Gurth," replied the bondsman, "sleeps in the cell next your right, as the Jew in that to your left; you serve to be the child of circumcision separate from the abominations of his tribe. You might have occupied a more honourable place had you accepted of Oswald's invitation."

"It is as well as it is," said the Palmer; "the company even of a Jew, can hardly spread contamination through an oaken partition."

So saying, he entered the cabin allotted to him, taking the torch from the domestic's hand, thanked him, and wished him good-night. Having shut the door of the cell, he placed the torch in a candlestick made of wood, looked around his sleeping apartment, the furniture of which was of the most simple kind. It consisted of a wooden stool, and still ruder hutch or bed-frame, stuffed with clean straw, and accommodated with two or three sheepskins by way of bedclothes.

The Palmer having extinguished his torch, threw himself, without taking off any part of his clothes, on



He cough, and slept, or at least retained his recumbent posture, till the earliest sunbeams found their way through the little grated window, which served at once to admit the air and light to his uncomfortable cell. He then started up, and after repeating his matins and adjusting his dress he left it, and entered that of Isaac the Jew, lifting the latch as gently as he could.

The inmate was lying in troubled slumber upon a bench similar to that on which the Palmer himself had passed the night. Such parts of his dress as the Jew had laid aside on the preceding evening were disposed carefully round his person, as if to prevent the hazard of their being carried off during his slumbers. There was a trouble on his brow amounting almost to agony. His hands and arms moved convulsively, as if struggling with the nightmare; and besides several ejaculations in Hebrew, the following were distinctly heard in the Norman-English, or mixed language of the country: "For the sake of the God of Abraham, spare an unhappy old man! I am poor, I am helpless; should your irons wrench my limbs asunder, I will not gratify you!"

The Palmer awaited not the end of the Jew's vision, but stirred him with his pilgrim's staff. The touch probably associated, as is usual, with some of the apprehensions excited by his dream; for the old man started up, his grey hair standing almost erect upon his head, and huddling the part of his garments about him, while he held the detached pieces with the tenacious grasp of a falcon, he looked upon the Palmer his keen black eyes, expressive of surprise and of bodily apprehension.

"Fear nothing from me, Isaac," said the Palmer, "I am as your friend."

"The God of Israel requite you," said the Jew, greatly relieved; "I dreamed--but Father Abraham be praised, it was but a dream!" Then, collecting himself, he added

in his usual tone, "And what may it be your pleasure to want at so early an hour with the poor Jew?"

"It is to tell you," said the Palmer, "that if you leave not this mansion instantly, and travel not with some haste, your journey may prove a dangerous one."

"Holy father!" said the Jew, "whom could it interest to endanger so poor a wretch as I am?"

"The purpose you can best guess," said the Pilgrim, "but rely on this, that when the Templar crossed the bridge yesternight, he spoke to his Mussulman slaves in the Saracen language, which I well understand, and charged them this morning to watch the journey of the Jew, to seize upon him when at a convenient distance from the mansion, and to conduct him to the castle of Philip de Malvoisin or to that of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf."

It is impossible to describe the extremity of terror which seized upon the Jew at this information, and seemed at once to overpower his whole faculties. His arms fell down to his sides, and his head drooped on his breast, his knees bent under his weight, every nerve and muscle of his frame seemed to collapse and lose its energy, and he sunk at the foot of the Palmer, not in the fashion of one who intentionally stoops, kneels, or prostrates himself to excite compassion, but like a man borne down on all sides by the pressure of some invisible force, which crushes him to the earth without the power of resistance.

"Holy God of Abraham!" was his first exclamation, folding and elevating his wrinkled hands, but without raising his grey head from the pavement; "O holy Moses! blessed Aaron! the dream is not dreamed for nought, the vision cometh not in vain! I feel their irons already tear my sinews! I feel the rack pass over my body like the saws, and harrows, and axes of iron over the men of Rabbah, and of the cities of the children of Ammon!"

"Stand up, Isaac, and hearken to me," said the Palmer, who viewed the extremity of his distress with a compassion



which contempt was largely mingled; "you have caused your terror, considering how your brethren have been used, in order to extort from them their hoards, both by forces and nobles; but stand up, I say, and I will point out to you the means of escape. Leave this mansion instantly, while its inmates sleep sound after the last night's revel. I will guide you by the secret paths of the forest, known as well to me as to any forester that ranges the land, and I will not leave you till you are under safe conduct to some chief or baron going to the tournament, whose good-will you have probably the means of securing."

As the ears of Isaac received the hopes of escape which a speech intimated, he began gradually, and inch by inch, as it were, to raise himself up from the ground, until he fairly rested upon his knees, throwing back his long hair and beard, and fixing his keen black eyes upon Palmer's face, with a look expressive at once of hope and fear, not unmingled with suspicion. But when he heard the concluding part of the sentence, his original horror appeared to revive in full force, and he dropt once more on his face, exclaiming, "I possess the means of securing good-will! Alas! there is but one road to the recovery of a Christian, and how can the poor Jew find it, when extortions have already reduced to the misery of *Jerusalem*?" Then, as if suspicion had overpowered his other feelings, he suddenly exclaimed, "For the love of God, young man, betray me not; for the sake of the Great Father who made us all, Jew as well as Gentile, Israelite or Ishmaelite, do me no treason! I have not means to purchase the good-will of a Christian beggar, were he rating at a single penny." As he spoke these last words, he pressed himself and grasped the Palmer's mantle with a look of most earnest entreaty. The Pilgrim extricated himself as if there were contamination in the touch.

"Wert thou loaded with all the wealth of thy tribe," said, "what interest have I to injure thee? In this

dress I am vowed to poverty, nor do I change it for any save a horse and a coat of mail. Yet think not that I care for thy company, or propose myself advantage by it; I remain here if thou wilt, Cedric the Saxon may protect thee."

"Alas!" said the Jew, "he will not let me travel in the train. Saxon or Norman will be equally ashamed of the poor Israelite; and to travel by myself through the domains of Philip de Malvoisin and Reginald Front-Bœuf—— Good youth, I will go with you! Let us haste—let us gird up our loins—let us flee! Here is thy sword—why wilt thou tarry?"

"I tarry not," said the Pilgrim, giving way to the urgency of his companion; "but I must secure the means of leaving this place; follow me."

He led the way to the adjoining cell, which, as the reader is apprised, was occupied by Gurth, the swineherd. "Arise, Gurth," said the Pilgrim "arise quickly. Unlock the postern<sup>1</sup> gate, and let out the Jew and me."

Gurth, whose occupation, though now held so mean, gave him as much consequence in Saxon England as that of Eumæus in Ithaca, was offended at the familiar and commanding tone assumed by the Palmer. "The Jew leaving Rotherwood," said he, raising himself on his elbow and looking superciliously at him, without quitting his pallet, "and travelling in company with the Palmer and his boot——"

"I should as soon have dreamt," said Wamba, who entered the apartment at the instant, "of his stealing away with a gammon of bacon."

"Nevertheless," said Gurth, again laying down his head on the wooden log which served him for a pillow, "both Jew and Gentile must be content to abide the opening of the great gate; we suffer no visitors to depart by stealth at these unseasonable hours."

<sup>1</sup> POSTERN. The Latin word *posterus* means in the rear; so postern is a rear gate.

"Nevertheless," said the Pilgrim, in a commanding tone, "you will not, I think, refuse me that favour."

So saying, he stooped over the bed of the recumbent swineherd, and whispered something in his ear in Saxon. Gurth started up as if electrified. The Pilgrim, raising his finger in an attitude as if to express caution, added, "Gurth, beware; thou art wont to be prudent. I say, undo the postern; thou shalt know more anon."

With hasty alacrity Gurth obeyed him, while Wamba and the Jew followed, both wondering at the sudden change in the swineherd's demeanour.

"My mule—my mule!" said the Jew, as soon as they had passed without the postern.

"Fetch him his mule," said the Pilgrim; "and, hearest thou, let me have another that I may bear him company when he is beyond these parts. I will return it safely to some of Cedric's train at Ashby. And do thou——" he whispered the rest in Gurth's ear.

"Willingly—most willingly shall it be done," said Gurth, and instantly departed to execute the commission.

"I wish I knew," said Wamba, when his comrade's back was turned, "what you Palmers learn in the Holy Land."

"To say our orisons,<sup>1</sup> fool," answered the Pilgrim, "to repent our sins, and to mortify ourselves with fastings, vigils, and long prayers."

"Something more potent than that," answered the Jester; "for when would repentance or prayer make Gurth a courtesy, or fasting or vigil persuade him to lend you his mule? I trow you might as well have told his favourite black boar of thy vigils and penance, and wouldst have gotten as civil an answer."

"Go to," said the Pilgrim, "thou art but a Saxon fool."

"Thou sayst well," said the Jester; "had I been born a Christian, as I think thou art, I would have had luck on my side, and been next door to a wise man."

<sup>1</sup>ORISONS. Prayers: derived from Latin *oro*, to pray.

At this moment Gurth appeared on the opposite side of the moat<sup>1</sup> with the mules. The travellers crossed the ditch upon a drawbridge of only two planks' breadth, the narrowness of which was matched with the straitness of the postern, and with a little wicket<sup>2</sup> in the exterior palisade which gave access to the forest. No sooner had they reached the mules, than the Jew, with hasty and trembling hands, secured behind the saddle a small bag of blue buckram, which he took from under his cloak, containing, as he muttered, "a change of raiment—only a change of raiment." Then getting upon the animal with more alacrity and haste than could have been anticipated from his years, he lost no time in so disposing of the skirts of his gaberdine as to conceal completely from observation the burden which he had thus deposited *en croupe*.<sup>3</sup>

The Pilgrim mounted with more deliberation, reaching, as he departed, his hand to Gurth, who kissed it with the utmost possible veneration. The swineherd stood gazing after the travellers until they were lost under the boughs of the forest path, when he was disturbed from his reverie by the voice of Wamba.

"Knowest thou," said the Jester, "my good friend Gurth, that thou art strangely courteous and most unwontedly pious on this summer morning? I would I were a black prior or a barefoot palmer, to avail myself of thy unwonted zeal and courtesy; certes,<sup>4</sup> I would make more out of it than a kiss of the hand."

"Thou art no fool thus far, Wamba," answered Gurth. "though thou arguest from appearances, and the wisest of us can do no more. But it is time to look after my charge."

<sup>1</sup> MOAT. A deep trench surrounding a castle, usually filled with water. Compare page 69.

<sup>2</sup> WICKET. A small door, in or near a larger door or gate, for the admission of persons on foot.

<sup>3</sup> EN CROUPE. Behind the saddle.

<sup>4</sup> CERTES. Certainly.

so saying, he turned back to the mansion, attended by Lester.

Meanwhile the travellers continued to press on their way with a despatch which argued the extremity of their fears, since persons at his age are seldom fond of motion. The Palmer, to whom every path and out-lying the wood appeared to be familiar, led the way through the most devious paths, and more than once kindled anew the suspicion of the Israelite that he intended to betray him into some ambuscade of his enemies.

His doubts might have been indeed pardoned; for, at perhaps the flying fish,<sup>1</sup> there was no race existing on the earth, in the air, or the waters, who were the object of such an unintermitting, general, and relentless persecution as the Jews of this period. Upon the slightest and most unreasonable pretences, as well as upon accusations most absurd and groundless, their persons and property were exposed to every turn of popular fury; for Norman, Dane, and Briton, however adverse these races were to each other, contended which should look with greatest station upon a people whom it was accounted a point of honour to hate, to revile, to despise, to plunder, and to persecute. The kings of the Norman race, and the independent nobles, who followed their example in all acts of cruelty, maintained against this devoted people a persecution of a more regular, calculated, and self-interested kind. A well-known story of King John, that he confined a wealthy Jew in one of the royal castles, and daily caused one of his teeth to be torn out, until, when the jaw of the wretched Israelite was half disfurnished, he consented to a large sum, which it was the tyrant's object to extort from him. The little ready money which was in the country was chiefly in possession of this persecuted people, and the nobility hesitated not to follow the example of

<sup>1</sup> *Two risks.* The flying fish, leaping out of the water to escape the pursuing them below, are exposed to attack from the gulls and birds that swoop down on them from above.



their sovereign in wringing it from them by every species of oppression, and even personal torture. Yet the passionate courage inspired by the love of gain induced the Jews to dare the various evils to which they were subjected, in consideration of the immense profits which they were enabled to realise in a country naturally so wealthy as England. In spite of every kind of discouragement, and even of the species of court of taxations already mentioned, called the Jews' Bench, erected for the very purpose of despoiling and distressing them, the Jews increased, multiplied, and accumulated huge sums, which they transferred from one hand to another by means of bills of exchange—an invention for which commerce is said to be indebted to them, and which enabled them to transfer their wealth from land to land, that, when threatened with oppression in one country, their treasure might be secured in another.

The obstinacy and avarice of the Jews, being thus in measure placed in opposition to the fanaticism and tyranny of those under whom they lived, seemed to increase in proportion to the persecution with which they were visited, and the immense wealth they usually acquired in commerce, while it frequently placed them in danger, was at other times used to extend their influence, and to secure to them a certain degree of protection. On these terms they lived; and their character, influenced accordingly, was watchful, suspicious, and timid—yet obstinate, uncompromising, and skilful in evading the dangers to which they were exposed.

When the travellers had pushed on at a rapid rate through many devious paths, the Palmer at length broke silence.

"That large decayed oak," he said, "marks the boundaries over which Front-de-Bœuf claims authority; we are long since far from those of Malvoisin. There is now no fear of pursuit."

"*May the wheels of their chariots be taken off,*" said



"like those of the host of Pharaoh, that they may savily! But leave me not, good Pilgrim. Think that fierce and savage Templar, with his Saracen they will regard neither territory, nor manor, nor

road," said the Palmer, "should here separate; seems not men of my character and thine to together longer than needs must be. Besides, what couldst thou have from me, a peaceful pilgrim, two armed heathens?"

"Good youth," answered the Jew, "thou canst defend I know thou wouldst. Poor as I am, I will requite with money, for money, so help me my Father Abraham have none; but——"

"Money and recompense," said the Palmer, interrupting. "I have already said I require not of thee. Guide me, and, it may be, even in some sort defend thee; to protect a Jew against a Saracen can scarce be deemed unworthy of a Christian. Therefore, Jew, I will keep thee safe under some fitting escort. We are now far from the town of Sheffield, where thou mayest find many of thy tribe with whom to take refuge." "The blessing of Jacob be upon thee, good youth!" said the Jew; "in Sheffield I can harbour with my kinsman and find some means of travelling forth with

it so," said the Palmer; "at Sheffield then we part, and an hour's riding will bring us in sight of that

A half hour was spent in perfect silence on both sides. The Pilgrim perhaps disdaining to address the Jew, in case of absolute necessity, and the Jew not prepared to force a conversation with a person whose journey to the Holy Sepulchre gave a sort of sanctity to his character. They paused on the top of a gently rising bank. The Pilgrim, pointing to the town of Sheffield, which

lay beneath them, repeated the words, "Here, then, part."

"Not till you have had the poor Jew's thanks," said Isaac; "for I presume not to ask you to go with me to my kinsman Zareth's, who might aid me with some means repaying your good offices."

"I have already said," answered the Pilgrim, "that I desire no recompense. If, among the huge list of thy debtors, thou wilt, for my sake, spare the gyves<sup>1</sup> and the dungeon to some unhappy Christian who stands in thy danger,<sup>2</sup> I shall hold this morning's service to thee well bestowed."

"Stay—stay," said the Jew, laying hold of his garment; "something would I do more than this—something for thyself. God knows the Jew is poor—yes, Isaac is the beggar of his tribe—but forgive me should I guess what thou mayest lackest at this moment."

"If thou wert to guess truly," said the Palmer, "it were what thou canst not supply, wert thou as wealthy as thou sayst thou art poor."

"As I say!" echoed the Jew. "Oh! believe it, I say thee the truth: I am a plundered, indebted, distressed man. Hard hands have wrung from me my goods, my money, my ships, and all that I possessed. Yet I can tell thee what thou lackest, and, it may be, supply it too. Thy wife even now is for a horse and armour."

The Palmer started, and turned suddenly towards the Jew. "What fiend prompted that guess?" said he, hastily.

"No matter," said the Jew, smiling, "so that it be a true one; and, as I can guess thy want, so I can supply it."

"But consider," said the Palmer, "my character, my dress, my vow."

"I know you Christians," replied the Jew, "and thou

<sup>1</sup> GYVES. Shackles, fetters.

<sup>2</sup> DANGER, Power. Compare Shakspeare's use of the word in the *Merchant of Venice* IV. 1. 180.

"You stand within his danger do you not?"

"noblest of you will take the staff and sandal in supererogatory penance, and walk afoot to visit the graves of dead men."

"Blaspheme not, Jew!" said the Pilgrim, sternly.

"Forgive me," said the Jew; "I spoke rashly. But are dropt words from you last night and this morning like sparks from flint, showed the metal within; and the bosom of that Palmer's gown is hidden a knight's sin and spurs of gold. They glanced as you stooped over my bed in the morning."

The Pilgrim could not forbear smiling. "Were thy secrets searched by as curious an eye, Isaac," said he, "what discoveries might not be made?"

"No more of that," said the Jew, changing colour; and waving forth his writing materials in haste, as if to stop the conversation, he began to write upon a piece of paper which he supported on the top of his yellow cap, without mounting from his mule. When he had finished, he delivered the scroll, which was in the Hebrew character, to the Pilgrim, saying, "In the town of Leicester all men know the rich Jew, Kirjath Jairam of Lombardy; give him this scroll. He hath on sale six Milan harnesses, the best would suit a crowned head; ten goodly steeds, the best might mount a king, were he to do battle for his zone. Of these he will give thee thy choice, with everything else that can furnish thee forth for the tournament; when it is over, thou wilt return them safely—unless thou shouldst have wherewith to pay their value to the owner."

"But, Isaac," said the Pilgrim, smiling, "dost thou know that in these sports the arms and steed of the knight who is unhorsed are forfeit to his victor? Now I may be fortunate, and so lose what I cannot replace or repay."

The Jew looked somewhat astounded at this possibility; collecting his courage, he replied hastily, "No—no—It is impossible—I will not think so. The blessing

of Our Father will be upon thee. Thy lance will be powerful as the rod of Moses."

So saying, he was turning his mule's head away, while the Palmer, in his turn, took hold of his gaberdine. "Nay, but, Isaac, thou knowest not all the risk. The steed may be slain, the armour injured; for I will spare neither horse nor man. Besides, those of thy tribe give nothing and receive nothing; something there must be paid for their use."

The Jew twisted himself in the saddle, like a man in pain fit of the colic; but his better feelings predominated over those which were most familiar to him. "I care not," said he—"I care not; let me go. If there is damage, it will cost you nothing; if there is usage money, Kirjath Jearim will forgive it for the sake of his kinsman Isaac. Fare thee well! Yet, hark thee, good youth," said he, turning about—"thrust thyself not too forward into this vain hurly-burly. I speak not for endangering the steed and coat of armour, but for the sake of thine own life and limbs."

"Gramercy<sup>1</sup> for thy caution," said the Palmer, again smiling; "I will use thy courtesy frankly, and it will be hard with me but I will requite it."

They parted, and took different roads for the town of Sheffield.

<sup>1</sup> GRAMERCY. Corruption of the French *grand merci*, great thanks.

## CHAPTER VII

with a long retinue of their squires,  
 in liveries march and quaint attires;  
 one held the helm, another held the lance,  
 the shining buckler did advance.  
 The war-paw'd the ground with restless feet,  
 the surging foam'd and champ'd the golden bit.  
 The knights and armourers on palfreys ride,  
 their hands and hammers at their side;  
 for loosen'd spears, and thongs for shields provide.  
 Men guard the streets in seemly bands;  
 and come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.

*Palamon and Arcite.*

condition of the English nation was at this time  
 very miserable. King Richard was absent a pris-  
 oner in the power of the perfidious and cruel Duke  
 of Austria. Even the very place of his captivity was  
 secret, and his fate but very imperfectly known to the  
 eyes of his subjects, who were, in the mean time, a  
 prey to every species of subaltern oppression.

John, in league with Philip of France, Cœur-  
 lion, mortal enemy, was using every species of influ-  
 ence to induce the Duke of Austria to prolong the captivity of  
 King Richard, to whom he stood indebted for so  
 many favours. In the mean time, he was strengthening  
 his faction in the kingdom, of which he proposed to  
 take the succession, in case of the King's death, with the  
 late heir, Arthur Duke of Brittany, son of Geoffrey  
 Plantagenet, the elder brother of John. This usurpation,  
 now well known, he afterwards effected. His own char-

*Richard, having been shipwrecked on his sudden return from  
 the Holy Land, attempted to cross Europe in disguise; he was captured by  
 Duke Leopold of Austria, and kept a prisoner for one year, when  
 he was released upon payment of a heavy ransom.*



cter being light, profligate, and perfidious, John easily attached to his person and faction not only all who bore reason to dread the resentment of Richard for criminal proceedings during his absence, but also the numerous class of "lawless resolute"<sup>1</sup> whom the crusades had turned back to their country, accomplished in the vices of the East, impoverished in substance, and hardened in character, and who placed their hopes of harvest in civil commotion.

To these causes of public distress and apprehension must be added the multitude of outlaws who, driven to despair by the oppression of the feudal nobility and the severe exercise of the forest laws, banded together in large gangs, and, keeping possession of the forests and wastes, set at defiance the justice and magistracy of the country. The nobles themselves, each fortified within his own castle, and playing the petty sovereign over his own dominions, were the leaders of bands scarce less lawless and oppressive than those of the avowed depredators. To maintain these retainers, and to support the extravagant and magnificence which their pride induced them to affect, the nobility borrowed sums of money from the Jews at the most usurious interest, which gnawed into their estates like consuming cankers, scarce to be cured unless warlike circumstances gave them an opportunity of getting free by exercising upon their creditors some act of unprincipled violence.

Under the various burdens imposed by this unhappy state of affairs, the people of England suffered deeply at the present, and had yet more dreadful cause to fear for the future. To augment their misery, a contagious disorder of a dangerous nature spread through the land; and, rendered more virulent by the uncleanness, the indifferent food, and

<sup>1</sup> *LAWLESS RESOLUTES.* Compare Shakspere's Hamlet I. 1. 98.

'Now, sir young Fortinbras

Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there  
Sharked up a list of lawless resolute."



ed lodging of the lower classes, swept off many, the survivors were tempted to envy, as exempt from the evils which were to come.

amid these accumulated distresses, the poor as well as the vulgar as well as the noble, in the event of a tournament, which was the grand spectacle of that age, each interested as the half-starved citizen of London has not a real<sup>1</sup> left to buy provisions for his share in the issue of a bull-feast. Neither duty nor shame could keep youth or age from such exhibitions. The tournament of arms, as it was called, which was to take place at Wymondley, in the county of Leicester, as champions of renown were to take the field in the presence of the king himself, who was expected to grace the lists, drew universal attention, and an immense conflux of persons of all ranks hastened upon the appointed day to the place of combat.

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a park which approached to within a mile of the town of Leicester, lay an extensive meadow of the finest and most green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and on the other by straggling oak-trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if purposely for the martial display which was to take place, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level which was inclosed for the lists with strong paling, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and as broad. The form of the inclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience for the combatants.

The openings for the entry of the combatants at the northern and southern extremities of the lists, were guarded by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit of horsemen riding abreast. At each of these gates were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpeters.

<sup>1</sup> A silver coin worth about five cents.

pets, as many pursuivants,<sup>1</sup> and a strong body of men-at-arms, for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colours of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tents were of the same colour. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight to whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squires quaintly disguised as a salvage<sup>2</sup> or silvan man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master, and the character he was pleased to assume during the game.<sup>3</sup> The central pavilion, as the place of honour, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry,<sup>4</sup> no less than his connexion with the knights who had undertaken this passage of arms, had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader, though he had so recently joined them. On one side of the tent were pitched those of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Richard [Philip] de Malvoisin, and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Grantmesnil, a noble baron in the vicinity, whose ancestor had been Lord High Steward of England in the time of the Conqueror and his son William Rufus. Ralph de Vipont, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who had some ancient possessions at a place called Heather, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, occupied the fifth pavilion. From the entrance into the lists a gently sloping

<sup>1</sup> PURSUIVANTS. Followers or attendants on the heralds.

<sup>2</sup> SALVAGE. Savage; a woodsman.

<sup>3</sup> GAME. This sort of masquerade is supposed to have occasioned the introduction of supporters into the science of heraldry. [Scott]

<sup>4</sup> CHIVALRY. A general term embodying the entire system of Knighthood. See the article under Knighthood, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The Latin word *caballus*, a horse, is the base of many modern derivatives, including French *cheval*, a horse, *chevalier*, a knight, and English *cavalier*, as well as this word *chivalry* introduced through Norman-French.

age, ten yards in breadth, led up to the platform on which the tents were pitched. It was strongly secured by a disade on each side, as was the esplanade in front of the lions, and the whole was guarded by men-at-arms.

The northern access to the lists terminated in a similar space of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large inclosed space for such knights as might be desired to enter the lists with the challengers, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with armourers, farriers, and other attendants, in readiness to give their services where they might be necessary.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space betwixt these galleries and the lists gave accommodation for yeomanry<sup>1</sup> and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theatre. The promiscuous multitude ranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the land, enabled them to overlook the galleries and obtain a full view into the lists. Besides the accommodation which these stations afforded, many hundreds had perched themselves on the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow; and even the steeple of a country church, at a distance, was crowded with spectators.

It only remains to notice respecting the general arrangement, that one gallery in the very centre of the northern side of the lists, and consequently exactly opposite the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated,

<sup>1</sup>YEOMANRY Villagers or farmers of moderate rank. The word yeoman here designates a servant or retainer, as in the following paragraph in the third paragraph following it may be used of country gentlemen from town residents, who are here called burghers.

and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal arms were emblazoned. Squires, pages, and young men in rich liveries waited around this place of honour, which was designed for Prince John and his attendants. Opposite to this gallery was another, elevated to the same height on the western side of the lists; and more gaily, if less sumptuously, decorated than that destined for the Prince himself. A train of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gaily dressed in familiar habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated with the same colours. Among pennons and flags bearing wounded hearts, burning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers, and all the commonplace emblems of the triumph of Cupid, a blazoned inscription informed the spectators that this seat of honour was designed for *La Royne de Beauté et des Amours*. But who was to represent the Queen of Beauty and of Love on the present occasion, no one was prepared to guess.

Meanwhile, spectators of every description thronged forward to occupy their respective stations, and not without many quarrels concerning those which they were entitled to hold. Some of these were settled by the men-at-arms with brief ceremony; the shafts of their battle-axes or pummels of their swords being readily employed as arguments to convince the more refractory. Others, which involved the rival claims of more elevated persons, were determined by the heralds, or by the two marshals of the field, William de Wyvil and Stephen de Martival, who, armed at all points, rode up and down the lists to enforce and preserve good order among the spectators.

Gradually the galleries became filled with knights and nobles, in their robes of peace, whose long and rich-tinted mantles were contrasted with the gayer and more splendid habits of the ladies, who, in a greater proportion than even the men themselves, thronged to witness a sport which *one would have thought* too bloody and dangerous to afford



much pleasure. The lower and interior space filled by substantial yeomen and burghers, and the lesser gentry as, from modesty, poverty, or pride, durst not assume any higher place. It was amongst these that the most frequent disputes for precedence occurred.

"an unbeliever," said an old man, whose threadbare tunic bore witness to his poverty, as his sword, and a golden chain intimated his pretensions to rank as a she-wolf! darest thou press upon a Christian, an English gentleman of the blood of Montdidier?"

Such expostulation was addressed to no other acquaintance Isaac, who, richly and even magnificently dressed in a gaberdine ornamented with lace and fur, was endeavoring to make place in the foremost rank beneath the gallery for his daughter, the beautiful Rebecca, who had joined him at Ashby, and who was leaning on her father's arm, not a little terrified by the displeasure which seemed generally excited by her presumption. But Isaac, though we have seen him so timid on other occasions, knew well that he had nothing to fear. It was not in places of resort, or where their equals were assembled, that any proud or malevolent noble durst offer him injury. At such meetings the Jews were under the protection of the Prince; and if that proved a weak assurance, it usually sufficed that there were among the persons assembled some who, for their own interested motives, were ready to be as their protectors. On the present occasion, Isaac was more than usually confident, being aware that he was even then in the very act of negotiating with the Jews of York, to be secured upon their goods and lands. Isaac's own share in this transaction was considerable, and he well knew that the Prince's consent to bring it to a conclusion would ensure him safety in the dilemma in which he stood.

Emboldened by these considerations, the Jew pursued his point, and jostled the Norman Christian without respect either to his descent, quality, or religion. The complaints of the old man, however, excited the indignation of the bystanders. One of these, a stout well-seen yeoman,<sup>1</sup> arrayed in Lincoln green, having twelve arrows stuck in his belt, with a baldric and badge of silver, and a bow of six feet length in his hand, turned short round, and while his countenance, which his constant exposure to weather had rendered brown as a hazel nut, grew darker with anger, he advised the Jew to remember that all the wealth he had acquired by sucking the blood of his miserable victims had but swelled him like a bloated spider, which might be overlooked while it kept in a corner, but would be crushed if it ventured into the light. This intimation, delivered in Norman-English with a firm voice and a stern aspect, made the Jew shrink back; and he would have probably withdrawn himself altogether from the vicinity so dangerous, had not the attention of every one been called to the sudden entrance of Prince John, who at that moment entered the lists, attended by a numerous and gay train, consisting partly of laymen, partly of churchmen, as light in their dress, and as gay in their demeanour, as their companions. Among the latter was the Prior of Jorvaulx, in the most gallant trim which a dignitary of the church could venture to exhibit. Fur and gold were not spared in his garments; and the point of his boots, out-heroding<sup>2</sup> the preposterous fashion of the time, turned up so very far as to be attached not to his knees merely, but to his very girdle, and effectually prevented him from putting

<sup>1</sup> YEOMAN. Compare this description with that given by Chaucer in the *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*, ll. 101-117.

<sup>2</sup> OUT-HERODING. Exaggerating. In the old miracle plays the character of Herod was presented with absurdly bolsterous declamation, and in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* the Prince cautions the players not to "overdo their part" (Act III. 2. 10).

"It out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it." This phrase here used has become proverbial.



foot into the stirrup. This, however, was a slight inconvenience to the gallant Abbot, who, perhaps even long in the opportunity to display his accomplished manhood before so many spectators, especially of the sex, dispensed with the use of these supports to a rider. The rest of Prince John's retinue consisted of the favourite leaders of his mercenary troops, some leading barons and profligate attendants upon the king, with several Knights Templars and Knights of St.

It may be here remarked, that the knights of these two orders were accounted hostile to King Richard, having taken the side of Philip of France in the long train of battles which took place in Palestine betwixt that monarch and the lion-hearted King of England. It was the known consequence of this discord that Richard's splendid victories had been rendered fruitless, his romantic attempts to besiege Jerusalem disappointed, and the fruit of the glory which he had acquired had dwindled into an uncertain truce with the Sultan Saladin. With the policy which had dictated the conduct of their brethren in the Holy Land, the Templars and Hospitallers in England and Normandy attached themselves to the cause of Prince John, having little reason to desire the return of Richard to England, or the succession of Arthur, his legitimate heir. For the opposite reason, Prince John hated and contemned the few Saxon families of consequence which subsisted in England, and omitted no opportunity of mortifying and affronting them; being conscious that his person and pretensions were disliked by them, as they were by the greater part of the English commons, who were far from being favourable to his farther innovation upon their rights and liberties as subjects of a sovereign of John's licentious and tyrannical disposition.

Accompanied by this gallant equipage, himself well mounted, and splendidly dressed in crimson and in gold

bearing upon his hand a falcon, and having his head covered by a rich fur bonnet, adorned with a circle of precious stones, from which his long curled hair escaped and spread his shoulders. Prince John, upon a grey and mettled palfrey, caracoled<sup>1</sup> within the lists at the head of his jovial party, laughing loud with his train, and with all the boldness of royal criticism the beauties adorned the lofty galleries.

Those who remarked in the physiognomy of the Prince a dissolute audacity, mingled with extreme haughtiness and indifference to the feelings of others, could not deny to his countenance that sort of comeliness which belongs to an open set of features, well formed by nature and modelled by art to the usual rules of courtesy, yet so frank and honest that they seemed as if they disclaimed to conceal the natural workings of the soul. Such an impression is often mistaken for manly frankness, when it arises from the reckless indifference of a libertine in position, conscious of superiority of birth, of wealth, or some other adventitious advantage, totally unconnected with personal merit. To those who did not think deeply, and they were the greater number by a hundred to one, the splendour of Prince John's *rheno*<sup>2</sup> (i. e., fur) and the richness of his cloak, lined with the most costly ermine, his maroquin<sup>3</sup> boots and golden spurs, together with the grace with which he managed his palfrey, were sufficient to merit clamorous applause.

In his joyous caracole round the lists, the attention of the Prince was called by the commotion, not yet subsided, which had attended the ambitious movement of the nobles towards the higher places of the assembly. The queen of Prince John instantly recognised the Jew, but was more agreeably attracted by the beautiful daughter of

<sup>1</sup> CARACOLED Wheeled.

<sup>2</sup> RHENO Originally skin of the reindeer.

<sup>3</sup> MAROQUIN Morocco.

terrified by the tumult, clung close to the arm of her father.

The figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd a connoisseur as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her gown of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a wreath of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colours embossed upon a purple ground, appeared to be visible—all these constituted a combination of loveliness which yielded not to the most beautiful of the damsels who surrounded her. It is true, that of the iron and pearl-studded clasps which closed her vest from her throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace, and pendants of inestimable value, were by this means made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich, fixed in her turban by an agraffe<sup>2</sup> set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and derided at by the proud dames who sat above her, but justly envied by those who affected to deride them.

"By the bald scalp of Abraham," said Prince John, "our Jewess must be the very model of that perfection of charms drove frantic the wisest king that ever lived!—sayest thou, Prior Aymer? By the Temple of that

<sup>1</sup> *MAHAR.* A loose robe.

<sup>2</sup> *MAHAR.* A clasp.

wise king, which our wiser brother Richard proved unable to recover, she is the very Bride of the Canticles!"<sup>1</sup>

"The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley," answered the Prior, in a sort of snuffling tone; "but your Grace must remember she is still but a Jewess."

"Ay!" added Prince John, without heeding him, "and there is my Mammon of unrighteousness too—the Marquis of Marks, the Baron of Byzants,<sup>3</sup> contesting for place with penniless dogs, whose threadbare cloaks have not a single cross in their pouches to keep the devil from dancing there. By the body of St. Mark, my prince of supplies, with his lovely Jewess, shall have a place in the gallery! What sayest thou, Isaac? Thy wife or thy daughter, that Eastern beauty that thou locketest under thy arm as thou wouldst thy treasure-casket?"

"My daughter Rebecca, so please your Grace," answered Isaac, with a low congee,<sup>4</sup> nothing embarrassed by the Prince's salutation, in which, however, there was at least as much mockery as courtesy.

"The wiser man thou," said John, with a peal of laughter, in which his gay followers obsequiously joined. "But, daughter or wife, she should be preferred according to her beauty and thy merits. Who sits above there?" he continued, bending his eye on the gallery. "Saxon churchmen lolling at their lazy length! Out upon them! let them be close, and make room for my prince of usurers and his lovely daughter. I'll make the hinds know they must share the high places of the synagogue with those whom the synagogue properly belongs to."

Those who occupied the gallery, to whom this injurious and unpolite speech was addressed, were the family of Cœur

<sup>1</sup> CANTICLES. "The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's."—*The Song of Solomon* I. 1.

<sup>2</sup> ROSE OF SHARON, &c. See *The Song of Solomon* II. 1.

<sup>3</sup> MARKS. BYZANTS. Familiar coins of the time. The latter is sometimes *byzants*, the name is derived from Byzantium, where these coins were coined, and whence they were brought first by the Crusaders.

<sup>4</sup> CONGEE. A bow.

the Saxon, with that of his ally and kinsman, Athelstane of Inningburgh, a personage who, on account of his descent from the last Saxon monarchs of England, was held in the highest respect by all the Saxon natives of the north of England. But with the blood of this ancient race many of their infirmities had descended to Athelstane.

He was comely in countenance, bulky and strong person, and in the flower of his age; yet inanimate in passion, dull-eyed, heavy-browed, inactive and sluggish in all his motions, and so slow in resolution, that the squire of one of his ancestors was conferred upon him, and he was very generally called Athelstane the Unready. His friends—and he had many who, as well as Cedric, were devotedly attached to him—contended that this sluggishness arose not from want of courage, but from mere want of decision; others alleged that his hereditary vice of slothfulness had obscured his faculties, never of a very high order, and that the passive courage and meek goodness which remained behind were merely the dregs of a character that might have been deserving of praise, but of which all the valuable parts had flown off in the progress of his long course of brutal debauchery.

It was to this person, such as we have described him, that the Prince addressed his imperious command to make ready for Isaac and Rebecca. Athelstane, utterly confounded at an order which the manners and feelings of the time rendered so injuriously insulting, unwilling to obey, and undetermined how to resist, opposed only the *vis inertiae* to the will of John; and, without stirring or making any motion whatever of obedience, opened his grey eyes and stared at the Prince with an astonishment which had in it something extremely ludicrous. But impatient John regarded it in no such light.

"The Saxon porker," he said, "is either asleep or maddened. Prick him with your lance, De Bracy," speaking

*INERTIA.* Force of inertia, sluggishness.



to a knight who rode near him, the leader of a band of free companions, or *condottieri*;<sup>1</sup> that is, of mercenaries belonging to no particular nation, but attached for the time to any prince by whom they were paid. There was a murmur even among the attendants of Prince John; but De Bracy, whose profession freed him from all scruple, extended his long lance over the space which separated the gallery from the lists, and would have executed the commands of the Prince before Athelstane the Unready had recovered presence of mind sufficient even to draw back his person from the weapon, had not Cedric, as prompt as his companion was tardy, unsheathed, with the speed of lightning, the short sword which he wore, and at a single blow severed the point of the lance from the hand. The blood rushed into the countenance of Prince John. He swore one of his deepest oaths, and was about to utter some threat corresponding in violence, when he was diverted from his purpose, partly by his own attendants who gathered around him conjuring him to be patient, partly by a general exclamation of the crowd, uttered in loud applause of the spirited conduct of Cedric. The Prince rolled his eyes in indignation, as if to collect some safe and easy victim; and chancing to encounter the first glance of the same archer whom we have already noticed, and who seemed to persist in his gesture of applause, in spite of the frowning aspect which the Prince bent upon him, he demanded his reason for clamouring thus.

"I always add my hollo," said the yeoman, "when I see a good shot or a gallant blow."

"Sayst thou?" answered the Prince: "then thou canst hit the white thyself, I'll warrant."

"A woodsman's mark, and at woodsman's distance, I can hit," answered the yeoman.

"And Wat Tyrrel's mark,<sup>2</sup> at a hundred yards," said

<sup>1</sup> *CONDOTTIERI*. An Italian term equivalent to mercenaries, hirelings.

<sup>2</sup> *WAT TYRREL'S MARK*. King William Rufus was found dead in a tree in the New Forest, with an arrow in his breast, and was supposed to have been shot accidentally or otherwise, by Sir Walter Tyrrel, while hunting.



behind, but by whom uttered could not be discussed to the fate of William Rufus, his relative, offended and alarmed Prince John. He satisfied however, with commanding the men-at-arms, who held the lists, to keep an eye on the braggart, point-to-point man.

"Grizzel,"<sup>1</sup> he added, "we will try his own skill, ready to give his voice to the feats of others!"

"Not fly the trial," said the yeoman, with the which marked his whole deportment.

"While, stand up, ye Saxon churls," said the fiery earl, by the light of Heaven, since I have said it, he shall have his seat amongst ye!"

"By means, an it please your Grace! It is not fit for us to sit with the rulers of the land," said the earl, with ambition for precedence, though it had led to a worse place with the extenuated and impoverished line of Montdidier, by no means to him to an intrusion upon the privileges of the nobles.

"Fidel dog, when I command you," said Prince John, "I will have thy swarthy hide stript off and thy horse-furniture!"

"I charged, the Jew began to ascend the steep and the stairs which led up to the gallery.

"I see," said the Prince, "who dare stop him!" He turned on Cedric, whose attitude intimated his intention to throw the Jew down headlong.

The catastrophe was prevented by the clown Wamba, standing betwixt his master and Isaac, and exclaiming in answer to the Prince's defiance, "Marry, that will I do to the beard of the Jew a shield of brawn, I have taken from beneath his cloak, and with which I have had furnished himself lest the tournament should be spoiled."

<sup>1</sup>Grisselda, in mediæval stories, was the model of patience.

should have proved longer than his appetite could endure abstinence. Finding the abomination of his tribe opposed to his very nose, while the Jester at the same time flourished his wooden sword above his head, the Jew recoiled, missed his footing, and rolled down the steps—an excellent jest to the spectators, who set up a loud laughter, which Prince John and his attendants heartily joined.

“Deal me the prize, cousin Prince,” said Wamba. “I have vanquished my foe in fair fight with sword and shield,” he added, brandishing the brawn in one hand and the wooden sword in the other.

“Who and what art thou, noble champion?” said Prince John, still laughing.

“A fool by right of descent,” answered the Jester: “I am Wamba, the son of Witless, who was the son of Weather-brain, who was the son of an alderman.”<sup>1</sup>

“Make room for the Jew in front of the lower ring,” said Prince John, not unwilling, perhaps, to seize an apology to desist from his original purpose; “to place the vanquished beside the victor were false heraldry.”

“Knave upon fool were worse,” answered the Jester, “and Jew upon bacon worst of all.”

“Gramercy! good fellow,” cried Prince John, “thou pleasest me. Here, Isaac, lend me a handful of byzants.”

As the Jew, stunned by the request, afraid to refuse and unwilling to comply, fumbled in the furred bag which hung by his girdle, and was perhaps endeavouring to ascertain how few coins might pass for a handful, the Prince stooped from his jennet and settled Isaac’s doubts by snatching the pouch itself from his side; and flinging to Wamba a couple of the gold pieces which it contained. He pursued his career round the lists, leaving the Jew to the derision of those around him, and himself receiving as much applause from the spectators as if he had done some honest and honourable action.

<sup>1</sup> ALDERMAN. In Anglo-Saxon times a chief of clan; afterwards a magistrate.

## CHAPTER VIII

At this the challenger with fierce defy  
His trumpet sounds; the challenged makes reply.  
With clangour rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.  
Their visors closed, their lances in the rest,  
Or at the helmet pointed or the crest,  
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,  
And spurring see decrease the middle space.

*Palamon and Arcite.*

In the midst of Prince John's cavalcade, he suddenly  
st, and, appealing to the Prior of Jorvaulx, declared  
principal business of the day had been forgotten.

"By my halidom,"<sup>1</sup> said he, "we have neglected, Sir  
er, to name the fair Sovereign of Love and of Beauty,  
whose white hand the palm is to be distributed. For  
part, I am liberal in my ideas, and I care not if I give  
vote for the black-eyed Rebecca."

"Holy Virgin," answered the Prior, turning up his eyes  
horror, "a Jewess! We should deserve to be stoned  
of the lists; and I am not yet old enough to be a  
tyr. Besides, I swear by my patron saint that she is  
inferior to the lovely Saxon, Rowena."

"Saxon or Jew," answered the Prince—"Saxon or Jew,  
or hog, what matters it! I say, name Rebecca, were it  
to mortify the Saxon churls."

A murmur arose even among his own immediate  
adants.

"This passes a jest, my lord," said De Bracy; "no

<sup>1</sup>*HALIDOM.* Something possessing virtue because of its sanctity, e.g.,  
on which oaths were sworn, the word thus came to mean one's sacred

knight here will lay lance in rest<sup>1</sup> if such an insult attempted."

"It is the mere wantonness of insult," said one of the oldest and most important of Prince John's followers, Waldemar Fitzurse, "and if your Grace attempt it, cannot but prove ruinous to your projects."

"I entertained you, sir," said John, reigning up his palfrey haughtily, "for my follower, but not for my counsellor."

"Those who follow your Grace in the paths which you tread," said Waldemar, but speaking in a low voice, "acquire the right of counsellors; for your interest and safety are not more deeply gaged than their own."

From the tone in which this was spoken, John saw the necessity of acquiescence. "I did but jest," he said; "and you turn upon me like so many adders! Name whom you will, in the fiend's name, and please yourselves."

"Nay, nay," said De Bracy, "let the fair sovereign throne remain unoccupied until the conqueror shall be named, and then let him choose the lady by whom it shall be filled. It will add another grace to his triumph, and teach fair ladies to prize the love of valiant knights, who can exalt them to such distinction."

"If Brian de Bois-Guilbert gain the prize," said Prince John, "I will gage my rosary that I name the Sovereign of Love and Beauty."

"Bois-Guilbert," answered De Bracy, "is a good land, but there are others around these lists, Sir Prior, who will not fear to encounter him."

"Silence, sirs," said Waldemar, "and let the Prince assume his seat. The knights and spectators are all impatient, the time advances, and highly fit it is that the sports should commence."

Prince John, though not yet a monarch, had in Waldemar

<sup>1</sup> *Rest* A kind of hook fastened to the cuirass of the knight to steady him in a charge.

to surse all the inconveniences of a favourite minister, serving his sovereign, must always do so in his duty. The Prince acquiesced, however, although his opinion was precisely of that kind which is apt to be formed upon trifles, and, assuming his throne, and being aided by his followers, gave signal to the heralds to read the laws of the tournament, which were briefly these:

First, the five challengers were to undertake all comers. Secondly, any knight proposing to combat might, if he selected a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield. If he did so with the point of his lance, the trial of skill was made with what is called the arms of courtesy, that is, with lances at the extremity a piece of round flat board was fixed, so that no danger was encountered, save from the shock of the horses and riders. But if the shield was touched with the blunt end of the lance, the combat was understood to be *à mort*,<sup>1</sup> that is, the knights were to fight with sharp lances, as in actual battle.

Thirdly, when the knights present had accomplished their task, by each of them breaking five lances, the Prince should declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive as prize a war-horse of exquisite beauty and great strength; and in addition to this reward of honour it was now declared, he should have the peculiar privilege of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the ensuing day.

Fourthly, it was announced that, on the second day, there should be a general tournament, in which all the knights present, who were desirous to win praise, might enter; and being divided into two bands, of equal strength, might fight it out manfully until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat. The elected Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the knight

<sup>1</sup> *To the uttermost, to the death.*



whom the Prince should adjudge to have borne himself best in this second day, with a coronet composed of the gold plate, cut into the shape of a laurel crown. On the second day the knightly games ceased. But on that which was to follow, feats of archery, of bull-baiting, and other popular amusements were to be practised, for the more immediate amusement of the populace. In this manner did Prince John endeavour to lay the foundation of a popularity which he was perpetually throwing down by some inconsiderate act of wanton aggression upon the feelings and prejudices of the people.

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and at the same time setting off, its splendour.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality towards those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honour. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love ladies—Death of champions—Honour to the generous—Glory to the brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who *armed cap-à-pie*.<sup>1</sup> sat on horseback, motionless as statues.

<sup>1</sup> *CAP-À-PIÉ*. French *de cap à pied*, from head to foot.



posite ends of the lists. Meantime, the inclosed  
the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was,  
completely crowded with knights desirous to prove  
against the challengers, and, when viewed from  
es, presented the appearance of a sea of waving  
intermixed with glistening helmets and tall  
the extremities of which were, in many cases,  
small pennons of about a span's breadth, which,  
in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with  
the motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the

length the barriers were opened, and five knights,  
lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single cham-  
ing in front, and the other four following in pairs.  
splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the  
Manuscript) records at great length their devices,  
urs, and the embroidery of their horse trappings.  
necessary to be particular on these subjects. To  
comes from a contemporary poet, who has written  
little—

The knights are dust,  
And their good swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.<sup>1</sup>

atcheons<sup>2</sup> have long mouldered from the walls of  
tles. Their castles themselves are but green  
and shattered ruins: the place that once knew  
ws them no more—nay, many a race since theirs  
out and been forgotten in the very land which  
spied with all the authority of feudal proprietors  
d lords. What, then, would it avail the reader

<sup>1</sup> "KNIGHTS ARE DUST, etc." These lines are part of an unpublished  
bridge, whose muse so often tantalizes with fragments which in-  
powers, while the manner in which she flings them from her  
prize, yet whose unfinished sketches display more talent than  
masterpieces of others. [Scott]

<sup>2</sup> *SCALA*. The front of the shields bearing the knight's heraldic de-  
arms, from Latin *scutum*, a shield.

to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank?

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower order of spectators in general—nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies—were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, saluting each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that

ose opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-neuf rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grant-arnil, instead of bearing his lance-point fair against the breast<sup>1</sup> or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent—a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed, because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former denoted awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honour of his party, and parted fairly with the knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds and the clangour of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone turned in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applauses of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge—misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth day, who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-

<sup>1</sup> CHEST, &c., of the helmet.

de Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field: the challengers were still successful. One of their antagonists was overthrown; and both the others failed in the *attaunt*,<sup>1</sup> that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honour of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry, although, with the arms of his Saxon ancestors, he had manifested himself on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

"The day is against England, my lord," said Cedric, in a marked tone: "are you not tempted to take the lance?"

"I shall tilt to-morrow," answered Athelstane, "in the *mêlée*; it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day.

<sup>1</sup> *ATTOUNT* This term of chivalry, transferred to the law, gives the phrase of being attainted of treason. [Scott.]



ogs displeased Cedric in this speech. It conveyed a Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conviction of indifference to the honour of the land) it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in great respect that he would not trust himself to motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had not made any remark, for Wamba thrust in his word, "It was better, though scarce easier, to be the strong a hundred than the best man of two."

He took the observation as a serious compliment to Cedric, who better understood the Jester's meaning than he. He cast at him a severe and menacing look; and lucky for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented him from receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, the marks of his master's resentment.

The tournament was still uninterrupted, and the voices of the heralds exclaiming; "Love entering of lances! stand forth, gallant knights, look upon your deeds!"

He also of the challengers breathed from time to time bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while he grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away idly; and old knights and nobles lamented in the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of former days, but agreed that the land did not now possess of such transcendent beauty as had animated it of former times. Prince John began to talk to the knights about making ready the banquet, and the adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who with a single spear, overthrown two knights and a squire.

Then, as the Saracenic music of the challengers ceased, and those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by the trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the lists.

*or tournaments. from Latin juxta, at close quarters.*

the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and as soon as the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armour, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strong made. His suit of armour was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favour of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Raoul de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaller's shield; he is the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted Knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight: for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."



"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honour you will need them."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honour was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might ensure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding on one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a ball, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau*.<sup>1</sup>

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was raised to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight; yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the

*CHANT DE COMBAT. Ware the Raven!*

champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spurs, and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demi-volte, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter—the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their stations than the clamour of applause was hushed into a silence deep and so dead that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, the champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield, but changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. *Fair and true* he hit the Norman on the visor, where

ant kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this dis-  
the Templar sustained his high reputation; and  
the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have  
ursed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and  
d on the ground under a cloud of dust.

ericate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed  
the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and,  
in madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclam-  
th which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew  
and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The  
ed Knight sprung from his steed, and also un-  
his sword. The marshals of the field, however,  
their horses between them, and reminded them  
laws of the tournament did not, on the present  
permit this species of encounter.

"I shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, cast-  
antful glance at his antagonist; "and where there  
to separate us."

"We do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the  
not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear,  
or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."  
and angrier words would have been exchanged,  
marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, com-  
m to separate. The Disinherited Knight re-  
his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent,  
remained for the rest of the day in an agony of

at alighting from his horse, the conqueror called  
of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part  
met, announced that he quaffed it, "To all true  
hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants."  
commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to  
ngers, and desired a herald to announce to them  
should make no election, but was willing to en-  
them in the order in which they pleased to advance  
m.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, Adsum*.<sup>1</sup> Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter with Sir Philip Malvoisin he was equally successful; striking that baron forcibly on the casque<sup>2</sup> that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat with De Grantmesnil the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which the accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing the day's honours to the Disinherited Knight.

<sup>1</sup> CAVE, AD SUM. Look out, I am here!

<sup>2</sup> CASQUE Helmet.

## CHAPTER IX

In the midst was seen  
A lady of a more majestic mien,  
By stature and by beauty mark'd their sovereign Queen.

And as in beauty she surpass'd the choir,  
So nobler than the rest was her attire;  
A crown of ruddy gold inclosed her brow,  
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show;  
A branch of Agnus Castus in her hand,  
She bore aloft her symbol of command.

*The Flower and the Leaf.*

William de Wyvil and Stephen de Martival, the marshals of the field, were the first to offer their congratulations to the victor, praying him, at the same time, to suffer his helmet to be unlaced, or, at least, that he would raise his visor ere they conducted him to receive the prize of the day's tourney from the hands of Prince John. The Disinherited Knight, with all knightly courtesy, declined the request, alleging, that he could not at this time suffer his face to be seen, for reasons which he had assigned to the heralds when he entered the lists. The marshals were perfectly satisfied by this reply; for amidst the frequent and solemn vows by which knights were accustomed to bind themselves in the days of chivalry, there were none more common than those by which they engaged to remain in the lists for a certain space, or until some particular adventure was achieved. The marshals, therefore, pressed no further into the mystery of the Disinherited Knight, but, conveying to Prince John the conqueror's desire to remain down, they requested permission to bring him before the Prince, in order that he might receive the reward of his valor.



John's curiosity was excited by the mystery observed by the stranger; and, being already displeased with the issue of the tournament, in which the challengers whom he favoured had been successively defeated by one knight, he answered haughtily to the marshals, "By the light of Our Lady's brow, this same knight hath been disinherited as well of his courtesy as of his lands, since he desires to appear before us without uncovering his face. Wot<sup>1</sup> ye, my lord?" he said, turning round to his train, "who this gallant can be that bears himself thus proudly?"

"I cannot guess," answered De Bracy, "nor did I think there had been within the four seas that girth Britain's champion that could bear down these five knights in our day's jousting. By my faith, I shall never forget the force with which he shocked De Vipont. The poor Hospitaller was hurled from his saddle like a stone from a sling."

"Boast not of that," said a Knight of St John who was present; "your Temple champion had no better luck than I saw your brave lance, Bois-Guilbert, roll thrice over, grasping his hands full of sand at every turn."

De Bracy, being attached to the Templars, would have replied, but was prevented by Prince John. "Silence, since he said; "what unprofitable debate have we here?"

"The victor," said De Wyvil, "still waits the pleasure of your Highness."

"It is our pleasure," answered John, "that he do not wait until we learn whether there is not some one who can at least guess at his name and quality. Should he remain there till nightfall, he has had work enough to keep himself warm."

"Your Grace," said Waldemar Fitzurse, "will do less than due honour to the victor if you compel him to wait till we tell your Highness that which we cannot know; at least I can form no guess—unless he be one of the good

<sup>1</sup> Wot. Know from the Anglo-Saxon verb *witan*, to know. Compare phrases *! wot*, *wist ye not?* *to wit* etc.

es who accompanied King Richard to Palestine, and are now straggling homeward from the Holy Land."

"It may be the Earl of Salisbury," said De Bracy; "he's about the same pitch."<sup>1</sup>

"Sir Thomas de Multon, the Knight of Gilsland, here," said Fitzurse; "Salisbury is bigger in the bones." A whisper arose among the train, but by whom first suggested could not be ascertained. "It might be the King—it might be Richard Cœur-de-Lion himself!"

"Over God's forbode!"<sup>2</sup> said Prince John, involuntarily turning at the same time as pale as death, and shrinking as if blighted by a flash of lightning; "Waldemar! De Bracy! brave knights and gentlemen, remember your promise, and stand truly by me!"

"Here is no danger impending," said Waldemar Fitzurse. "are you so little acquainted with the gigantic limbs of your father's son, as to think they can be held within the circumference of yonder suit of armour? De Wyvil and I, at the arrival, you will best serve the Prince by bringing forward the victor to the throne, and ending an error that has injured all the blood from his cheeks. Look at him more closely," he continued: "your Highness will see that he wants three inches of King Richard's height, and twice as much of his shoulder breadth. The very horse he backs could not have carried the ponderous weight of King Richard through a single course."

While he was yet speaking, the marshals brought forward the Disinherited Knight to the foot of a wooden flight of steps, which formed the ascent from the lists to Prince John's throne. Still discomposed with the idea of his brother, so much injured, and to whom he was so much indebted, had suddenly arrived in his native kingdom, even the distinctions pointed out by Fitzurse did not altogether remove the Prince's apprehensions; and while,

<sup>1</sup> *PITCH.* Height, stature.

<sup>2</sup> *OVER GOD'S FORBODE.* God forbid

with a short and embarrassed eulogy upon his valour, he caused to be delivered to him the warhorse assigned as the prize, he trembled lest from the barred visor of the mailed form before him an answer might be returned in the deep and awful accents of Richard the Lion-hearted.

But the Disinherited Knight spoke not a word in reply to the compliment of the Prince, which he only acknowledged with a profound obeisance.

The horse was led into the lists by two grooms richly dressed, the animal itself being fully accoutred with the richest war-furniture; which, however, scarcely added to the value of the noble creature in the eyes of those who were judges. Laying one hand upon the pommel of the saddle, the Disinherited Knight vaulted at once upon the back of the steed without making use of the stirrup, and brandishing aloft his lance, rode twice around the lists exhibiting the points and paces of the horse with the skill of a perfect horseman.

The appearance of vanity which might otherwise have been attributed to this display was removed by the propriety shown in exhibiting to the best advantage the princely reward with which he had been just honoured, and the Knight was again greeted by the acclamations of the present.

In the meanwhile, the bustling Prior of Jorvaulx had reminded Prince John, in a whisper, that the victor must now display his good judgment, instead of his valour, by selecting from among the beauties who graced the galleries a lady who should fill the throne of the Queen of Beauty and of Love, and deliver the prize of the tourney, upon the ensuing day. The Prince accordingly made a sign with his truncheon as the Knight passed him in his second career around the lists. The Knight turned towards the throne, and, sinking his lance until the point was within a foot of the ground, remained motionless, as if expecting John's commands; while all admired the sudden dexterity with

he instantly reduced his fiery steed from a state of emotion and high excitement to the stillness of an Arabian statue.

"Sir Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since this is the only title by which we can address you, it is now my duty, as well as privilege, to name the fair lady who, Queen of Honour and of Love, is to preside over next festival. If, as a stranger in our land, you should require the aid of other judgment to guide your own, we may only say that Alicia, the daughter of our gallant knight Waldemar Fitzurse, has at our court been long held the fairest in beauty as in place. Nevertheless, it is your undoubted prerogative to confer on whom you please this honour, by the delivery of which to the lady of your choice the election of to-morrow's Queen will be formal and complete. Raise your lance."

The Knight obeyed; and Prince John placed upon its top a coronet of green satin, having around its edge a band of gold, the upper edge of which was relieved by diamonds and hearts placed interchangeably, like the strawberry leaves and balls upon a ducal crown.

From the broad hint which he dropped respecting the daughter of Waldemar Fitzurse, John had more than one motive, each the offspring of a mind which was a strange mixture of carelessness and presumption with low artifice and cunning. He wished to banish from the minds of the court around him his own indecent and unacceptable disrespecting the Jewess Rebecca; he was desirous of conciliating Alicia's father, Waldemar, of whom he stood in need and who had more than once shown himself dissatisfied during the course of the day's proceedings. He had a wish to establish himself in the good graces of the prince for John was at least as licentious in his pleasures as arrogant in his ambition. But besides all these reasons, he was desirous to raise up against the Disinherited Knight, towards whom he already entertained a strong dislike, a



powerful enemy in the person of Waldemar Fitzurse, it was likely, he thought, highly to resent the injury done to his daughter in case, as was not unlikely, the victor should make another choice.

And so indeed it proved. For the Disinherited Knight passed the gallery, close to that of the Prince, in which the Lady Alicia was seated in the full pride of triumph and beauty, and pacing forwards as slowly as he had hitherto rode swiftly around the lists, he seemed to exercise his right of examining the numerous fair faces which adorned the splendid circle.

It was worth while to see the different conduct of the beauties who underwent this examination, during the time it was proceeding. Some blushed; some assumed an air of pride and dignity; some looked straight forward, and essayed to seem utterly unconscious of what was going on; some drew back in alarm, which was perhaps affected; some endeavoured to forbear smiling; and there were two or three who laughed outright. There were also some who dropped their veils over their charms; but as the *Ward of Manuscript* says these were fair ones of ten years' standing, it may be supposed that, having had their full share of such vanities, they were willing to withdraw their claim in order to give a fair chance to the rising beauties of the age.

At length the champion paused beneath the balcony which the Lady Rowena was placed, and the expectation of the spectators was excited to the utmost.

It must be owned that, if an interest displayed in success could have bribed the Disinherited Knight, the part of the lists before which he paused had merited his predilection. Cedric the Saxon, overjoyed at the disclosure of the Templar, and still more so at the miscarriage of his two malevolent neighbours, Front-de-Bœuf and Meville, had, with his body half stretched over the balcony, accompanied the victor in each course not with his eyes only, but with his whole heart and soul. The Lady Rowena



watched the progress of the day with equal attention, though without openly betraying the same intense interest.

The unmoved Athelstane had shown symptoms of coming off his apathy, when, calling for a huge goblet of cadine,<sup>1</sup> he quaffed it to the health of the Disinherited knight.

Another group, stationed under the gallery occupied by the Saxons, had shown no less interest in the fate of the

"Father Abraham!" said Isaac of York, when the first charge was run betwixt the Templar and the Disinherited knight, "how fiercely that Gentile rides! Ah, the good horse that was brought all the long way from Barbary, he has no more care of him than if he were a wild ass's colt; the noble armour that was worth so many zecchins<sup>2</sup> to Joseph Pareira, the armourer of Milan, besides seventy in hundred<sup>3</sup> of profits, he cares for it as little as if he had sold it in the highways!"

"If he risks his own person and limbs, father," said Rebecca, "in doing such a dreadful battle, he can scarce be expected to spare his horse and armour."

"Child!" replied Isaac, somewhat heated, "thou knowest not what thou speakest. His neck and limbs are his own; but his horse and armour belong to—— Holy Jacob! what was I about to say? Nevertheless, it is a good youth.

Rebecca!—see, he is again about to go up to battle 'gainst the Philistine! Pray, child—pray for the safety of the good youth; and of the speedy horse and the rich armour. God of my fathers!" he again exclaimed, "he is conquered, and the uncircumcised Philistine hath fallen before his lance, even as Og the King of Bashan,<sup>4</sup> and Sihon, King of the Amorites,<sup>5</sup> fell before the sword of our

<sup>1</sup> CADINE. Wine made from muscat grapes.

<sup>2</sup> ZECCHINS. Sequins; Venetian coins worth about two dollars.

<sup>3</sup> SEVENTY IN THE HUNDRED. Seventy per cent. Isaac estimates the value of the armour at the cost plus the profit.

<sup>4</sup> OG THE KING OF BASHAN. See Deuteronomy III. 1-13.

<sup>5</sup> SIHON, etc. See Numbers XXI. 21-24.

fathers! Surely he shall take their gold and their silver and their war-horses, and their armour of brass and of steel for a prey and for a spoil."

The same anxiety did the worthy Jew display during every course that was run, seldom failing to hazard a hasty calculation concerning the value of the horse and armour which were forfeited to the champion upon each new success. There had been therefore no small interest taken in the success of the Disinherited Knight by those who occupied the part of the lists before which he now paused.

Whether from indecision or some other motive of hesitation, the champion of the day remained stationary for more than a minute, while the eyes of the silent audience were riveted upon his motions; and then, gradually and gracefully sinking the point of his lance, he deposited the coronet which it supported at the feet of the fair Rowena. The trumpets instantly sounded, while the heralds proclaimed the Lady Rowena the Queen of Beauty and of Love for the ensuing day, menacing with suitable penalties those who should be disobedient to her authority. They then repeated their cry of "Largesse," to which Cedric, in the height of his joy, replied by an ample donative,<sup>1</sup> and which Athelstane, though less promptly, added one equal large.

There was some murmuring among the damsels of Norman descent, who were as much unused to see the preference given to a Saxon beauty as the Norman nobles were to sustain defeat in the games of chivalry which they themselves had introduced. But these sounds of disaffection were drowned by the popular shout of "Long live the Lady Rowena, the chosen and lawful Queen of Love and Beauty!" To which many in the lower area added, "Long live the Saxon Princess! long live the race of the immortal Alfred!"

However unacceptable these sounds might be to Prince

and to those around him, he saw himself nevertheless led to confirm the nomination of the victor, and accordingly calling to horse, he left his throne, and mounted his jennet, accompanied by his train, he again entered the lists. The Prince paused a moment beneath the gallery of the Lady Alicia, to whom he paid his compliments, saying, at the same time, to those around him: "By my name, sirs! if the Knight's feats in arms have shown he hath limbs and sinews, his choice hath no less led that his eyes are none of the clearest."

It was on this occasion, as during his whole life, John's fortune not perfectly to understand the characters of whom he wished to conciliate. Waldemar Fitzurse rather offended than pleased at the Prince stating thus by an opinion that his daughter had been slighted.

"I know no right of chivalry," he said, "more precious and valuable than that of each free knight to choose his love by his own judgment. My daughter courts distinction from no one; and in her own character, and in her sphere, will never fail to receive the full proportion of what which is her due."

Prince John replied not; but, spurring his horse, as if he went to his vexation, he made the animal bound forward to the gallery where Rowena was seated, with the sword still at her feet.

"Assume," he said, "fair lady, the mark of your sovereignty, to which none vows homage more sincerely than I, John of Anjou; and if it please you to-day, with my noble sire and friends, to grace our banquet in the hall of Ashby, we shall learn to know the empress to whose service we devote to-morrow."

Rowena remained silent, and Cedric answered for her as a native Saxon.

"The Lady Rowena," he said, "possesses not the language in which to reply to your courtesy, or to sustain her part in your festival. I also, and the noble Athelstane of

Coningsburgh, speak only the language, and practise only the manners, of our fathers. We therefore decline with thanks your Highness's courteous invitation to the banquet. To-morrow, the Lady Rowena will take upon her the state to which she has been called by the free election of the victor Knight, confirmed by the acclamations of the people."

So saying, he lifted the coronet and placed it upon Rowena's head, in token of her acceptance of the temporary authority assigned to her.

"What says he?" said Prince John, affecting not to understand the Saxon language, in which, however, he was well skilled. The purport of Cedric's speech was repeated to him in French. "It is well," he said; "to-morrow we will ourselves conduct this mute sovereign to her seat of dignity. You, at least, Sir Knight," he added, turning to the victor who had remained near the gallery, "will this day share our banquet?"

The Knight, speaking for the first time, in a low and hurried voice, excused himself by pleading fatigue, and the necessity of preparing for to-morrow's encounter.

"It is well," said Prince John, haughtily; "although unused to such refusals, we will endeavor to digest our banquet as we may, though ungraced by the most successful arms and his elected Queen of Beauty."

So saying, he prepared to leave the lists with his glittering train, and his turning his steed for that purpose was the signal for the breaking up and dispersion of the spectators.

Yet, with the vindictive memory proper to offend pride, especially when combined with conscious want of desert, John had hardly proceeded three paces ere again turning around, he fixed an eye of stern resentment upon the yeoman who had displeased him in the early part of the day, and issued his commands to the men-at-arms who stood near: "On your life, suffer not that fellow to escape."



man stood the angry glance of the Prince with unvaried steadiness which had marked his former self, saying, with a smile: "I have no intention to stay until the day after to-morrow. I must see how Here and Leicestershire can draw their bows; the Needwood and Charnwood must rear good arch-

and Prince John to his attendants, but not in vain—"I will see how he can draw his own; and challenge him unless his skill should prove some apology for his insolence!"

"Full time," said De Bracy, "that the *outrécuidance*<sup>1</sup> of the peasants should be restrained by some striking ex-

ample." Fitzurse, who probably thought his patron was taking the readiest road to popularity, shrugged up his shoulders and was silent. Prince John resumed his review of the lists, and the dispersion of the multitude began.

From various routes, according to the different quarters from which they came, and in groups of various numbers, the knights were seen retiring over the plain. By far the numerous part streamed towards the town of Ashby, where many of the distinguished persons were lodged, and where others found accommodation in the houses of the country. Among these were most of the knights who had appeared in the tournament, or who proposed to appear the ensuing day, and who, as they rode slowly over the events of the day, were greeted with acclamations by the populace. The same acclamations were directed upon Prince John, although he was indebted for their ardour to the splendour of his appearance and train, rather than to the popularity of his character.

The acclamations were sincere and more general, as well as a better-merited, attended the victor of the day, until,

<sup>1</sup> *outrécuidance*. Presumption insolence. [Scott.]



anxious to withdraw himself from popular notice, accepted the accommodation of one of those pavilions at the extremities of the lists, the use of which was graciously tendered him by the marshals of the field. On retiring to his tent, many who had lingered in the lists to look upon and form conjectures concerning his person were dispersed.

The signs and sounds of a tumultuous concourse lately crowded together in one place, and agitated by the same passing events, were now exchanged for the low hum of voices of different groups retreating in all directions, and these speedily died away in silence. No sounds were heard save the voices of the menial servants who stripped the galleries of their cushions and tapestries in order to put them in safety for the night, and were busy among themselves for the half-used bottles of wine and other relics of the refreshment which had been served to the spectators.

Beyond the precincts of the lists more than one building was erected; and these now began to glimmer through the twilight, announcing the toil of the armourers, who were to continue through the whole night, in order to repair and alter the suits of armour to be used again on the morrow.

A strong guard of men-at-arms, renewed at intervals from two hours to two hours, surrounded the lists, and kept watch during the night.

## CHAPTER X

Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that toils  
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,  
And in the shadow of the silent night  
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;  
Vex'd and tormented, runs poor Barrabas,  
With fatal curses towards these Christians.

*Jew of Malta.*

The Disinherited Knight had no sooner reached his pavilion than squires and pages in abundance tendered their services to disarm him, to bring fresh attire, and to offer him the refreshment of the bath. Their zeal on this occasion was perhaps sharpened by curiosity, since every one desired to know who the knight was that had gained so many laurels, yet had refused, even at the command of Prince John, to lift his visor or to name his name. But their officious inquisitiveness was not gratified. The Disinherited Knight refused all other assistance save that of his own squire, or rather yeoman—a clownish-looking man, who, wrapt in a cloak of dark-coloured felt, and having his head and face half-buried in a Norman bonnet made of black fur, seemed to affect the incognito<sup>1</sup> as much as his master. All others being excluded from the tent, this attendant relieved his master from the more burdensome parts of his armour, and placed food and wine before him, which the exertions of the day rendered very acceptable.

The Knight had scarcely finished a hasty meal ere his valet<sup>2</sup> announced to him that five men, each leading a caparned<sup>2</sup> steed, desired to speak with him. The Disinherited

<sup>1</sup> INCognito. Disguised, from Latin *incognitus*, unknown.

<sup>2</sup> CAPARned. Protected with armor.

Knight had exchanged his armour for the long robe usually worn by those of his condition, which, being furnished with a hood, concealed the features, when such was the pleasure of the wearer, almost as completely as the visor of the helmet itself; but the twilight, which was now fast darkening, would of itself have rendered a disguise unnecessary, unless to persons to whom the face of an individual chanced to be particularly well known.

The Disinherited Knight, therefore, stepped boldly forth to the front of his tent, and found in attendance the squires of the challengers, whom he easily knew by their russet and black dresses, each of whom led his master's charge loaded with the armour in which he had that day fought.

"According to the laws of chivalry," said the foremost of these men, "I, Baldwin de Oyley, squire to the redoubtable Knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert, make offer to you, styling yourself for the present the Disinherited Knight, of the horse and armour used by the said Brian de Bois-Guilbert in this day's passage of arms, leaving it with your nobleness to retain or to ransom the same, according to your pleasure; for such is the law of arms."

The other squires repeated nearly the same formula, and then stood to await the decision of the Disinherited Knight.

"To you four, sirs," replied the Knight, addressing those who had last spoken, "and to your honourable and valiant masters, I have one common reply. Commend me to the noble knights, your masters, and say, I should do ill to deprive them of steeds and arms which can never be used by braver cavaliers. I would I could here end my message to these gallant knights; but being, as I term myself, in truth and earnest the Disinherited, I must be therefore bound to your masters, that they will, of their courtesy, be pleased to ransom their steeds and armour, since the which I wear I can hardly term mine own."

"We stand commissioned, each of us," answered the

of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, "to offer a hundred zec-  
as in ransom of these horses and suits of armour."

"It is sufficient," said the Disinherited Knight. "Half  
sum my present necessities compel me to accept; of  
remaining half, distribute one moiety<sup>1</sup> among your-  
s, sir squires, and divide the other half betwixt the  
squires and the pursuivants, and minstrels, and attend-

The squires, with cap in hand, and low reverences, ex-  
pressed their deep sense of a courtesy and generosity not  
practised, at least upon a scale so extensive. The  
Disinherited Knight then addressed his discourse to Bald-  
win the squire of Brian de Bois-Guilbert. "From your  
master," said he, "I will accept neither arms nor ransom.  
I will not do him in my name, that our strife is not ended—no,  
till we have fought as well with swords as with lances,  
well on foot as on horseback. To this mortal quarrel  
has he himself defied me, and I shall not forget the chal-  
enge. Meantime, let him be assured that I hold him not  
one of his companions, with whom I can with pleasure  
exchange courtesies; but rather as one with whom I stand  
in terms of mortal defiance."

"My master," answered Baldwin, "knows how to re-  
ceive scorn with scorn, and blows with blows, as well as  
to answer with courtesy. Since you disdain to accept from  
me any share of the ransom at which you have rated the  
share of the other knights, I must leave his armour and his  
horse here, being well assured that he will never deign to  
wear the one nor wear the other."

"You have spoken well, good squire," said the Disin-  
herited Knight—"well and boldly, as it beseemeth him to  
answer who answers for an absent master. Leave not, how-  
ever, the horse and armour here. Restore them to thy mas-  
ter, if he scorns to accept them, retain them, good

<sup>1</sup>MOIETY Half; from French *moitié*.

friend, for thine own use. So far as they are mine, I stow them upon you freely."

Baldwin made a deep obeisance, and retired with companions; and the Disinherited Knight entered the vilion.

"Thus far, Gurth," said he, addressing his attendant, "the reputation of English chivalry hath not suffered by my hands."

"And I," said Gurth, "for a Saxon swineherd, have ill played the personage of a Norman squire-at-arms."

"Yea, but," answered the Disinherited Knight, "thou hast ever kept me in anxiety lest thy clownish behaviour should discover thee."

"Tush!" said Gurth, "I fear discovery from none, being my playfellow, Wamba the Jester, of whom I can never discover whether he were most knave or fool. I could scarce choose but laugh, when my old master passed so near to me, dreaming all the while that Gurth was keeping his porkers many a mile off, in the thickets and swamps of Rotherwood. If I am discovered——"

"Enough," said the Disinherited Knight, "thou keep'st my promise."

"Nay, for that matter," said Gurth, "I will never betray my friend for fear of my skin-cutting. I have a tough hide that will bear knife or scourge as well as any boar's hide in my herd."

"Trust me, I will requite the risk you run for my sake, Gurth," said the Knight. "Meanwhile, I pray you to accept these ten pieces of gold."

"I am richer," said Gurth, putting them into his pocket, "than ever was swineherd or bondsman."

"Take this bag of gold to Ashby," continued his master, "and find out Isaac the Jew of York, and let him pay himself for the horse and arms with which his credit supplied me."



"Nay, by St. Dunstan," replied Gurth, "that I will not

"How, knave," replied his master, "wilt thou not obey commands?"

"So they be honest, reasonable, and Christian commands," replied Gurth; "but this is none of these. To let the Jew to pay himself would be dishonest, for it would be cheating my master; and unreasonable, for it were the part of a fool; and unchristian, since it would be plunging a believer to enrich an infidel."

"See him contented, however, thou stubborn varlet,"<sup>1</sup> said the Disinherited Knight.

"I will do so," said Gurth, taking the bag under his arm and leaving the apartment; "and it will go hard," he muttered, "but I content him with one-half of his own thing." So saying, he departed, and left the Disinherited Knight to his own perplexed ruminations, which, upon these accounts than it is now possible to communicate to the reader, were of a nature peculiarly agitating and painful.

We must now change the scene to the village of Ashby, rather to a country house in its vicinity belonging to a wealthy Israelite, with whom Isaac, his daughter, and retinue had taken up their quarters; the Jews, it is well known, being as liberal in exercising the duties of hospitality and charity among their own people as they were alleged to be reluctant and churlish in extending them to those whom they termed Gentiles, and whose treatment of them certainly merited little hospitality at their hand.

In an apartment, small indeed, but richly furnished with decorations of an Oriental taste, Rebecca was seated on a heap of embroidered cushions, which, piled along a platform that surrounded the chamber, served, like

<sup>1</sup>VARLET. Originally a boy or page: here used for *servant*, and with contemptuous force.

the *estrada*<sup>1</sup> of the Spaniards, instead of chairs and stools. She was watching the motions of her father with a look of anxious and filial affection, while he paced the apartment with a dejected mien and disordered step, sometimes clasping his hands together, sometimes casting his eyes to the roof of the apartment, as one who laboured under great mental tribulation. "O Jacob!" he exclaimed—"O all ye twelve Holy Fathers of our tribe! what a losing venture is this for one who hath duly kept every jot and tittle of the law of Moses! Fifty zecchins wrenched from me at one clutch, and by the talons of a tyrant!"

"But, father," said Rebecca, "you seemed to give the gold to Prince John willingly."

"Willingly! the blotch<sup>2</sup> of Egypt upon him! Willing! saidst thou? Ay, as willingly as when, in the Gulf of Lyons, I flung over my merchandise to lighten the ship, while she laboured in the tempest—robed the seething billows with my choice silks—perfumed their briny foam with myrrour and aloes—enriched their caverns with gold and silver work! And was not that an hour of unutterable misery, though my hands made the sacrifice?"

"But it was a sacrifice which Heaven exacted to save our lives," answered Rebecca, "and the God of our fathers has since blessed your store and your gettings."

"Ay," answered Isaac, "but if the tyrant lays hold on them as he did to-day, and compels me to smile while he is robbing me? O daughter, disinherited and wandering as we are, the worst evil which befalls our race is, that when we are wronged and plundered all the world laughs around us, and we are compelled to suppress our sense of injury, and to smile tamely when we would revenge bravely."

"Think not thus of it, my father," said Rebecca: "we also have advantages. These Gentiles, cruel and oppressive

<sup>1</sup> *ESTRADA*. A low bench running round the room.

<sup>2</sup> *BLOTCH*. An eruption on the skin, a plague.

Note the unconscious poetry in Isaac's words.

they are, are in some sort dependent on the dispersed children of Zion, whom they despise and persecute. Without the aid of our wealth they could neither furnish forth their hosts in war nor their triumphs in peace; and the gold which we lend them returns with increase to our coffers. We are like the herb which flourisheth most when it is mostampled on. Even this day's pageant had not proceeded without the consent of the despised Jew, who furnished the means."

"Daughter," said Isaac, "thou hast harped upon another string of sorrow. The goodly steed and the rich armour, equal to the full profit of my adventure with our Sirjath Jairam of Leicester—there is a dead loss too—ay, a loss which swallows up the gains of a week—ay, of the space between two Sabaoths<sup>1</sup>—and yet it may end better than I now think, for 'tis a good youth."

"Assuredly," said Rebecca, "you shall not repent you of quitting the good deed received of the stranger knight."

"I trust so, daughter," said Isaac, "and I trust too in the rebuilding of Zion; but as well do I hope with my own goodly eyes to see the walls and battlements of the new temple, as to see a Christian, yea, the very best of Christians, repay a debt to a Jew, unless under the awe of the judge and jailer."

So saying, he resumed his discontented walk through the apartment; and Rebecca, perceiving that her attempts at consolation only served to awaken new subjects of complaint, wisely desisted from her unavailing efforts—a prudent line of conduct, and we recommend to all who set up for comforters and advisers to follow it in the like circumstances.

The evening was now becoming dark, when a Jewish servant entered the apartment and placed upon the table two silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil; the richest wines

<sup>1</sup> **SABAOOTH** The word *Sabaoth* means *hosts*, (compare the phrase "Lord of Sabaoth,") but is here confused, as frequently, with *Sabbath*.

and the most delicate refreshments were at the same time displayed by another Israelitish domestic on a small ebony table, inlaid with silver; for, in the interior of their houses the Jews refused themselves no expensive indulgences. At the same time the servant informed Isaac that a Nazarene (so they termed Christians while conversing among themselves) desired to speak with him. He that would live in traffic must hold himself at the disposal of every one claiming business with him. Isaac at once replaced on the table the untasted glass of Greek wine which he had just raised to his lips, and saying hastily to his daughter, "Rebecca veil thyself," commanded the stranger to be admitted.

Just as Rebecca had dropped over her fine features a screen of silver gauze which reached to her feet, the door opened, and Gurth entered, wrapt in the ample folds of his Norman mantle. His appearance was rather suspicious than prepossessing, especially as, instead of doffing his bonnet, he pulled it still deeper over his rugged brow.

"Art thou Isaac the Jew of York?" said Gurth, a Saxon.

"I am," replied Isaac, in the same language, for his traffic had rendered every tongue spoken in Britain familiar to him, "and who art thou?"

"That is not to the purpose," answered Gurth.

"As much as my name is to thee," replied Isaac: "without knowing thine, how can I hold intercourse with thee?"

"Easily," answered Gurth; "I, being to pay monies, must know that I deliver it to the right person; thou, who art to receive it, wilt not, I think, care very greatly by whose hands it is delivered."

"Oh," said the Jew, "you are come to pay monies? Heed my Father Abraham! that altereth our relation to each other. And from whom dost thou bring it?"

"From the Disinherited Knight," said Gurth, "victor in this day's tournament. It is the price of the armour and



to him by Kirjath Jairam of Leicester, on thy recommendation. The steed is restored to thy stable. I desire now the amount of the sum which I am to pay for the sur."

"I said he was a good youth!" exclaimed Isaac, with al exultation. "A cup of wine will do thee no harm," added, filling and handing to the swineherd a richer sight than Gurth had ever before tasted. "And how much money," continued Isaac, "hast thou brought with thee?"

"Holy Virgin!" said Gurth, setting down the cup, "what for these unbelieving dogs drink, while true Christians chafe to quaff ale as muddy and thick as the draff we give to hogs! What money have I brought with me?" continued the Saxon, when he had finished this uncivil ejaculation, "even but a small sum; something in hand the while. What, Isaac! thou must bear a conscience, though thou art a Jewish one."

"Nay, but," said Isaac, "thy master has won goodly prizes and rich armours with the strength of his lance and the right hand—but 'tis a good youth; the Jew will take him in present payment, and render him back the sur-

"My master has disposed of them already," said Gurth. "Ah! that was wrong," said the Jew—"that was the part of a fool. No Christian here could buy so many horses and armour; no Jew except myself would give him half the price. But thou hast a hundred zecchins with thee in thy bag," said Isaac, prying under Gurth's cloak, "it is a Jewish one."

"I have heads for cross-bow bolts<sup>1</sup> in it," said Gurth, proudly.

"Well, then," said Isaac, panting and hesitating between habitual love of gain and a new-born desire to be honest in the present instance, "if I should say that I would

<sup>1</sup> Arrows for the cross bow.



take eighty zecchins for the good steed and the rich armour which leaves me not a guilder's<sup>1</sup> profit, have you money to pay me?"

"Barely," said Gurth, though the sum demanded was more reasonable than he expected, "and it will leave my master nigh penniless. Nevertheless, if such be your offer, I must be content."

"Fill thyself another goblet of wine," said the Jew. "Ah! eighty zecchins is too little. It leaveth no profit for the usages of the monies; and, besides, the good horse must have suffered wrong in this day's encounter. Oh, it was hard and a dangerous meeting! man and steed rushing at each other like wild bulls of Bashan!<sup>2</sup> the horse cannot have had wrong."

"And I say," replied Gurth, "he is sound, wind and limb; and you may see him now in your stable. And I say over and above, that seventy zecchins is enough for the armour, and I hope a Christian's word is as good as a Jew's. If you will not take seventy, I will carry this bag (and he shook it till the contents jingled) back to my master."

"Nay, nay!" said Isaac; "lay down the talents—shekels—the eighty zecchins; and thou shalt see I will consider thee liberally."

Gurth at length complied; and telling out eighty zecchins upon the table, the Jew delivered out to him an acquittance for the horse and suit of armour. The Jew's hand trembled for joy as he wrapped up the first seven pieces of gold. The last ten he told over with much deliberation, pausing, and saying something as he took each piece from the table and dropt it into his purse. It seemed as if his avarice were struggling with his better nature, compelling him to pouch zecchin after zecchin, while generosity urged him to restore some part at least to the benefactor, or as a donation to his agent. His whole speech ran nearly thus:

<sup>1</sup> *GUILDER.* Guelder; a Dutch coin worth about fifty cents.

<sup>2</sup> *BULLS OF BASHAN.* See Psalms XXII. 12.

ty-one, seventy-two—thy master is a good  
fifty-three—an excellent youth—seventy-four  
he hath been clipt within the ring seventy-five  
looketh light of weight—seventy-six—when thy  
pays money, let him come to Isaac of York—sev-  
—that is, with reasonable security.” Here he  
considerable pause, and Gurth had good hope that  
three pieces might escape the fate of their com-  
the enumeration proceeded; “Seventy-eight—  
good fellow—seventy-nine—and deservest some-  
thyself——”

The Jew paused again, and looked at the last zec-  
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upon the tip of his finger, and made it ring by  
it upon the table. Had it rung too flat, or had  
its breadth too light, generosity had carried the  
unhappily for Gurth, the chime was full and true,  
a plump, newly coined, and a grain above weight.  
He not find in his heart to part with it, so dropt  
his purse as if in absence of mind, with the words,  
“Completes the tale,<sup>1</sup> and I trust thy master will  
be handsomely. Surely,” he added, looking earn-  
estly at the bag, “thou hast more coins in that pouch?”

He grinned, which was his nearest approach to a  
smile. He replied, “About the same quantity which thou  
hast told over so carefully.” He then folded the quit-  
rent and put it under his cap, adding, “Peril of thy beard,  
that this be full and ample!” He filled himself  
with a third goblet of wine, and left the apartment  
in silence.

“Alas,” said the Jew, “that Ishmaelite hath gone  
far beyond me. Nevertheless, his master is a good  
man, and I am well pleased that he hath gained shek-  
els and shekels of silver, even by the speed of his

<sup>1</sup>Quit-rent, to tell meant originally to count, and this usage survives

horse and by the strength of his lance, which, like that of Goliath the Philistine, might vie with a weaver's beam.

As he turned to receive Rebecca's answer, he observed that during his chaffering with Gurth she had left the apartment unperceived.

In the mean while, Gurth had descended the stair, and having reached the dark ante-chamber or hall, was puzzling about to discover the entrance, when a figure in white, shown by a small silver lamp which she held in her hand, beckoned him into a side apartment. Gurth had some reluctance to obey the summons. Rough and impetuous as a wild boar where only earthly force was to be apprehended, he had all the characteristic terrors of a Saxon respecting fauns,<sup>1</sup> forest fiends, white women, and the whole of the superstitions which his ancestors had brought with them from the wilds of Germany. He remembered, moreover, that he was in the house of a Jew, a people who, besides the other unamiable qualities which popular report ascribed to them, were supposed to be profound necromancers and cabalists.<sup>2</sup> Nevertheless, after a moment's pause, he obeyed the beckoning summons of the apparition, and followed her into the apartment which she indicated, where he found, to his joyful surprise, that his fair guide was the beautiful Jewess whom he had seen at the tournament, and a short time in her father's apartment.

She asked him the particulars of his transaction with Isaac, which he detailed accurately.

"My father did but jest with thee, good fellow," said Rebecca; he owes thy master deeper kindness than thy arms and steed could pay, were their value tenfold. What sum didst thou pay my father even now?"

<sup>1</sup> FAUNS, etc. In the superstition of the time, spirits both good and evil peopled the woods and fields, appearing to mortals sometimes to terrify and sometimes to warn them of impending calamity. Fauns were represented as men having the legs of a goat. WHITE WOMEN. Mysterious ladies clad in white, were seen by some on the eve of disaster.

<sup>2</sup> CABALISTS. Those among the Jews who professed to possess a special science of interpretation, confused by their enemies with knowledge of magic and the practice of witchcraft.

"Eighty zecchins," said Gurth, surprised at the question.

"In this purse," said Rebecca, "thou wilt find a hundred. Restore to thy master that which is his due, and enrich thyself with the remainder. Haste—begone—stay not to render thanks! and beware how you pass through this crowded town, where thou mayst easily lose both thy girden and thy life. Reuben," she added, clapping her hands together, "light forth this stranger, and fail not to draw lock and bar behind him."

Reuben, a dark-browed and black-bearded Israelite, obeyed her summons, with a torch in his hand; undid the outward door of the house, and conducting Gurth across the paved court, let him out through a wicket in the entrance-gate, which he closed behind him with such bolts and chains as would well have become that of a prison.

"By St. Dunstan," said Gurth, as he stumbled up the dark avenue, "this is no Jewess, but an angel from heaven! Ten zecchins from my brave young master—twenty from this pearl of Zion! Oh, happy day! Such another, Gurth, will redeem thy bondage, and make thee a brother as free as thy guild<sup>1</sup> as the best. And then do I lay down my wineherd's horn and staff, and take the freeman's sword and buckler, and follow my young master to the death, without hiding either my face or my name."

<sup>1</sup> GUILD. A society of craftsmen in any trade; an organization of considerable dignity and power. The phrase used means invested with all the privileges and rights of freedom.

## CHAPTER XI

*1st Outlaw.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you. If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

*Speed.* Sir, we are undone! these are the villains That all the travellers do fear so much.

*Val.* My friends—

*1st Out.* That's not so, sir, we are your enemies.

*2d Out.* Peace! we'll hear him.

*3d Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;  
For he's a proper man.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

The nocturnal adventures of Gurth were not yet concluded; indeed, he himself became partly of that mind when, after passing one or two straggling houses which stood in the outskirts of the village, he found himself in a deep lane, running between two banks overgrown with hazel and holly, while here and there a dwarf oak hung its arms altogether across the path. The lane was, moreover, much rutted and broken up by the carriages which had recently transported articles of various kinds to the tournament; and it was dark, for the banks and bushes intercepted the light of the harvest moon.

From the village were heard the distant sounds of revelry, mixed occasionally with loud laughter, sometimes broken by screams, and sometimes by wild strains of distant music. All these sounds, intimating the disordered state of the town, crowded with military nobles and their dissolute attendants, gave Gurth some uneasiness. "The Jewess was right," he said to himself. "By heaven and St. Dunstan, I would I were safe at my journey's end with *this treasure!* Here are such numbers, I will not say



ant thieves, but of errant<sup>1</sup> knights and errant squires, errant monks and errant minstrels, errant jugglers and errant jesters, that a man with a single merk would be in danger, much more a poor swineherd with a whole bagful of pence. Would I were out of the shade of these infernal bushes, that I might at least see any of St. Nicholas's monks<sup>2</sup> before they spring on my shoulders!"

Gurth accordingly hastened his pace, in order to gain the open common to which the lane led, but was not so fortunate as to accomplish his object. Just as he attained the upper end of the lane, where the underwood was thick, four men sprung upon him, even as his fears anticipated, two from each side of the road, and seized him so that resistance, if at first practicable, would have been too late. "Surrender your charge," said one of them; "we are the deliverers of the commonwealth, who ease every man of his burden."

"You should not ease me of mine so lightly," muttered Gurth, whose surly honesty could not be tamed even by the pressure of immediate violence, "had I it but in my power to give three strokes in its defence."

"We shall see that presently," said the robber; and, turning to his companions, he added, "bring along the axe. I see he would have his head broken as well as his arm cut, and so be let blood in two veins at once."

Gurth was hurried along agreeably to this mandate, and having been dragged somewhat roughly over the bank on the left-hand side of the lane, found himself in a straggling thicket, which lay betwixt it and the open common.

**ERRANT . . . ERRANT.** Gurth succeeds very well in turning this pun; *errant*, being, was commonly used in this sense, as in the phrase *knight-errant*. The term *arrant*, infamous, was doubtless sometimes applicable to these robbers, as here.

**ST. NICHOLAS'S MONKS.** Robbers. St. Nicholas was originally the patron of Russia, and also was supposed to protect merchants and travellers and children. This use of the saint's name seems to have arisen from the custom of praying for his protection against robbers and pirates. Another interpretation of the phrase refers it to a canonization of "Old Nick" as the appropriate object of reverence by such gentry. See Shakspeare's *King Henry*, Act 1, II. 1. 67.

He was compelled to follow his rough conductors into the very depth of this cover, where they stopt unexpectedly in an irregular open space, free in a great measure from trees, and on which, therefore, the beams of the moon fell without much interruption from boughs and leaves. Here his captors were joined by two other persons, apparently belonging to the gang. They had short swords by their sides, and quarter-staves in their hands, and Gurth could now observe that all six wore visors, which rendered the occupation a matter of no question, even had their former proceedings left it in doubt.

"What money hast thou, churl?" said one of the thieves.

"Thirty zecchins of my own property," answered Gurth doggedly.

"A forfeit—a forfeit," shouted the robbers; "a Saxon hath thirty zecchins, and returns sober from a village! undeniable and unredeemable forfeit of all he hath about him."

"I hoarded it to purchase my freedom," said Gurth.

"Thou art an ass," replied one of the thieves; "thirty quarts of double ale<sup>1</sup> had rendered thee as free as thy master, ay, and freer too, if he be a Saxon like thyself."

"A sad truth," replied Gurth; "but if these same thirty zecchins will buy my freedom from you, unloose my hands, and I will pay them to you."

"Hold," said one who seemed to exercise some authority over the others; "this bag which thou bearest, as I can see through thy cloak, contains more coin than thou hast told us of."

"It is the good knight my master's," answered Gurth; "of which, assuredly, I would not have spoken a word, if you been satisfied with working your will upon mine property."

"Thou art an honest fellow," replied the robber; "we warrant thee; and we worship not St. Nicholas so devoutly."

<sup>1</sup> DOUBLE ALE. Ale of double strength.

that thy thirty zecchins may yet escape, if thou deal truly with us. Meantime, render up thy trust for the

So saying, he took from Gurth's breast the large iron pouch, in which the purse given him by Rebecca enclosed, as well as the rest of the zecchins, and then resumed his interrogation; "Who is thy master?"

"The Disinherited Knight," said Gurth.

"Whose good lance," replied the robber, "won the prize day's tourney? What is his name and lineage?"

"It is his pleasure," answered Gurth, "that they be known; and from me, assuredly, you will learn nought of

"What is thine own name and lineage?"

"To tell that," said Gurth, "might reveal my master's."

"Thou art a saucy groom," said the robber; "but of that

How comes thy master by this gold? is it of his lance, or by what means hath it accrued to him?"

"By his good lance," answered Gurth. "These bags are the ransom of four good horses and four good suits of armour."

"How much is there?" demanded the robber.

"Two hundred zecchins."

"Only two hundred zecchins!" said the bandit; "your master hath dealt liberally by the vanquished, and put to a cheap ransom. Name those who paid the gold." Gurth did so.

"The armour and horse of the Templar Brian de Boisart—at what ransom were they held? Thou seest thou canst not deceive me."

"My master," replied Gurth, "will take nought from the Templar save his life's-blood. They are on terms of defiance, and cannot hold courteous intercourse together."

"Indeed!" repeated the robber, and paused after he had said the word. "And what wert thou now doing at Ashby? such a charge in thy custody?"

"I went thither to render to Isaac the Jew of York," replied Gurth, "the price of a suit of armour with which he fitted my master for this tournament."

"And how much didst thou pay to Isaac? Methinks to judge by weight, there is still two hundred zecchins in this pouch."

"I paid to Isaac," said the Saxon, "eighty zecchins, and he restored me a hundred in lieu thereof."

"How! what!" exclaimed all the robbers at once, "darest thou trifle with us, that thou tellest such improbable lies?"

"What I tell you," said Gurth, "is as true as the moon is in heaven. You will find the just sum in a silken purse within the leathern pouch, and separate from the rest of the gold."

"Bethink thee, man," said the Captain, "thou speakest of a Jew—of an Israelite, as unapt to restore gold as the dry sand of his deserts to return the cup of water which the pilgrim spills upon them."

"There is no more mercy in them," said another of the banditti, "than in an unbribed sheriff's officer."

"It is, however, as I say," said Gurth.

"Strike a light instantly," said the Captain; "I will examine this said purse; and if it be as this fellow says, the Jew's bounty is little less miraculous than the stream which relieved his fathers in the wilderness."

A light was procured accordingly, and the robber proceeded to examine the purse. The others crowded around him, and even two who had hold of Gurth relaxed their grasp while they stretched their necks to see the issue of the search. Availing himself of their negligence, by a sudden exertion of strength and activity Gurth shook himself free of their hold, and might have escaped, could he have resolved to leave his master's property behind him. But such was no part of his intention. He wrenched



arter-staff from one of the fellows, struck down the captain, who was altogether unaware of his purpose, and well-nigh repossessed himself of the pouch and treasure. The thieves, however, were too nimble for him, and again secured both the bag and the trusty Gurth.

"Knave!" said the Captain, getting up, "thou hast taken my head, and with other men of our sort thou wouldst fare the worse for thy insolence. But thou shalt know thy fate instantly. First let us speak of thy master; a knight's matters must go before the squire's, according to the due order of chivalry. Stand thou fast in the meanwhile; if thou stir again, thou shalt have that will make thee quiet for thy life. Comrades!" he then said, addressing his gang, "this purse is embroidered with Hebrew characters, and I well believe the yeoman's tale is true. The errant knight, his master, must needs pass us toll-free. He is too like ourselves for us to make booty of him, since dogs should not worry dogs where wolves and foxes are to be found in abundance."

"Like us!" answered one of the gang; "I should like to see how that is made good."

"Why, thou fool," answered the Captain, "is he not poor and disinherited as we are? Doth he not win his substance at the sword's point as we do? Hath he not beaten Mont-de-Bœuf and Malvoisin, even as we would beat them if we could? Is he not the enemy to life and death of Jean de Bois-Guilbert, whom we have so much reason to hate? And were all this otherwise, wouldst thou have us have a worse conscience than an unbeliever, a Hebrew?"

"Nay, that were a shame," muttered the other fellow; "and yet, when I served in the band of stout old Gandaubert, we had no such scruples of conscience. And this insolent peasant—he too, I warrant me, is to be dismissed shamelessly?"



take eighty zecchins for the good steed and the rich armour which leaves me not a guilder's<sup>1</sup> profit, have you money to pay me?"

"Barely," said Gurth, though the sum demanded was more reasonable than he expected, "and it will leave my master nigh penniless. Nevertheless, if such be your last offer, I must be content."

"Fill thyself another goblet of wine," said the Jew. "Ah! eighty zecchins is too little. It leaveth no profit for the usages of the monies; and, besides, the good horse may have suffered wrong in this day's encounter. Oh, it was hard and a dangerous meeting! man and steed rushing at each other like wild bulls of Bashan!<sup>2</sup> the horse cannot but have had wrong."

"And I say," replied Gurth, "he is sound, wind and limb; and you may see him now in your stable. And I say over and above, that seventy zecchins is enough for the armour, and I hope a Christian's word is as good as a Jew's. If you will not take seventy, I will carry this bag (and I will shake it till the contents jingled) back to my master."

"Nay, nay!" said Isaac; "lay down the talents—the shekels—the eighty zecchins; and thou shalt see I will consider thee liberally."

Gurth at length complied; and telling out eighty zecchins upon the table, the Jew delivered out to him an acquittance for the horse and suit of armour. The Jew's hand trembled for joy as he wrapped up the first seven pieces of gold. The last ten he told over with much deliberation, pausing, and saying something as he took each piece from the table and dropt it into his purse. It seemed as if his avarice were struggling with his better nature, compelling him to pouch zecchin after zecchin, while generosity urged him to restore some part at least to the benefactor, or as a donation to his agent. His whole speech ran nearly thus:

<sup>1</sup> *GILDER.* Guilder: a Dutch coin worth about fifty cents.

<sup>2</sup> *BULLS OF BASHAN.* See *Psalms* XXII. 12.

ty-one, seventy-two—thy master is a good  
seventy-three—an excellent youth—seventy-four  
he hath been clipt within the ring—seventy-five  
looketh light of weight—seventy-six—when thy  
wants money, let him come to Isaac of York—sev-  
—that is, with reasonable security.” Here he  
considerable pause, and Gurth had good hope that  
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the enumeration proceeded; “Seventy-eight—  
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The Jew paused again, and looked at the last rec-  
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a plump, newly coined, and a grain above weight.  
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a purse as if in absence of mind, with the words,  
“Completes the tale,<sup>1</sup> and I trust thy master will  
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told over so carefully.” He then folded the quit-  
put it under his cap, adding, “Peril of thy beard,  
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ceremony.

“See,” said the Jew, “that Ishmaelite hath gone  
beyond me. Nevertheless, his master is a good  
and I am well pleased that he hath gained shek-  
and shekels of silver, even by the speed of his

<sup>1</sup> *tant, to tell meant originally to count, and this usage survives*

"Well and yeomanly done!" shouted the robbers, "for play and Old England for ever! The Saxon has saved both his purse and his hide, and the Miller has met his match."

"Thou mayst go thy ways, my friend," said the Captain, addressing Gurth, in special confirmation of the general voice, "and I will cause two of my comrades to guide thee by the best way to thy master's pavilion, and to guard thee from night-walkers that might have less tender consciences than ours; for there is many one of them upon the ambush in such a night as this. Take heed, however," he added sternly; "remember thou hast refused to tell thy name, and not after ours, nor endeavour to discover who or what we are, for, if thou makest such an attempt, thou wilt come to worse fortune than has yet befallen thee."

Gurth thanked the Captain for his courtesy, and promised to attend to his recommendation. Two of the outlaws, taking up their quarter-staves, and desiring Gurth to follow close in the rear, walked roundly forward along a bye-path, which traversed the thicket and the broken ground adjacent to it. On the very verge of the thicket two men spoke to his conductors, and receiving an answer in a whisper, withdrew into the wood, and suffered the party to pass unmolested. This circumstance induced Gurth to believe both that the gang was strong in numbers, and that they kept regular guards around their place of rendezvous.

When they arrived on the open heath, where Gurth might have had some trouble in finding his road, the thieves guided him straight forward to the top of a little eminence, whence he could see, spread beneath him in the moonlight, the palisades of the lists, the glimmering pavilions pitched at either end, with the pennons which adorned them fluttering in the moonbeam, and from which could be heard the hum of the song with which the sentinels were beguiling their night-watch.

Here the thieves stopt.

"We go with you no farther," said they, "it were

“You should do so. Remember the warning you gave me: keep secret what has this night befallen you, or you will have no room to repent it; neglect what is now before you, and the Tower of London shall not protect you from revenge.”

“Fare ye well, good night to you, kind sirs,” said Gurth; “I shall re-  
ceive your orders, and trust that there is no offence in  
my trade, as it is a safer and an honester trade.”

They parted, the outlaws returning in the direction  
whence they had come, and Gurth proceeding to  
his master, to whom, notwithstanding the injunctions  
he had received, he communicated the whole adventure  
of the evening.

The inherited Knight was filled with astonishment,  
at the generosity of Rebecca, by which, however,  
he would not profit, than that of the robbers,  
in whose profession such a quality seemed totally foreign.  
His reflections upon these singular circumstances  
were interrupted by the necessity for taking rest,  
from the fatigue of the preceding day and the pro-  
spective of refreshing himself for the morrow's encounter  
which was indispensable.

Gurth, therefore, stretched himself for repose  
upon the couch with which the tent was provided; and  
Gurth, extending his hardy limbs upon a bear-  
skin, formed a sort of carpet to the pavilion, laid him-  
self at the opening of the tent, so that no one could  
enter without awakening him.

## CHAPTER XII

The heralds left their pricking up and down,  
Now ringen trumpets loud and clarion.  
There is no more to say, but east and west,  
In go the speares sadly in the rest,  
In goth the sharp spur into the side,  
There see men who can just and who can ride,  
There shiver shaftes upon shieldes thick,  
He feeleth through the heart spones the prick;  
Up springen speares, twenty feet in height,  
Out go the swordes to the silver bright;  
The helms they to-hewn and to-shred;  
Out bursts the blood with stern streames red.

CHAUCER

Morning arose in unclouded splendour, and ere the sun was much above the horizon the idlest or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common, moving to the lists as to a general centre, in order to secure a favourable situation for viewing the continuation of the expected games.

The marshals and their attendants appeared next on the field, together with the heralds, for the purpose of receiving the names of the knights who intended to joust, with the side which each chose to espouse. This was a necessary precaution, in order to secure equality betwixt the two bodies who should be opposed to each other.

According to due formality, the Disinherited Knight was to be considered as leader of the one body, while Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had been rated as having done second-best in the preceding day, was named first champion of the other band. Those who had concurred in the challenge adhered to his party, of course, excepting only *Ralph de Vipont*, whom his fall had rendered unfit so soon



his armour. There was no want of distinguished candidates to fill up the ranks on either side.

Although the general tournament, in which all fought at once, was more dangerous than single combats, they were, nevertheless, more frequented and more valued by the chivalry of the age. Many knights, who had great confidence in their own skill to defy a single knight of high reputation, were, nevertheless, desirous to try their valour in the general combat, where they met others with whom they were more upon a level.

On the present occasion, about fifty knights were named as desirous of combating upon each side, but the marshals declared that no more could be admitted, to the disappointment of several who were too late to make their claim to be included.

At the hour of ten o'clock the whole plain was filled with horsemen, horsewomen, and foot-passengers, who came to the tournament; and shortly after, a grand peal of trumpets announced Prince John and his retinue, followed by many of those knights who meant to enter in the game, as well as others who had no such intention.

At the same time arrived Cedric the Saxon, with his daughter Rowena, unattended, however, by Athelstane. The lord had arrayed his tall and strong person in the armour of a knight, in order to take his place among the combatants; but, much to the surprise of Cedric, had chosen to play the part of the Knight Templar. The old man, however, had remonstrated strongly with his friend for his judicious choice he had made of his party; but he had received that sort of answer usually given to those who are more obstinate in following their own way than in strong in justifying it.

It was, if not his only, reason for adhering to the party of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Athelstane had the propensity to himself. Though his apathy of dispo-

sition prevented his taking any means to recommend himself to the Lady Rowena, he was, nevertheless, by no means insensible to her charms, and considered his union with her as a matter already fixed beyond doubt by the assent of Cedric and her other friends. It had therefore been with smothered displeasure that the proud though indolent Lord of Coningsburgh beheld the victor of the preceding day select Rowena as the object of that honour which it became his privilege to confer. In order to punish him for a preference which seemed to interfere with his own suit, Athelstane, confident of his strength, and to whom his flatterers, at least, ascribed great skill in arms, had determined not only to deprive the Disinherited Knight of his powerful succour, but, if an opportunity should occur, to make him feel the weight of his battle-axe.

De Bracy, and other knights attached to Prince John, in obedience to a hint from him, had joined the party of the challengers, John being desirous to secure, if possible, the victory to that side. On the other hand, many other knights, both English and Norman, natives and strangers, took part against the challengers, the more readily that the opposite band was to be led by so distinguished a champion as the Disinherited Knight had proved himself.

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined Queen of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which sat well upon him when he was pleased to exhibit it, he rode forward to meet her, doffed his bonnet, and, alighting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle, while his followers uncovered at the same time, and one of the most distinguished dismounted to hold her palfrey.

"It is thus," said Prince John, "that we set the dutiful example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and are ourselves her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy. Ladies," he said, "attend your Queen, as you wish in your turn to be distinguished by like honours."

saying, the Prince marshalled Rowena to the seat of  
opposite his own, while the fairest and most distin-  
guished ladies present crowded after her to obtain places as  
near as possible to their temporary sovereign.

As soon as Rowena was seated, a burst of music,  
followed by the shouts of the multitude, greeted her  
with magnificence. Meantime, the sun shone fierce and bright  
on the polished arms of the knights of either side, who  
stood at the opposite extremities of the lists, and held eager  
conference together concerning the best mode of arranging  
the line of battle and supporting the conflict.

The heralds then proclaimed silence until the laws of  
tourney should be rehearsed. These were calculated in  
every degree to abate the dangers of the day—a precaution  
more necessary as the conflict was to be maintained  
with sharp swords and pointed lances.

The champions were therefore prohibited to thrust with  
sword, and were confined to striking. A knight, it was  
ordered, might use a mace<sup>1</sup> or battle-axe at pleasure;  
the dagger was a prohibited weapon. A knight un-  
der no circumstances might renew the fight on foot with any other on the  
same side in the same predicament; but mounted  
knights were in that case forbidden to assail him. When  
a knight could force his antagonist to the extremity of  
the lists, so as to touch the palisade with his person or  
such opponent was obliged to yield himself van-  
quished, and his armour and horse were placed at the dis-  
posal of the conqueror. A knight thus overcome was not  
permitted to take farther share in the combat. If any  
knight was struck down, and unable to recover his feet,  
any other knight might enter the lists and drag his master  
from the press; but in that case the knight was adjudged  
defeated, and his arms and horse declared forfeited.  
The combat was to cease as soon as Prince John should

<sup>1</sup> A heavy club armed with spikes, or plated, swung with one hand  
to crush in the armor of an opponent.

throw down his leading staff, or truncheon—another precaution usually taken to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood by the too long endurance of a sport so desperate. Any knight breaking the rules of the tournament, or otherwise transgressing the rules of honourable chivalry, was liable to be stript of his arms, and, having his shield reversed, to be placed in that posture astride upon the butt of the palisade, and exposed to public derision, in punishment of his unknighly conduct. Having announced these precautions, the heralds concluded with an exhortation to each good knight to do his duty, and to merit favour from the Queen of Beauty and Love.

This proclamation having been made, the heralds withdrew to their stations. The knights, entering at either end of the lists in long procession, arranged themselves in a double file, precisely opposite to each other, the leader of each party being in the centre of the foremost rank, the post which he did not occupy until each had carefully arranged the ranks of his party, and stationed every knight in his place.

It was a goodly, and at the same time an anxious, sight to behold so many gallant champions, mounted bravely and armed richly, stand ready prepared for an encounter so formidable, seated on their war-saddles like so many pillars of iron, and awaiting the signal of encounter with the same ardour as their generous steeds, which, by neighing and pawing the ground, gave signal of their impatience.

As yet the knights held their long lances upright, their bright points glancing to the sun, and the streamers with which they were decorated fluttering over the plumes of the helmets. Thus they remained while the marshals of the field surveyed their ranks with the utmost exactness, lest either party had more or fewer than the appointed number. The tale was found exactly complete. The marshals then withdrew from the lists, and William de Wyke, with a voice of thunder, pronounced the signal word.



*aller!*"<sup>1</sup> The trumpets sounded as he spoke; the  
of the champions were at once lowered and placed  
rests; the spurs were dashed into the flanks of the  
and the two foremost ranks of either party rushed  
each other in full gallop, and met in the middle of  
the with a shock the sound of which was heard at a  
distance. The rear rank of each party advanced at  
the pace to sustain the defeated, and follow up the  
work of the victors, of their party.

The consequences of the encounter were not instantly  
known, for the dust raised by the trampling of so many  
darkened the air, and it was a minute ere the anxious  
spectators could see the fate of the encounter. When the  
became visible, half the knights on each side were  
defeated—some by the dexterity of their adversary's  
some by the superior weight and strength of oppon-  
ents which had borne down both horse and man; some  
were stretched on earth as if never more to rise; some had  
lost their feet, and were closing hand to hand  
those of their antagonists who were in the same  
element; and several on both sides, who had received  
wounds by which they were disabled, were stopping their  
flow by their scarfs, and endeavouring to extricate them-  
selves from the tumult. The mounted knights, whose  
horses had been almost all broken by the fury of the encoun-  
ter, were now closely engaged with their swords, shouting  
war-cries, and exchanging buffets, as if honour and  
life depended on the issue of the combat.

The tumult was presently increased by the advance of  
the third rank on either side, which, acting as a reserve,  
rushed on to aid their companions. The followers of  
the Bois-Guilbert shouted: "*Ha! Beau-seant! Beau-*  
*For the Temple! For the Temple!*" The oppo-

<sup>1</sup> *ALLER.* "Let go" begin.

<sup>2</sup> *BEAUSANT.* Was the name of the Templars' banner, which was half  
white, to intimate it is said, that they were candid and fair  
to Christians, but black and terrible towards infidels. [Scott.]



site party shouted in answer; "*Desdichado! Desdichado!*" which watchword they took from the motto upon the leader's shield.

The champions thus encountering each other with the utmost fury, and with alternate success, the tide of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern, now toward the northern, extremity of the lists, as the one or the other party prevailed. Meantime the clang of the blows and the shouts of the combatants mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpets, and drowned the groans of the who fell, and lay rolling defenceless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armour of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and battle-axe. The gay plumage, shorn from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snow-flakes. That which was beautiful and graceful in the martial array had disappeared, and what was now visible was only calculated to awake terror or compassion.

Yet such is the force of habit, that not only the vulgar spectators, who are naturally attracted by sights of horror, but even the ladies of distinction, who crowded the galleries, saw the conflict with a thrilling interest certainly, but without a wish to withdraw their eyes from a sight so terrible. Here and there, indeed, a fair cheek might turn pale, or a faint scream might be heard, as a lover, a brother, or a husband was struck from his horse. But, in general, the ladies around encouraged the combatants, not only by clapping their hands and waving their veils and kerchiefs, but even by exclaiming, "Brave lance! Good sword!" whenever any successful thrust or blow took place under their observation.

Such being the interest taken by the fair sex in the bloody game, that of the men is the more easily understood. It showed itself in loud acclamations upon every change of fortune, while all eyes were so riveted on the lists, that the spectators seemed as if they themselves had dealt

and the blows which were there so freely bestowed. And in every pause was heard the voice of the heralds crying, "Fight on, brave knights! Man dies, but glory

Fight on; death is better than defeat! Fight on, knights! for bright eyes behold your deeds!"

And amid the varied fortunes of the combat, the eyes of the spectators, who were crowded round the lists, strove to discover the leaders of each band, who, being in the thick of the fight, encouraged their companions both by voice and example. Both displayed great gallantry, nor did either Bois-Guilbert or the Disinherited Knight find in the ranks opposed to them a man who could be termed their unquestioned match. They repeatedly endeavoured to single out each other, and by mutual animosity, and aware that the fall of either leader might be considered as decisive of victory. However, it was the crowd and confusion that, during the earlier part of the conflict, their efforts to meet were fruitless, and they were repeatedly separated by the press of their followers, each of whom was anxious to honour himself by measuring his strength against the leader of the opposite party.

But when the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished, had been compelled to the extremity of the lists, or been otherwise rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered each other hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, and the rivalry of honour, could inspire. Such was the violence of each in parrying and striking, that the spectators burst forth into a unanimous and involuntary shout, expressive of their delight and admiration.

But at this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst: the gigantic arm of Front-de-Bœuf came upon one flank, and the ponderous strength of Athelstane bore down upon the other, bearing down and dispersing those immediately opposed to them. Finding themselves freed from

their immediate antagonists, it seems to have occurred to both these knights at the same instant that they would render the most decisive advantage to their party by aiding the Templar in his contest with his rival. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side and the Saxon on the other. It was utterly impossible that the object of this unequal and unexpected assault could have sustained it, had he not been warned by a general cry from the spectators, who could not but take interest in one exposed to such disadvantage.

"Beware! beware! Sir Disinherited!" was shouted so universally that the knight became aware of his danger, and striking a full blow at the Templar, he reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of Athelstane and Front-de-Bœuf. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides betwixt the object of their attack and the Templar, almost running their horses against each other ere they could stop their career. Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three pursued the united purpose of bearing to the earth the Disinherited Knight.

Nothing could have saved him except the remarkable strength and activity of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day.

This stood him in the more stead, as the horse of Bo-  
Guilbert was wounded, and those of Front-de-Bœuf and Athelstane were both tired with the weight of their gigantic masters, clad in complete armour, and with the preceding exertions of the day. The masterly horsemanship of the Disinherited Knight, and the activity of the noble animal which he mounted, enabled him for a few minutes to keep at sword's point his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and rushing

set the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, without waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return.

But although the lists rang with the applauses of his bravery, it was evident that he must at last be overpowered, and the nobles around Prince John implored him to give voice to throw down his warder, and to save so brave a knight from the disgrace of being overcome by

"Not I, by the light of Heaven!" answered Prince John; "the same springal,<sup>1</sup> who conceals his name and despises proffered hospitality, hath already gained one prize, and may now afford to let others have their turn." As he thus, an unexpected incident changed the fortune of the day.

There was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armour, mounted on a black horse, of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto evinced very little interest in the event of the fight, beating off with seeming ease those combatants who attacked him, without either pursuing his advantages nor himself assailing any one. In short, he had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators the name of *Noir Faineant*, or the Black Sluggard.

At once this knight seemed to throw aside his apathy, when he discovered the leader of his party so hard bested; setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he came to his assistance like a thunderbolt, exclaiming, in a voice like a trumpet-call, "*Desdichado*, to the rescue!" It was high time; for, while the Disinherited Knight was engaged upon the *Templar*, *Front-de-Bœuf* had got nigh

<sup>1</sup> *springal*. Youngster, used contemptuously. The word was used of a nimble youth and is from *spring*.



to him with his uplifted sword; but ere the blow could descend, the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on his head which, glancing from the polished helmet, lighted with violence scarcely abated on the chamfron<sup>1</sup> of the steed. *Front-de-Bœuf* rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. *Le Noir Faineant* then turned his horse upon *Athelstane of Coningsburgh* and his own sword having been broken in his encounter with *Front-de-Bœuf*, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle-axe which he wielded, and, like one familiar with the use of the weapon, bestowed him such a blow upon the crest that *Athelstane* also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, for which he was the more highly applauded that it was totally unexpected from him, the knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as he best could with *Brian de Bois-Guilbert*. This was no longer a matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had bled much, and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. *Brian de Bois-Guilbert* rolled on the field, encumbered with the stirrup, from which he was unable to draw his foot. His antagonist sprang from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself; whereupon *Prince John*, more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, saved him from mortification of confessing himself vanquished by casting down his warder and putting an end to the conflict.

It was, indeed, only the relics and embers of the fight which continued to burn; for of the few knights who remained continued in the lists, the greater part had, by tacit consent, forborne the conflict for some time, leaving it to be determined by the strife of the leaders.

The squires, who had found it a matter of danger to

<sup>1</sup> CHAMFRON. The ornamented front piece of a horse's head-armor.



to attend their masters during the engagement, aged into the lists to pay their dutiful attendance wounded, who were removed with the utmost care to the neighbouring pavilions, or to the quarters for them in the adjoining village.

ended the memorable field of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, the most gallantly contested tournaments of that although only four knights, including one who perished by the heat of his armour, had died upon the upwards of thirty were desperately wounded, four of whom never recovered. Several more were disarmed; and those who escaped best carried the marks of victory to the grave with them. Hence it is always recorded in the old records as the "gentle and joyous arms of Ashby."

It was now the duty of Prince John to name the knight who had done best, he determined that the honour should remain with the knight whom the popular voice termed *Le Noir Faineant*. It was pointed out to him, in impeachment of this decree, that the victor was in fact won by the Disinherited Knight, who, on the day, had overcome six champions with ease, and who had finally unhorsed and struck the leader of the opposite party. But Prince John, in his own opinion, on the ground that the Disinherited Knight and his party had lost the day but for the assistance of the Knight of the Black Armour, therefore, he persisted in awarding the prize.

To the surprise of all present, however, the knight thus named was nowhere to be found. He had left the lists long before the conflict ceased, and had been followed by some spectators to move down one of the forest paths in the same slow pace and listless and indifferent manner which had procured him the epithet of the Black Knight.

After he had been summoned twice by sound of trumpet and proclamation of the heralds, it became

necessary to name another to receive the honours had been assigned to him. Prince John had now a further excuse for resisting the claim of the Disinherited Knight, whom, therefore, he named the champion day.

Through a field slippery with blood and encumbered with broken armour and the bodies of slain and wounded horses, the marshals of the lists again conducted the knight to the foot of Prince John's throne.

"Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since that title only you will consent to be known to me, I award a second time a ward to you the honours of this tournament and announce to you your right to claim and receive the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty the champion's honour which your valour has justly deserved."

The Knight bowed low and gracefully, but returned no answer.

While the trumpets sounded, while the heralds raised their voices in proclaiming honour to the brave and glory to the victor, while ladies waved their silken kerchiefs and embroidered veils, and while all ranks joined in a chorus shout of exultation, the marshals conducted the disinherited Knight across the lists to the foot of that throne of honour which was occupied by the Lady Rowena.

On the lower step of this throne the champion was to kneel down. Indeed, his whole action since the tournament had ended seemed rather to have been upon the impulse of those around him than from his own free will; and he observed that he tottered as they guided him the whole time across the lists. Rowena, descending from her throne with a graceful and dignified step, was about to place the chaplet which she held in her hand upon the head of the champion, when the marshals exclaimed with a loud voice, "*It must not be thus; his head must be bare.*" The knight muttered faintly a few words, which were

w of his helmet; but their purport seemed to be that his casque might not be removed.

her from love of form or from curiosity, the married no attention to his expressions of reluctance, but him by cutting the laces of his casque, and unfastening of his gorget. When the helmet was re-

he well-formed yet sunburnt features of a young twenty-five were seen, amidst a profusion of short

His countenance was as pale as death, and in one or two places with streaks of blood.

na had no sooner beheld him than she uttered a shriek; but at once summoning up the energy of her

and compelling herself, as it were, to proceed,

frame yet trembled with the violence of sudden

she placed upon the drooping head of the victor

did chaplet which was the destined reward of the

pronounced in a clear and distinct tone these

"I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the

valour assigned to this day's victor." Here she

moment, and then firmly added, "And upon

more worthy could a wreath of chivalry never be

might stooped his head and kissed the hand of the

vereign by whom his valour had been rewarded;

sinking yet farther forward, lay prostrate at her

was a general consternation. Cedric, who had

stark mute by the sudden appearance of his banished

rushed forward, as if to separate him from

But this had been already accomplished by the

of the field, who, guessing the cause of Ivanhoe's

and hastened to undo his armour, and found that the

lance had penetrated his breastplate and inflicted

in his side.

## CHAPTER XIII

"Heroes, approach!" Atrides thus aloud;  
"Stand forth distinguish'd from the circling crowd,  
Ye who by skill or manly force may claim  
Your rivals to surpass and merit fame.  
This cow, worth twenty oxen, is decreed  
For him who farthest sends the winged reed."

*Iliad.*

The name of Ivanhoe was no sooner pronounced it flew from mouth to mouth with all the celerity with which eagerness could convey and curiosity receive it. It was not long ere it reached the circle of the Prince, whose countenance darkened as he heard the news. Looking around him, however, with an air of scorn, "My lords," said he, "especially you, Sir Prior, what think ye of the doctrine which the learned tell us concerning innate attractions and antipathies? Methinks that I felt the presence of my brother's minion, even when I least guessed whom yonder stranger's armour inclosed."

"Front-de-Bœuf must prepare to restore his fief of Norham," said De Bracy, who, having discharged his part bravely in the tournament, had laid his shield and banner aside, and again mingled with the Prince's retinue.

"Ay," answered Waldemar Fitzurse, "this gallehoun is likely to reclaim the castle and manor which Richard assigned to him, and which your Highness's generosity has since given to Front-de-Bœuf."

"Front-de-Bœuf," replied John, "is a man more likely to swallow three manors such as Ivanhoe than to dis-

\* *Fief*. Land granted by the sovereign and held by the vassal on condition of feudal service. See note, page 42.

them. For the rest, sirs, I hope none here will deny that to confer the fiefs of the crown upon the faithful vassals who are around me, and ready to perform the military service, in the room of those who have wandered to foreign countries, and can neither render homage nor service when called upon."

The audience were too much interested in the question to pronounce the Prince's assumed right altogether probable. "A generous Prince! a most noble Lord, who takes upon himself the task of rewarding his faithful vassals!"

These were the words which burst from the train, expecting them of similar grants at the expense of King Richard's followers and favourites, if indeed they had not already received such. Prior Aymer also assented to the proposition, observing, however, "That the blessed land could not indeed be termed a foreign country. *communis mater*<sup>1</sup>—the mother of all Christians. I saw not," he declared, "how the Knight of Ivanhoe could lead any advantage from this, since he (the Prior) learned that the crusaders under Richard had never advanced much farther than Askalon, which, as all the world knew, was a town of the Philistines, and entitled to the privileges of the Holy City."

Demar, whose curiosity had led him towards the place where Ivanhoe had fallen to the ground, now returned.

"The gallant," said he, "is likely to give your lordship little disturbance, and to leave Front-de-Bœuf in quiet possession of his gains; he is severely wounded."

"Whatever becomes of him," said Prince John, "he is not of the day; and were he tenfold our enemy, or the friend of our brother, which is perhaps the same, our hands must be looked to; our own physician shall attend him."

A smile curled the Prince's lip as he spoke. Walter

<sup>1</sup> *COMMUNIS MATER*. "Common mother."



demar Fitzurse hastened to reply that Ivanhoe was already removed from the lists, and in the custody of his friends.

"I was somewhat afflicted," he said, "to see the grief of the Queen of Love and Beauty, whose sovereignty of a day at this event has changed into mourning. I am not a man to be moved by a woman's lament for her lover, but this Lady Rowena suppressed her sorrow with such dignified manner that it could only be discovered by her folded hand and her tearless eye, which trembled as it remained fixed on the lifeless form before her."

"Who is this Lady Rowena," said Prince John, "whom we have heard so much?"

"A Saxon heiress of large possessions," replied the Priester Aymer; "a rose of loveliness, and a jewel of wealth. The fairest among a thousand, a bundle of myrrh, and a clasp of camphire."<sup>1</sup>

"We shall cheer her sorrows," said Prince John, "and amend her blood, by wedding her to a Norman. She seems a minor, and must therefore be at our royal disposal in marriage. How sayst thou, De Bracy? What thinkest thou of gaining fair lands and livings, by wedding a Saxon after the fashion of the followers of the Conqueror?"

"If the lands are to my liking, my lord," answered De Bracy, "it will be hard to displease me with a bride. I deeply will I hold myself bound to your Highness for good deed, which will fulfil all promises made in favour of your servant and vassal."

"We will not forget it," said Prince John; "and that I may instantly go to work, command our seneschal present to order the attendance of the Lady Rowena and her company—that is, the rude churl her guardian, and the Saxon whom the Black Knight struck down in the tournament—upon this evening's banquet. De Bigot," he added to his seneschal, "thou wilt word this our second summons courteously as to gratify the pride of these Saxons,

<sup>1</sup> BUNDLE OF MYRRH, etc. See Song of Solomon 1 13, 14

impossible for them again to refuse; although, by the courtesy of Becket,<sup>1</sup> to them is casting pearls before swine."

Prince John had proceeded thus far, and was about to give a signal for retiring from the lists, when a small billet was put into his hand.

"From whence?" said Prince John, looking at the person from whom it was delivered.

"From foreign parts, my lord, but from whence I know not," replied his attendant. "A Frenchman brought it to me, who said he had ridden night and day to put it into the hands of your Highness."

Prince looked narrowly at the superscription, and at the seal, placed so as to secure the floss-silk<sup>2</sup> with which the billet was surrounded, and which bore the emblem of three fleurs-de-lis. John then opened the billet with a parent agitation, which visibly and greatly increased when he had perused the contents, which were expressed in the following words:

"Attend to yourself, for the Devil is unchained!"

Prince turned as pale as death, looked first on the ground and then up to heaven, like a man who has received a death sentence of execution has been passed upon him. Rising from the first effects of his surprise, he took Fitzurse and De Bracy aside, and put the billet into their hands successively. "It means," he added, in a low voice, "that my brother Richard has obtained his freedom."

"It may be a false alarm or a forged letter," said De Bracy.

"It is France's own hand and seal,"<sup>3</sup> replied Prince John.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas à Becket. Archbishop of Canterbury, assassinated at the instigation of Henry II. and afterward canonized by the church. The shrine of Becket was the most popular one in England, and was the resort of thousands of pilgrims, including those made famous by Chaucer.

<sup>2</sup> Floss-silk. soft, untwisted silk.

<sup>3</sup> OWN HAND, etc. The hand of King Philip of France, who was the author of the letter.

"It is time, then," said Fitzurse, "to draw our party to a head, either at York or some other central<sup>1</sup> place. A few days later, and it will be indeed too late. Your Highness must break short this present mummery."

"The yeomen and commons," said De Bracy, "must not be dismissed discontented, for lack of their share in the sports."

"The day," said Waldemar, "is not yet very far spent; let the archers shoot a few rounds at the target, and the prize be adjudged. This will be an abundant fulfilment of the Prince's promises, so far as this herd of Saxon serfs is concerned."

"I thank thee, Waldemar," said the Prince; "thou mindest me, too, that I have a debt to pay to that insolent peasant who yesterday insulted our person. Our banquet also shall go forward to-night as we proposed. Were this my last hour of power, it should be an hour sacred to revenge and to pleasure; let new cares come with to-morrow's new day."

The sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by his and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival; nevertheless, that, unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn mounted with silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of silvan sports.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-keepers in the roval forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom the

<sup>1</sup> CENTRICAL. Central.

matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the almost certain defeat. For in those days the celebrated marksman was as well known for his skill around him as the qualities of a horse trained at the same place are familiar to those who frequent that well-known spot.

The finished list of competitors for silvan fame still numbered eight. Prince John stepped from his royal chariot more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the challenger, whom he observed standing on the bank with the same composed countenance which he exhibited upon the preceding day.

"I guessed by thy insolent behaviour," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent behaviour that wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou wilt not adventure thy skill among such merry men as these."

"I have another reason," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing disgrace."

"What is thy other reason?" said Prince John, whose curiosity which perhaps he could not himself have resisted, felt a painful curiosity respecting this indi-

"I know not if these yeomen," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen are used to shoot at the same marks; and be-  
over, I know not how your Grace might relish the chance of a third prize by one who has unwittingly incurred your displeasure."

Prince John coloured as he put the question, "What is thy name?"

"My name," answered the yeoman, "is Locksley."

"Thou shalt shoot," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot when these yeomen have displayed their skill."

If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty gold nobles<sup>1</sup> but if thou locest it, thou shalt be stript of thy green and scourged out of the lists with bowstring wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your Grace's power, supported, as it is by many men-at-arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the Prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Never will I obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men-at-arms," said the Prince. "his heart is sinking; I am jealous lest he attempt to shirk the trial. And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly. A buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment yonder tent, when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the great avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern lists. The distance between that station and the mark was a full distance for what was called a shot at rovers<sup>2</sup> archers having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank termed the provost of the games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded if they condescended to superintend the sports of the meaner manry.

<sup>1</sup> *Nobles*. Gold coins worth about a dollar and a half.

<sup>2</sup> *Rovers*. With an elevation, not on the line.



by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and others ranged so near it that, considering the distance mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten which hit the target, two within the inner ring were Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the profit of the sports?"

"If it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to leave my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to me at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but I trust I have drawn a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust I shall not dishonour his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his stand with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, the centre or grasping place was nigh level with his ear. He drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his

antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety, pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

"By the light of Heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate<sup>1</sup> knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "If your Highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a bow——"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John. "Shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout!<sup>2</sup> in the clout! a Hubert for ever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said Prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor.

<sup>1</sup> RUNAGATE. Renegade—one who renounces his faith; from Latin *negare*, to deny.

<sup>2</sup> CLOUT. The bull's-eye: perhaps marked at first by a clout; i.e., a piece of white cloth.

split to shivers. The people who stood around  
astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they  
even give vent to their surprise in their usual

"This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and  
blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery  
has not been seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"Now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's  
leave to plant such a mark as is used in the North  
and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try  
to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."  
Then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards  
be," he said, "if you please; I go but to cut a rod  
from the next willow-bush."

John made a signal that some attendants should  
be ready in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame!"  
which burst from the multitude induced him to  
another generous purpose.

They returned almost instantly with a willow wand  
about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather  
thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with  
his knife, observing at the same time that to ask a  
man to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto  
been was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own  
sake," said he, "and in the land where he was bred, men  
soon take for their mark King Arthur's round  
table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven  
years," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless  
arrow." "Now," added he, walking deliberately to the other end  
of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the  
ground, "he that hits that rod at fivescore yards, I call him  
worthy to bear both bow and quiver before a king, and  
to be called stout King Richard himself."

"Now," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the  
battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life  
as this. I will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod

I give him the bucklers;<sup>1</sup> or rather, I yield to the devil, that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley. "No man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archers vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the low rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bug thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make thee fifty if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that, if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I lend to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as I, and as my grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial he would have hit the wand as well as I."

<sup>1</sup> **BUCKLERS.** Small round shields carried on the arm, the usual protection at sword-play.

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape her observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

The victorious archer would not perhaps have escaped the Prince's attention so easily, had not that Prince had other objects of anxious and more important meditation pressing upon his mind at that instant. He called upon his chamberlain as he gave the signal for retiring from the lists, and commanded him instantly to gallop to Ashby and seek Isaac the Jew. "Tell the dog," he said, "to send me, ere sundown, two thousand crowns. He knows the worth of my ring; but thou mayst show him this ring for a token. The rest of the money must be paid at York within six days. If he neglects, I will have the unbelieving villain's head. Mark that thou pass him not on the way; for the circumcised slave was displaying his stolen finery amongst us."

So saying, the Prince resumed his horse, and returned to Ashby, the whole crowd breaking up and dispersing upon retreat.



## CHAPTER XIV

In rough magnificence array'd,  
When ancient chivalry display'd  
The pomp of her heroic games,  
And crested chiefs and tissued dames  
Assembled, at the clarion's call,  
In some proud castle's high arch'd hall.  
WARTON.

Prince John held his high festival in the Castle by. This was not the same building of which the ruins still interest the traveller, and which was erected in a later period by the Lord Hastings, High Chamberlain of England, one of the first victims of the tyranny of the Third, and yet better known as one of Shakespeare's characters than by his historical fame. The castle of Ashby, at this time, belonged to Roger de Lacy, Earl of Winchester, who, during the period of our story, was absent in the Holy Land. Prince John, in the meanwhile, occupied his castle, and disposed of his domains without scruple; and seeking at present to dazzle men by his hospitality and magnificence, had given orders for all necessary preparations, in order to render the banquet as splendid as possible.

The purveyors of the Prince, who exercised on other occasions the full authority of royalty, had levied from the country of all that could be collected which was fit for their master's table. Guests also were invited in great numbers; and in the necessity in which he then was of courting popularity, Prince John had issued his invitation to a few distinguished Saxon and Dan-

<sup>1</sup> DANISH. Beginning with the Danish invasions in the ninth century, a large tract in Eastern England was settled by these people, and was called the Danelagh. Names of towns ending in by as Warrington, are frequent in this district, as by was the Danish word for town.

as well as to the Norman nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. However despised and degraded on ordinary occasions, the great numbers of the Anglo-Saxons necessarily render them formidable in the civil commotion which seemed approaching, and it was an obvious policy to secure popularity with their leaders.

It was accordingly the Prince's intention, which he for some time maintained, to treat these unwonted guests with civility to which they had been little accustomed. But though no man with less scruple made his ordinary habits and feelings bend to his interest, it was the misfortune of John that his levity and petulance were perpetually breaking out, and undoing all that had been gained by his dissimulation.

On this fickle temper he gave a memorable example in 1177, when sent thither by his father, Henry the Second, for the purpose of buying golden opinions of the inhabitants of that new and important acquisition to the English empire.

Upon this occasion the Irish chieftains contended that they should first offer to the young Prince their loyal homage and the kiss of peace. But, instead of receiving civilities and attentions with courtesy, John and his petulant attendants could not resist the temptation of pulling the long hair of the Irish chieftains—a conduct which, as might have been expected, was highly resented by these insulted chiefs, and produced fatal consequences to the English expedition in Ireland. It is necessary to keep these inconsistencies of John's character in view, that the reader may understand his conduct during the present evening.

In the execution of the resolution which he had formed during cooler moments, Prince John received Cedric and his wife with distinguished courtesy, and expressed his regret and repentment, without resentment, when the indisposition of Rowena was alleged by the former as a reason for her not attending upon his gracious summons. Cedric and his wife were both dressed in the ancient Saxon garb.

which, although not unhandsome in itself, and in the present instance composed of costly materials, was so remote in shape and appearance from that of the other guests that Prince John took great credit to himself with Waldemar Fitzurse for refraining from laughter at a sight which the fashion of the day rendered ridiculous. Yet, in the eye of sober judgment, the short close tunic and long mantle of the Saxons was a more graceful, as well as a more convenient, dress than the garb of the Normans, whose undergarment was a long doublet, so loose as to resemble a shirt or waggoner's frock, covered by a cloak of scanty dimensions, neither fit to defend the wearer from cold or from rain, and the only purpose of which appeared to be to display as much fur, embroidery, and jewellery work as the ingenuity of the tailor could contrive to lay upon it. The Emperor Charlemagne, in whose reign they were first introduced, seems to have been very sensible of the inconveniences arising from the fashion of this garment. "Heaven's name," said he, "to what purpose serve these abridged cloaks? If we are in bed they are no cover, on horseback they are no protection from the wind and rain, and when seated they do not guard our legs from the damp or the frost."

Nevertheless, spite of this imperial objurgation, the short cloaks continued in fashion down to the time of which we treat, and particularly among the princes of the house of Anjou. They were therefore in universal use among Prince John's courtiers; and the long mantle, which formed the upper garment of the Saxons, was held in proportionate derision.

The guests were seated at a table which groaned under the quantity of good cheer. The numerous cooks who attended on the Prince's progress, having exerted all their art in varying the forms in which the ordinary provisions were served up, had succeeded almost as well as the most professors of the culinary art in rendering them perfect.

their natural appearance. Besides these dishes of Saxon origin, there were various delicacies brought from foreign parts, and a quantity of rich pastry, as well as of the *bread*<sup>1</sup> and *wastel cakes*,<sup>2</sup> which were only used at tables of the highest nobility. The banquet was served with the richest wines, both foreign and domestic. Yet, though luxurious, the Norman nobles were not, generally speaking, an intemperate race. While indulging themselves in the pleasures of the table, they aimed at delicacy but avoided excess, and were apt to attribute gluttony andunkenness to the vanquished Saxons, as vices peculiar to their inferior station. Prince John, indeed, and those who courted his pleasure by imitating his foibles, were apt to indulge to excess in the pleasures of the trencher and goblet; and indeed it is well known that his death was hastened by a surfeit upon peaches and new ale. His son, however, was an exception to the general manners of his countrymen.

With sly gravity, interrupted only by private signs to one another, the Norman knights and nobles beheld the demeanour of Athelstane and Cedric at a banquet to which the simplicity and fashion of which they were unaccustomed. While their manners were thus the subject of sarcastic observation, the untaught Saxons unwittingly transgressed many of the arbitrary rules established for the regulation of society. Now, it is well known that a man may with impunity be guilty of an actual breach either of real breeding or of good morals, than appear ignorant of the most minute point of fashionable etiquette. Thus one who dried his hands with a towel, instead of suffering the moisture to exhale by waving them gracefully in the air, incurred more ridicule than his companion Athelstane when he swallowed to his own single share the whole

<sup>1</sup> *BREAD.* Made of fine bolted flour. Compare German *Semmel*.

<sup>2</sup> *WASTEL.* From Old French *gastel*, modern French *gâteau*, cake made of fine quality of flour.

of a large pasty composed of the most exquisite foreign delicacies, and termed at that time a "karum pie." When, however, it was discovered, by a serious cross-examination, that the thane of Coningsburgh—or franklin, as the Normans termed him—had no idea what he had been devouring, and that he had taken the contents of the "karum pie" for larks and pigeons, whereas they were in fact beccaficoes and nightingales, his ignorance brought him in for a ample share of the ridicule which would have been more justly bestowed on his gluttony.

The long feast had at length its end; and, while the goblet circulated freely, men talked of the feats of the preceding tournament—of the unknown victor in the archery games, of the Black Knight, whose self-denial had induced him to withdraw from the honours he had won, and of the gallant Ivanhoe, who had so dearly bought the honours of the day. The topics were treated with military frankness, and the jest and laugh went round the hall. The brow of Prince John alone was overclouded during these discussions; some overpowering care seemed agitating his mind, and it was only when he received occasional hints from his attendants that he seemed to take interest in what was passing around him. On such occasions he would start up, quaff a cup of wine as if to raise his spirits, and then mingle in the conversation by some observation made abruptly and at random.

"We drink this beaker," said he, "to the health of Wilfred of Ivanhoe, champion of this passage of arms, and to grieve that his wound renders him absent from our board. Let all fill to the pledge, and especially Cedric of Rotherwood, the worthy father of a son so promising."

"No, my lord," replied Cedric, standing up, and placing on the table his untasted cup, "I yield not the name of son to the disobedient youth who at once despises my com-

\* BECCAFICOES. "Flg-peckers", small song-birds resembling nightingales.



ad relinquishes the manners and customs of his

impossible," cried Prince John, with well-feigned repent, "that so gallant a knight should be an un-  
disobedient son!"

my lord," answered Cedric, "so it is with this

He left my homely dwelling to mingle with the  
city of your brother's court, where he learned to do  
sks of horsemanship which you prize so highly.  
it contrary to my wish and command; and in the  
dred that would have been termed disobedience—  
crime severely punishable."

"I" replied Prince John, with a deep sigh of  
sympathy, "since your son was a follower of my  
brother, it need not be inquired where or from  
learned the lesson of filial disobedience."

spoke Prince John, wilfully forgetting that, of all  
of Henry the Second, though no one was free from  
e, he himself had been most distinguished for re-  
nd ingratitude to his father.

ak," said he, after a moment's pause, "that my  
proposed to confer upon his favourite the rich  
Ivanhoe."

did endow him with it," answered Cedric; "nor is  
it quarrel with my son that he stooped to hold, as  
vassal, the very domains which his fathers pos-  
sessed free and independent right."

shall then have your willing sanction, good Ced-  
Prince John, "to confer this fief upon a person  
quity will not be diminished by holding land of the  
crown. Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," he said,  
towards that baron, "I trust you will so keep the  
irony of Ivanhoe that Sir Wilfred shall not incur  
his farther displeasure by again entering upon that

Anthony!" answered the black-browed giant,

will consent that your Highness shall hold me a Saxon, or either Cedric or Wilfred, or the best that ever bore English blood, shall wrench from me the gift with which your Highness has graced me."

"Whoever shall call thee Saxon, Sir Baron," replied Cedric, offended at a mode of expression by which the Normans frequently expressed their habitual contempt of the English, "will do thee an honour as great as it is undeserved."

Front-de-Bœuf would have replied, but Prince John's petulance and levity got the start.

"Assuredly," said he, "my lords, the noble Cedric speaks truth; and his race may claim precedence over us as much in the length of their pedigrees as in the longitude of their cloaks."

"They go before us indeed in the field, as deer before dogs," said Malvoisin.

"And with good right may they go before us; forget not," said the Prior Aymer, "the superior decency and decorum of their manners."

"Their singular abstemiousness and temperance," said De Bracy, forgetting the plan which promised him a Saxon bride.

"Together with the courage and conduct," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "by which they distinguished themselves at Hastings and elsewhere."

While, with smooth and smiling cheek, the courtiers each in turn, followed their Prince's example, and aimed a shaft of ridicule at Cedric, the face of the Saxon became inflamed with passion, and he glanced his eyes fiercely from one to another, as if the quick succession of so many injuries had prevented his replying to them in turn; or, like a baited bull, who, surrounded by his tormentors, is at a loss to choose from among them the immediate object of his revenge. At length he spoke, in a voice half-choked with passion; and, addressing himself to Prince John as the

of the offence which he had received, "Whatever," have been the follies and vices of our race, a Saxon has been held *nidering*<sup>1</sup> (the most emphatic term of worthlessness) who should in his own hall, and with his own wine-cup passed, have treated, or suffered to be treated, as an unoffending guest as your Highness has this day treated me; and whatever was the misfortune of our race at the field of Hastings, those may at least be silent and look at Front-de-Bœuf and the Templar who within these few hours once and again lost saddle and life before the lance of a Saxon."

"By faith, a biting jest!" said Prince John. "How true, sirs? Our Saxon subjects rise in spirit and become shrewd in wit and bold in bearing, in these times. What say ye, my lords? By this good omen, would it best to take our galleys and return to Normandy?"

"Fear of the Saxons?" said De Bracy, laughing. "We need no weapon but our hunting spears to vanquish the boars to bay."

"Be with your raillery, Sir Knights," said Fitzurse; "we are well," he added, addressing the Prince, "that your Highness should assure the worthy Cedric there is no need to add to him by jests which must sound but harshly to the ear of a stranger."

"I" answered Prince John, resuming his courtesy to Cedric; "I trust it will not be thought that I could permit any to be offered in my presence. Here! I will say to Cedric himself, since he refuses to pledge his word."

"He" went round amid the well-dissembled applause of the courtiers, which, however, failed to make the impres-

<sup>1</sup> There was nothing accounted so ignominious among the Saxons as to merit this disgraceful epithet. Even William the Conqueror, who was by them continued to draw a considerable army of Anglo-Saxons to his standard, by threatening to stigmatize those who staid at home as *atholinas*. I think mentions a similar phrase which had been used by the Danes. L. T. [SCOTT.]

sion on the mind of the Saxon that had been designed. He was not naturally acute of perception, but those too much undervalued his understanding who deemed that this flattering compliment would obliterate the sense of the previous insult. He was silent, however, when the royal pledge again passed round, "To Sir Athelstane of Coningsburgh."

The knight made his obeisance, and showed his sense of the honour by draining a huge goblet in answer to it.

"And now, sirs," said Prince John, who began to be warmed with the wine which he had drank, "having done justice to our Saxon guests, we will pray of them some requital to our courtesy. Worthythane," he continued, addressing Cedric, "may we pray you to name to us some Norman whose mention may least sully your mouth, and to wash down with a goblet of wine all bitterness which the sound may leave behind it?"

Fitzurse arose while Prince John spoke, and gliding behind the seat of the Saxon, whispered to him not to omit the opportunity of putting an end to unkindness betwixt the two races by naming Prince John. The Saxon replied not to this politic insinuation, but, rising up, and filling his cup to the brim, he addressed Prince John in these words: "Your Highness has required that I should name a Norman deserving to be remembered at our banquet. This, perchance, is a hard task, since it calls on the slave to sing the praises of the master—upon the vanquished, while pressed by all the evils of conquest, to sing the praises of the conqueror. Yet I *will* name a Norman—the first in arms and in place—the best and the noblest of his race. And to lips that shall refuse to pledge me to his well-earned fame I term false and dishonoured, and will so maintain them with my life. I quaff this goblet to the health of Richard the Lion-hearted!"

Prince John, who had expected that his own name would have closed the Saxon's speech, started when that of his injured brother was so unexpectedly introduced.

mechanically the wine-cup to his lips, then instantly turned, to view the demeanour of the company at this bold proposal, which many of them felt it as unsafe as to comply with. Some of them, ancient and aged courtiers, closely imitated the example of the king himself, raising the goblet to their lips, and again presenting it before them. There were many who, with a generous feeling, exclaimed, "Long live King Richard! may he be speedily restored to us!" And some among whom were Front-de-Bœuf and the Templar, in disdain suffered their goblets to stand untasted by them. But no man ventured directly to gainsay a toast dedicated to the health of the reigning monarch.

Long as Cedric enjoyed his triumph for about a minute, Cedric his companion, "Up, noble Athelstane! we have tarried here long enough, since we have requited the courtesy of Prince John's banquet. Those who know further of our rude Saxon manners must now seek us in the homes of our fathers, since we have had enough of royal banquets and enough of Norman

drinking, he arose and left the banqueting-room, followed by Athelstane, and by several other guests, who, particularly the Saxon lineage, held themselves insulted by the manners of Prince John and his courtiers.

"The bones of St. Thomas," said Prince John, as they departed, "the Saxon churls have borne off the best of the feast; they have retreated with triumph!"

"*Amatum est, poculatum est.*" said Prior Aymer: "We are drunk and we have shouted, it were time we left the flagons."

"A monk hath some fair penitent to shrive to-night, and is in such a hurry to depart," said De Bracy.

"So, Sir Knight," replied the Abbot; "but I must press forward this evening upon my homeward journey."



"They are breaking up," said the Prince in a whisper to Fitzurse; "their fears anticipate the event, and this coward Prior is the first to shrink from me."

"Fear not, my lord," said Waldemar; "I will show him such reasons as shall induce him to join us when we hold our meeting at York. "Sir Prior," he said, "I must speak with you in private before you mount your palfrey."

The other guests were now fast dispersing with the exception of those immediately attached to Prince John's faction and his retinue.

"This, then, is the result of your advice," said the Prince, turning an angry countenance upon Fitzurse; "that I should be bearded at my own board by a drunken Saxon churl, and that, on the mere sound of my brother's name, men should fall off from me as if I had the leprosy?"

"Have patience, sir," replied his counsellor; "I might retort your accusation, and blame the inconsiderate levity which foiled my design, and misled your own better judgment. But this is no time for recrimination. De Bracy and I will instantly go among these shuffling cowards and convince them they have gone too far to recede."

"It will be in vain," said Prince John, pacing the apartment with disordered steps, and expressing himself with agitation to which the wine he had drunk partly contributed—"it will be in vain; they have seen the handwriting on the wall—they have marked the paw of the lion in the sand—they have heard his approaching roar shake the wood; nothing will reanimate their courage."

"Would to God," said Fitzurse to De Bracy, "that anguish could reanimate his own! His brother's very name is a talisman to him. Unhappy are the counsellors of a prince who wants fortitude and perseverance alike in good and evil!"

## CHAPTER XV

And yet he thinks ha, ha, ha, ha—he thinks  
I am the tool and servant of his will.  
Well, let it be; through all the maze of trouble  
His plots and base oppression must create,  
I'll shape myself a way to higher things,  
And who will say 'tis wrong?

*Basil, a Tragedy.*

A spider ever took more pains to repair the shattered  
as of his web than did Waldemar Fitzurse to reunite  
combine the scattered members of Prince John's cabal.  
If these were attached to him from inclination, and  
from personal regard. It was therefore necessary  
Fitzurse should open to them new prospects of advan-  
and remind them of those which they at present  
ed. To the young and wild nobles he held out the  
act of unpunished license and uncontrolled revelry, to  
ambitious that of power, and to the covetous that of  
ed wealth and extended domains. The leaders of  
mercenaries received a donation in gold—an argument  
most persuasive to their minds, and without which all  
would have proved in vain. Promises were still  
liberally distributed than money by this active agent;  
in fine, nothing was left undone that could determine  
covering or animate the disheartened. The return  
ing Richard he spoke of as an event altogether beyond  
reach of probability; yet, when he observed, from the  
ful looks and uncertain answers which he received,  
this was the apprehension by which the minds of his  
vices were most haunted, he boldly treated the

event, should it really take place, as one which ought not to alter their political calculations.

"If Richard returns," said Fitzurse, "he returns to enrich his needy and impoverished crusaders at the expense of those who did not follow him to the Holy Land. He returns to call to a fearful reckoning those who, during his absence, have done aught that can be construed offence or encroachment upon either the laws of the land or the privileges of the crown. He returns to avenge upon the Orders of the Temple and the Hospital the preference which they showed to Philip of France during the wars of the Holy Land. He returns, in fine, to punish as a rebel every adherent of his brother Prince John. Are ye afraid of his power?" continued the artful confidant of the Prince; "we acknowledge him a strong and valiant knight, but these are not the days of King Arthur, when a champion could encounter an army. If Richard indeed come back, it must be alone, unfollowed, unfriended. The bones of his gallant army have whitened the sands of Palestine. The few of his followers who have returned have straggled hither like this Wilfred of Ivanhoe, beggared and broken men. And what talk ye of Richard's right of birth?" he proceeded, in answer to those who objected scruples on that head. "Is Richard's title of primogeniture more decidedly certain than that of Duke Robert of Normandy, the Conqueror's eldest son? And yet William the Red and Henry, his second and third brothers, were successively preferred to him by the voice of the nation. Robert had every merit which can be pleaded for Richard: he was a bold knight, a good leader, generous to his friends and to the church, and, to crown the whole, a crusader and a conqueror of the Holy Sepulchre; and yet he died a blind and miserable prisoner in the Castle of Cardiff, because he opposed himself to the will of the people, who chose that he should not rule over them. It is our right," he said, "to choose from the blood royal the prince who is best qualified

and the supreme power—that is,” said he, correcting himself, “him whose election will best promote the interests of nobility. In personal qualifications,” he added, “it is possible that Prince John might be inferior to his brother Richard; but when it was considered that the latter brandished the sword of vengeance in his hand, while the former held out rewards, immunities, privileges, and honours, it could not be doubted which was the king whom in wisdom the nobility were called on to support.”

These, and many more arguments, some adapted to the peculiar circumstances of those whom he addressed, had unexpected weight with the nobles of Prince John’s faction.

Most of them consented to attend the proposed meeting at York, for the purpose of making general arrangements for placing the crown upon the head of Prince John.

It was late at night when, worn out and exhausted with various exertions, however gratified with the result, De Bracy, returning to the Castle of Ashby, met with De Fitzurse, who had exchanged his banqueting garments for a green kirtle,<sup>1</sup> with hose of the same cloth and colour, a horn cap or headpiece, a short sword, a horn slung on his shoulder, a long-bow in his hand, and a bundle of arrows stuck in his belt. Had Fitzurse met this figure in a private apartment, he would have passed him without notice as one of the yeomen of the guard; but finding him in the inner hall, he looked at him with more attention, and recognised the Norman knight in the dress of an English

“That mummerly is this, De Bracy?” said Fitzurse, saying so angrily: “is this a time for Christmas gambols and quaint maskings, when the fate of our master, Prince John, is on the very verge of decision? Why hast thou not come like me, among these heartless cravens whom the very

<sup>1</sup> Here, a doublet

name of King Richard terrifies, as it is said to do the children of the Saracens?"

"I have been attending to mine own business," answered De Bracy, calmly, "as you, Fitzurse, have been minding yours."

"In minding mine own business!" echoed Waldemar. "I have been engaged in that of Prince John, our joint patron."

"As if thou hadst any other reason for that, Waldemar," said De Bracy, "than the promotion of thine own individual interest! Come, Fitzurse, we know each other: ambition is thy pursuit, pleasure is mine, and they become our differences. Of Prince John thou thinkest as I do—that he is too weak to be a determined monarch, too tyrannical to be a easy monarch, too insolent and presumptuous to be a popular monarch, and too fickle and timid to be long a monarch of any kind. But he is a monarch by whom Fitzurse and De Bracy hope to rise and thrive; and therefore you aid him with your policy, and I with the lances of my Free Companions."

"A hopeful auxiliary," said Fitzurse, impatiently, "playing the fool in the very moment of utter necessity. What on earth dost thou purpose by this absurd disguise at a moment so urgent?"

"To get me a wife," answered De Bracy, coolly, "after the manner of the tribe of Benjamin."<sup>1</sup>

"The tribe of Benjamin!" said Fitzurse. "I comprehend thee not."

"Wert thou not in presence yesternight," said De Bracy, "when we heard the Prior Aymer tell us a tale in reply to the romance which was sung by the minstrel? He told how, long since in Palestine, a deadly feud arose between the tribe of Benjamin and the rest of the Israelitish nation, and how they cut to pieces well-nigh all the chivalry of that tribe: and how they swore by our blessed Lady that they

<sup>1</sup> AFTER THE MANNER, etc. See Judges XXI.



not permit those who remained to marry in their  
and how they became grieved for their vow, and  
consult his holiness the Pope how they might be  
from it; and how, by the advice of the Holy  
the youth of the tribe of Benjamin carried off from  
the tournament all the ladies who were there present,  
as won them wives without the consent either of  
sides or their brides' families."

"I have heard the story," said Fitzurse, "though either  
for or thou hast made some singular alterations in  
the circumstances."

"I tell thee," said De Bracy, "that I mean to purvey me  
after the fashion of the tribe of Benjamin; which is  
in as to say, that in this same equipment I will fall  
on that herd of Saxon bullocks who have this night left  
the field, and carry off from them the lovely Rowena."

"Art thou mad, De Bracy?" said Fitzurse. "Bethink  
thyself, though the men be Saxons, they are rich and  
valiant, and regarded with the more respect by their  
women that wealth and honour are but the lot of few  
in descent."

"It should belong to none," said De Bracy; "the work  
of conquest should be completed."

"There is no time for it at least," said Fitzurse; "the  
present crisis renders the favour of the multitude  
valuable, and Prince John cannot refuse justice to  
those who injure their favourites."

"Will he grant it if he dare," said De Bracy; "he will  
not make the difference betwixt the support of such a lusty  
peer as mine and that of a heartless mob of Saxon  
knights."

"Yet I mean no immediate discovery of myself.  
I will not in this garb as bold a forester as ever blew horn?  
The blame of the violence shall rest with the outlaws of the  
dark forests. I have sure spies on the Saxons'

To-night they sleep in the convent of St. Wit-

tol,<sup>1</sup> or Withold, or whatever they call that churl of a saint, at Burton-on-Trent. Next day's march brings within our reach, and, falcon-ways, we swoop on thee once. Presently after I will appear in mine own play the courteous knight, rescue the unfortunate afflicted fair one from the hands of the rude ravisher, duct her to Front-de-Bœuf's castle, or to Normandy, should be necessary, and produce her not again to be dred until she be the bride and dame of Maurice de B.

"A marvellously sage plan," said Fitzurse, "and think, not entirely of thine own device. Come, be De Bracy, who aided thee in the invention? and who assist in the execution? for, as I think, thine own bar as far off as York."

"Marry, if thou must needs know," said De Bracy, "was the Templar Brian de Bois-Guilbert that shaped the enterprise, which the adventure of the men of Lamin suggested to me. He is to aid me in the onslaught, and he and his followers will personate the outlaws, whom my valorous arm is, after changing my gear, to rescue the lady."

"By my halidome," said Fitzurse, "the plan was of your united wisdom! and thy prudence, De Bracy, most especially manifested in the project of leaving the lady in the hands of thy worthy confederate. Thou wilt I think, succeed in taking her from her Saxon friend; how thou wilt rescue her afterwards from the clutches of Bois-Guilbert seems considerably more doubtful. I am a falcon well accustomed to pounce on a partridge and to hold his prey fast."

"He is a Templar," said De Bracy, "and cannot be fore rival me in my plan of wedding this heiress; nor attempt aught dishonourable against the intended bride."

<sup>1</sup> WITTEL. A Saxon word meaning "fool" in thus punning upon the name of St. Withold (see note, page 49). De Bracy aims an irreverent jest at the monks.

—By heaven! were he a whole chapter of his order single person, he dared not do me such an injury!" "since nought that I can say," said Fitzurse, "will folly from thy imagination, for well I know the of thy disposition, at least waste as little time as let not thy folly be lasting as well as untimely." "I thee," answered De Bracy, "that it will be the few hours, and I shall be at York at the head of young and valorous fellows, as ready to support any plan as thy policy can be to form one. But I hear ladies assembling, and the steeds stamping and in the outer court. Farewell. I go, like a true knight, to win the smiles of beauty."

"a true knight!" repeated Fitzurse, looking after him. "a fool, I should say, or like a child, who will make the most serious and needful occupation to chase the bubble the thistle that drives past him. But it is with me that I must work—and for whose advantage? For that of a Prince as unwise as he is profligate, and as ungrateful a master as he has already proved to his son and an unnatural brother. But he—he is one of the tools with which I labour; and, proud as he should be to presume to separate his interest from mine, this is a secret which he shall soon learn."

Reflections of the statesman were here interrupted by the voice of the Prince from an interior apartment calling "Noble Waldemar Fitzurse!" and, with bonnet in hand, the future Chancellor, for to such high preferment every Norman aspire, hastened to receive the orders of his sovereign.

## CHAPTER XVI

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,  
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;  
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well ;  
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,  
Prayer all his business all his pleasure praise.

PARNELL.

The reader cannot have forgotten that the event of the tournament was decided by the exertions of an unknown knight, whom, on account of the passive and indifferent conduct which he had manifested on the former part of the day, the spectators had entitled *Le Noir Faineant*. The knight had left the field abruptly when the victory was achieved; and when he was called upon to receive the reward of his valour he was nowhere to be found. In the mean time, while summoned by heralds and by trumpets, the knight was holding his course northward, avoiding the frequented paths, and taking the shortest road through the woodlands. He paused for the night at a small hostelry, lying out of the ordinary route, where, however, he obtained from a wandering minstrel news of the event of the tourney.

On the next morning the knight departed early, with the intention of making a long journey; the condition of his horse, which he had carefully spared during the preceding morning, being such as enabled him to travel far without the necessity of much repose. Yet his purpose was baffled by the devious paths through which he rode, so that when evening closed upon him he only found himself on the frontiers of the West Riding of Yorkshire. By the

both horse and man required refreshment, and it became necessary, moreover, to look out for some place in which they might spend the night, which was now fast approaching.

The place where the traveller found himself seemed propitious for obtaining either shelter or refreshment, but he was likely to be reduced to the usual expedient of knights errant, who, on such occasions, turned their horses loose, and laid themselves down to meditate on their mistress, with an oak-tree for a canopy. But the Black Knight either had no mistress to meditate upon, or, as indifferent in love as he seemed to be in war, was sufficiently occupied by passionate reflections upon her beauty and cruelty to be able to parry the effects of fatigue and hunger, and suffer love to act as a substitute for the comforts of a bed and supper. He felt dissatisfied, therefore, when, looking around, he found himself deeply involved in woods, through which indeed there were many glades and some paths, but such as seemed only trodden by the numerous herds of cattle which grazed in the forest, or by the animals of chase and the hunters who were the prey of them.

The sun, by which the knight had chiefly directed his way, had now sunk behind the Derbyshire hills on his westward, and every effort which he might make to pursue his way was as likely to lead him out of his road as to hinder him on his route. After having in vain endeavored to select the most beaten path, in hopes it might lead to the cottage of some herdsman or the silvan lodge of a hunter, and having repeatedly found himself totally unable to determine on a choice, the knight resolved to trust to the sagacity of his horse, experience having on former occasions made him acquainted with the wonderful talent possessed by these animals for extricating themselves and their riders on such emergencies.

The good steed, grievously fatigued with so long a day's



journey under a rider cased in mail, had no sooner found by the slackened reins, that he was abandoned to his own guidance, than he seemed to assume new strength and spirit; and whereas formerly he had scarce replied to the spur otherwise than by a groan, he now, as if proud of the confidence reposed in him, pricked up his ears, and assumed, of his own accord, a more lively motion. The path which the animal adopted rather turned off from the course pursued by the knight during the day; but as the horse seemed confident in his choice, the rider abandoned himself to his discretion.

He was justified by the event, for the footpath soon after appeared a little wider and more worn, and the tinkling of a small bell gave the knight to understand that he was in the vicinity of some chapel or hermitage.

Accordingly, he soon reached an open plat of turf, the opposite side of which a rock, rising abruptly from the gently sloping plain, offered its grey and weatherbeaten front to the traveller. Ivy mantled its sides in some places and in others oaks and holly bushes, whose roots found nourishment in the cliffs of the crag, waved over the precipices below, like the plumage of the warrior over his steel helmet, giving grace to that whose chief expression was terror. At the bottom of the rock, and leaning, as it were, against it, was constructed a rude hut, built chiefly of the trunks of trees felled in the neighbouring forest, and secured against the weather by having its crevices stuffed with moss mingled with clay. The stem of a young fir tree, lopped of its branches, with a piece of wood tied across near the top, was planted upright by the door, as a rude emblem of the holy cross. At a little distance on the right hand, a fountain of the purest water trickled out of the rock, and was received in a hollow stone, which labour had formed into a rustic basin. Escaping from thence, the stream murmured down the descent by a channel which its course

long worn, and so wandered through the little plain to itself in the neighbouring wood.

Beside this fountain were the ruins of a very small chapel, of which the roof had partly fallen in. The building when entire, had never been above sixteen feet long by five feet in breadth, and the roof, low in proportion, rested upon four concentric arches which sprung from the corners of the building, each supported upon a short heavy pillar. The ribs of two of these arches remained, though the roof had fallen down betwixt them; the others it remained entire. The entrance to this silent place of devotion was under a very low round arch, ornamented by several courses of that zig-zag moulding, resembling sharks' teeth, which appears so often in the ancient Saxon architecture. A belfry rose above the arch on four small pillars, within which hung the green weatherbeaten bell, the feeble sounds of which had some time before heard by the Black Knight.

The whole peaceful and quiet scene lay glimmering in light before the eyes of the traveller, giving him good chance of lodging for the night, since it was a special duty of those hermits who dwelt in the woods to exercise hospitality towards benighted or bewildered passengers.

Accordingly, the knight took no time to consider minutely the particulars which we have detailed, but thanking Julian,<sup>1</sup> the patron of travellers, who had sent him a harbourage, he leaped from his horse and assailed the door of the hermitage with the butt of his lance, in order to arouse attention and gain admittance.

It was some time before he obtained any answer, and the reply, when made, was unpropitious.

<sup>1</sup> ST. JULIAN. Compare the *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*, ll. 340-354, where Chaucer describes the Franklin thus:

"An householder and that a great, was he;  
Saint Julian he was in his countrie.

His table dormant (permanent) in his hall alway  
Stood ready covered all the live-long day."

"Pass on, whosoever thou art," was the answer given a deep hoarse voice from within the hut, "and disturb the servant of God and St. Dunstan in his evening devotions."

"Worthy father," answered the knight, "here is a wanderer bewildered in these woods, who gives thee opportunity of exercising thy charity and hospitality."

"Good brother," replied the inhabitant of the hermitage, "it has pleased Our Lady and St. Dunstan to designate me for the object of those virtues, instead of the exercise thereof. I have no provisions here which even a dog would share with me, and a horse of any tenderness of nature would despise my couch; pass therefore on thy way, God speed thee."

"But how," replied the knight, "is it possible for me to find my way through such a wood as this, when darkness is coming on? I pray you, reverend father, as you are a Christian, to undo your door, and at least point out to me my road."

"And I pray you, good Christian brother," replied the anchorite, "to disturb me no more. You have already interrupted one *pater*, two *aves*, and a *credo*,<sup>1</sup> which I, a miserable sinner that I am, should, according to my vow, have said before moonrise."

"The road—the road!" vociferated the knight: "give me directions for the road, if I am to expect no more from thee."

"The road," replied the hermit, "is easy to hit. A path from the wood leads to a morass, and from thence to a ford, which, as the rains have abated, may now be passed. When thou hast crossed the ford, thou wilt take care of thy footing up the left bank, as it is somewhat precipitous; the path, which hangs over the river, has lately, as I have said—for I seldom leave the duties of my chapel—given way in sundry places. Thou wilt then keep straight forward—

<sup>1</sup> *PATER*, etc. See note, page 98.

"A broken path—a precipice—a ford—and a morass!" the knight, interrupting him. "Sir Hermit, if you be the holiest that ever wore beard or told bead,<sup>1</sup> you shall prevail on me to hold this road to-night. I tell thee that thou, who livest by the charity of the country—served as I doubt it is—hast no right to refuse shelter to the wayfarer when in distress. Either open the door to me, or, by the rood, I will beat it down and make entry myself."

"Friend wayfarer," replied the hermit, "be not importunate; if thou puttest me to use the carnal weapon in mine defence, it will be e'en the worse for you."

At this moment a distant noise of barking and growling, which the traveller had for some time heard, became exactly loud and furious, and made the knight suppose that the hermit, alarmed by his threat of making forcible entry, had called the dogs, who made this clamour to aid him in defence, out of some inner recess in which they had been hidden. Incensed at this preparation on the hermit's part for making good his inhospitable purpose, the knight struck the door so furiously with his foot that posts as well as planks shook with violence.

The anchorite, not caring again to expose his door to a further shock, now called out aloud: "Patience—patience; use thy strength, good traveller, and I will presently undo the door, though, it may be, my doing so will be little to thy cure."

The door accordingly was opened; and the hermit, a strong-built man, in his sackcloth gown and hood, with a rope of rushes, stood before the knight. He had in his hand a lighted torch, or link, and in the other a staff of crab-tree, so thick and heavy that it might well be used as a club. Two large shaggy dogs, half greyhound, half mastiff, stood ready to rush upon the traveller as soon

<sup>1</sup> *to read*. Telling one's beads is the use of the rosary in repeating the prayers of the Roman Catholic Church. Thus the monks are sometimes called *beadsmen*.

as the door should be opened. But when the torch upon the lofty crest and golden spurs of the knight stood without, the hermit, altering probably his intentions, repressed the rage of his auxiliaries, and, changing his tone to a sort of churlish courtesy, invited the knight to enter his hut, making excuse for his unfitness to open his lodge after sunset by alleging the multitude of robbers and outlaws who were abroad, and who would do him honour to Our Lady or St. Dunstan, nor to those knights who spent life in their service.

"The poverty of your cell, good father," said the knight, looking around him, and seeing nothing but a bed and a crucifix rudely carved in oak, a missal,<sup>1</sup> with a hewn table and two stools, and one or two clumsy articles of furniture—"the poverty of your cell should seem a sufficient defence against any risk of thieves, not to mention the aid of two trusty dogs, large and strong enough to think, to pull down a stag, and, of course, to maul the most men."

"The good keeper of the forest," said the hermit, "allowed me the use of these animals to protect myself until the times shall mend."

Having said this, he fixed his torch in a twist of iron which served for a candlestick; and placed a plank-oaken trivet<sup>2</sup> before the embers of the fire, which refreshed with some dry wood, he placed a stool upon one end of the table, and beckoned to the knight to do the same upon the other.

They sat down, and gazed with great gravity at each other, each thinking in his heart that he had selected a stronger or more athletic figure than was placed opposite to him.

"Reverend hermit," said the knight, after looking

<sup>1</sup> MISSAL. The mass-book from Latin *missa*, the mass.

<sup>2</sup> TRIVET. A three-legged stool or table, from Latin *tripes*. Compare the colloquial phrase, "as tight as a trivet," or "right."



his host, "were it not to interrupt your devout I would pray to know three things of your first, where I am to put my horse? secondly, what for supper? thirdly, where I am to take up my bed for the night?"

"I reply to you," said the hermit, "with my finger, instead of my rule to speak by words where signs can serve for purpose." So saying, he pointed successively to the door of the hut. "Your stable," said he, "is just yonder; and," reaching down a platter with a trencher of parched pease upon it from the neighbour, and placing it upon the table, he added, "your supper."

The knight shrugged his shoulders, and leaving the hut, he led his horse, which in the interim he had fastened to a post, saddled him with much attention, and spread over his weary back his own mantle.

The hermit was apparently somewhat moved to communicate his anxiety as well as address which the stranger was attending his horse; for, muttering something under his breath, he left for the keeper's palfrey, he dragged a bundle of forage, which he spread before the knight's charger, and immediately afterwards shook out a quantity of dried fern in the corner which he had reserved for the rider's couch. The knight returned him thanks for his courtesy; and, this duty done, both resumed their seats at the table, whereon stood the trencher of pease and the trencher of bread. The hermit, after a long grace, which had been Latin, but of which original language there remained, excepting here and there the long repetition of some word or phrase, set example to the knight by modestly putting into a very large mouth, furnished with teeth which might have ranked with those of a bear, a morsel of sharpness and whiteness, some three or four times the size of a miserable grist, as it seemed, for so large and

The knight, in order to follow so laudable an example, laid aside his helmet, his corselet,<sup>1</sup> and the greater part of his armour, and showed to the hermit a head thick with yellow hair, high features, blue eyes, round and bright and sparkling, a mouth well formed, having an upper lip clothed with mustachioes darker than his eyes, and bearing altogether the look of a bold, daring, and enterprising man, with which his strong form well corresponded.

The hermit, as if wishing to answer to the confidence of his guest, threw back his cowl, and showed a round head belonging to a man in the prime of life. His shaven crown, surrounded by a circle of stiff curled hair, had something the appearance of a parish priest's head begirt by its high hedge. The features expressed not the sternness of monastic austerity or of ascetic privations; on the contrary, it was a bold bluff countenance, with broad black brows, a well-turned forehead, and cheeks as rosy as vermilion as those of a trumpeter, from which descended a long and curly black beard. Such a visage, joined to the brawny form of the holy man, spoke rather of sirloin and haunches than of pease and pulse. This incongruity did not escape the guest. After he had with great discretion accomplished the mastication of a mouthful of the pease, he found it absolutely necessary to request his entertainer to furnish him with some liquor; who, in answer to his request by placing before him a large can of purest water from the fountain.

"It is from the well of St Dunstan," said he, "in the betwixt sun and sun, he baptised five hundred Danes and Britons—blessed be his name!" And as he dipped his black beard to the pitcher, he took a draught much more moderate in quantity than his encomium seemed to warrant.

"It seems to me, reverend father," said the

<sup>1</sup> CORSELET. Body armor from Latin corpus, body.

<sup>2</sup> PINFOLD. A pen for stray cattle; a pound.

the small morsels which you eat, together with this but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven with you allously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram<sup>1</sup> wrestling-match, or the ring at a bout at quarter-staff, or bucklers at a sword-play, than to linger out your life in this desolate wilderness, saying masses, and living parched pease and cold water."

"Sir Knight," answered the hermit, "your thoughts, those of the ignorant laity, are according to the flesh. I pleased Our Lady and my patron saint to bless the life to which I restrain myself, even as the pulse and life was blessed to the children Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, who drank the same rather than defile themselves with the wine and meats which were appointed them by the King of the Saracens."<sup>2</sup>

"Holy father," said the knight, "upon whose countenance hath pleased Heaven to work such a miracle, permit me, a layman to crave thy name?"

"Thou mayst call me," answered the hermit, "the Clerk<sup>3</sup> of Copmanhurst, for so I am termed in these parts. They call me the Holy, it is true, the epithet holy, but I stand not upon that, being unworthy of such addition. And now, valiant knight, may I pray ye for the name of my honourable lord?"

"Truly," said the knight, "Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, call me in these parts the Black Knight; many, sir, add the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished."

The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling at his reply.

"I see," said he, "Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a

<sup>1</sup>WIN THE RAM. The conventional prizes in village contests are here noted.

<sup>2</sup>OF THE SARACENS. During the middle ages it was customary for our foes to the faith to be called Saracens, that particular race having in the eyes of Christian peoples the type of what was detestable or

<sup>3</sup>CLERK. An educated man, particularly a priest, from Latin *clericus*, whence also our words *clerical* and *clergy*.

man of prudence and of counsel; and, moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not, accustomed, perhaps, as thou hast been to the license of courts and of camps, and to the luxuries of cities; and now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this forest-walk let these dogs for my protection, and also those bundles of forage, he left me also some food, which, being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me amid more weighty meditations."

"I dare be sworn he did so," said the knight; "I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, Holy Clerk, since you first doffed your cowl. Your keeper is ever a jovial fellow; and none who beheld thy grinders contending with these pease, and thy throat flooded with this ungenial element, could see thee doomed to such horse-provender and horse-beverage (pointing to the provisions upon the table), and refrain from mending thy cheer. Let us see the keeper's bounty, therefore, without delay."

The hermit cast a wistful look upon the knight, in which there was a sort of comic expression of hesitation, as if uncertain how far he should act prudently in trusting his guest. There was, however, as much of bold frankness in the knight's countenance as was possible to be expressed by features. His smile, too, had something in it irresistible, comic, and gave an assurance of faith and loyalty, with which his host could not refrain from sympathising.

After exchanging a mute glance or two, the hermit went to the further side of the hut, and opened a hutch,<sup>1</sup> which was concealed with great care and some ingenuity. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, into which this aperture gave admittance, he brought a large pasty, baked in a pewter platter of unusual dimensions. This mighty dish he placed before his guest, who, using his poniard to cut it open, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its contents.

"How long is it since the good keeper has been here?

<sup>1</sup> *HUTCH.* A chest or bin.

the knight to his host, after having swallowed several morsels of this reinforcement to the hermit's good

"About two months," answered the father, hastily.

"By the true Lord," answered the knight, "everything at your hermitage is miraculous, Holy Clerk! for I would have been sworn that the fat buck which furnished this venison had been running on foot within the week."

The hermit was somewhat discountenanced by this objection; and, moreover, he made but a poor figure while engaged on the diminution of the pasty on which his guest was making desperate inroads—a warfare in which his austere profession of abstinence left him no pretext for delay.

"I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk," said the knight, "and am now short of a sudden, "and I bethink me it is a custom in that country that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food by partaking of it with him. Far be it from me to suspect so holy a man of being aught inhospitable; nevertheless, I will be highly obliged to you would you comply with this Eastern custom."

"To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, I will depart from my rule," replied the hermit. And as there were no forks in those days, his clutches were busy in the bowels of the pasty.

The ice of ceremony being once broken, it seemed matter of rivalry between the guest and the entertainer which should display the best appetite; and although the former probably fasted longest, yet the hermit fairly surpassed

"Holy Clerk," said the knight, when his hunger was appeased, "I would gage my good horse yonder against a penny, that that same honest keeper to whom we are indebted for the venison has left thee a stoup of wine, or a flagon of canary,<sup>1</sup> or some such trifle, by way of ally to this

<sup>1</sup> CANARY. *Wine from the Canary Islands.*



noble pasty. This would be a circumstance, doubtless totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so rigid an anchorite; yet, I think, were you to search yonder cry once more, you would find that I am right in my conjecture."

The hermit only replied by a grin; and returning to the hutch, he produced a leathern bottle, which might contain about four quarts. He also brought forth two large drinking cups, made out of the horn of the urus,<sup>1</sup> and hooped with silver. Having made this goodly provision for washing down the supper, he seemed to think no farther ceremonious scruple necessary on his part; but filling both cups, and saying, in the Saxon fashion, "*Waes hael, Sir Sluggish Knight!*" he emptied his own at a draught.

"*Drinc hael, Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst!*" answered the warrior, and did his host reason in a similar brim.

"Holy Clerk," said the stranger, after the first cup was thus swallowed, "I cannot but marvel that a man possessed of such thews and sinews as thine, and who therewith shows the talent of so goodly a trencherman, should think of abiding by himself in this wilderness. In my judgment you are fitter to keep a castle or a fort, eating of the fat and drinking of the strong, than to live here upon pulse and water, or even upon the charity of the keeper. At least were I as thou, I should find myself both disport and pleasure out of the king's deer. There is many a goodly herd in these forests, and a buck will never be missed that goes to the use of St. Dunstan's chaplain."

"Sir Sluggish Knight," replied the Clerk, "these are dangerous words, and I pray you to forbear them. I am a true hermit to the king and law, and were I to spoil a liege's game, I should be sure of the prison, and, as my gown saved me not,<sup>2</sup> were in some peril of hanging."

<sup>1</sup> URUS. An animal like the buffalo, now extinct.

<sup>2</sup> *AN MY GOWN SAVED ME NOT.* The Clerk alludes to what was known as "the benefit of clergy," a provision of the law which removed representatives of the church from the jurisdiction of the secular courts.

"Nevertheless, were I as thou," said the knight, "I would take my walk by moonlight, when foresters and fowls were warm in bed, and ever and anon—as I pattered prayers—I would let fly a shaft among the herds of dun that feed in the glades. Resolve me, Holy Clerk, hast thou never practised such a pastime?"

"Friend Sluggard," answered the hermit, "thou hast all that can concern thee of my housekeeping, and nothing more than he deserves who takes up his quarters in violence. Credit me, it is better to enjoy the good which God sends thee, than to be impertinently curious when it comes. Fill thy cup, and welcome; and do not, I beseech thee, by further impertinent inquiries, put me to show thee thou couldst hardly have made good thy lodging had I earnest to oppose thee."

"By my faith," said the knight, "thou makest me more curious than ever! Thou art the most mysterious hermit I have met; and I will know more of thee ere we part. As for thy threats, know, holy man, thou speakest to one whose business it is to find out danger wherever it is to be met with."

"Sir Sluggish Knight, I drink to thee," said the hermit, respecting thy valour much, but deeming wondrously of thy discretion. If thou wilt take equal arms with me, I will give thee, in all friendship and brotherly love, such sufficing penance and complete absolution that thou shalt not for the next twelve months sin the sin of curiosity."

The knight pledged him, and desired him to name his weapons.

"There is none," replied the hermit, "from the scissoring *chalah*,<sup>1</sup> and the tenpenny nail of Jael to the scimitar of Balaam, at which I am not a match for thee. But, if I am to make the election, what sayst thou, good friend, to these weapons?"

Thus speaking, he opened another hutch, and took out

<sup>1</sup> *CHALAH*. etc. See *Judges* XVI, 4, IV, 17; *I. Samuel*, XVII.

from it a couple of broadswords and bucklers, such as were used by the yeomanry of the period. The knight, who watched his motions, observed that this second place of concealment was furnished with two or three good long-bows, a cross-bow, a bundle of bolts for the latter, and half a dozen sheaves of arrows for the former. A harp, and other matters of a very uncanonical appearance, were also visible when this dark recess was opened.

"I promise thee, brother Clerk," said he, "I will ask thee no more offensive questions. The contents of that cupboard are an answer to all my inquiries; and I see a weapon there (here he stooped and took out the harp) on which I would more gladly prove my skill with thee than at the sword and buckler."

"I hope, Sir Knight," said the hermit, "thou hast given me no good reason for thy surname of the Sluggard. I do promise thee, I suspect thee grievously. Nevertheless, thou art my guest, and I will not put thy manhood to the proof without thine own free will. Sit thee down, then, and fill thy cup; let us drink, sing, and be merry. If thou knowest ever a good lay, thou shalt be welcome to a nook<sup>1</sup> of pasture at Copmanhurst so long as I serve the chapel of St. Dunstan, which, please God, shall be till I change my grey covering for one of green turf. But come, fill a flagon, for I will crave some time to tune the harp; and nought pitches the voice and sharpens the ear like a cup of wine. For my part, I love to feel the grape at my very finger-ends before they make the harp-strings tinkle."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Nook. A piece.

<sup>2</sup> THE JOLLY HERMIT. All readers, however slightly acquainted with black letter (the old English alphabet character, in which these traditions are preserved), must recognize in the Clerk of Copmanhurst, Friar Tuck, the baron's Confessor of Robin Hood's gang, the Curtal Friar of Fountain's abbey [Scott.]

## CHAPTER XVII

At eve, within yon studious nook,  
I ope my brass-embossed book,  
Portray'd with many a holy deed  
Of martyrs crown'd with heavenly meed;  
Then, as my taper waxes dim,  
Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hymn.

Who but would cast his pomp away,  
To take my staff and amice grey,  
And to the world's tumultuous stage,  
Prefer the peaceful HERMITAGE?

WARTON.

Withstanding the prescription of the genial hermit, each his guest willingly complied, he found it no matter to bring the harp to harmony.

"Thinks, holy father," said he, "the instrument wants mending, and the rest have been somewhat misused."

"Mark'st thou that?" replied the hermit; "that thou be a master of the craft. Wine and wassail," he gravely casting up his eyes—"all the fault of wine and wassail! I told Allan-a-Dale, the northern minstrel, he would damage the harp if he touched it after the drinking-cup, but he would not be controlled. Friend, I thank thee for thy successful performance."

Finishing, he took off his cup with much gravity, at the same time shaking his head at the intemperance of the minstrel-harper.

The knight, in the mean time, had brought the strings of the harp in order, and, after a short prelude, asked his host if he would choose a *sirvente*<sup>1</sup> in the language of *oc*,

<sup>1</sup> IN THE LANGUAGE OF *OC*, etc See Appendix, note C. [Scott.]

or a *lai* in the language of *oui*, or a *virelai*, or a ballad in the vulgar English.

"A ballad—a ballad," said the hermit, "against all the *ocs* and *ouis* of France. Downright English am I, Sir Knight, and downright English was my patron St. Dunstan, and scorned *oc* and *oui*, as he would have scorned the parings of the devil's hoof; downright English alone shall be sung in this cell."

"I will assay, then," said the knight, "a ballad composed by a Saxon gleeman, whom I knew in Holy Land."

It speedily appeared that, if the knight was not a complete master of the minstrel art, his taste for it had at least been cultivated under the best instructors. Art had taught him to soften the faults of a voice which had little compass, and was naturally rough rather than mellow, and in short, had done all that culture can do in supplying natural deficiencies. His performance, therefore, might have been termed very respectable by abler judges than the hermit, especially as the knight threw into the notes not a degree of spirit, and now of plaintive enthusiasm, which gave force and energy to the verses which he sung.

### THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

High deeds achieved of knightly fame,  
From Palestine the champion came;  
The cross upon his shoulders borne  
Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn.  
Each dint upon his batter'd shield  
Was token of a foughten field;  
And thus, beneath his lady's bower,  
He sung, as fell the twilight hour:

"Joy to the fair! thy knight behold,  
Return'd from yonder land of gold.  
No wealth he brings, nor wealth can need  
Save his good arms and battle steed,  
His spurs, to dash against a foe,  
His lance and sword to lay him low;  
Such all the trophies of his toil,  
Such—and the hope of Tekla's smile!



"Joy to the fair ! whose constant knight  
 Her favour fired to feats of might ;  
 Unnoted shall she not remain,  
 Where meet the bright and noble train :  
 Minstrel shall sing and herald tell  
 ' Mark yonder maid of beauty well,  
 'Tis she for whose bright eyes was won  
 The listed field at Askalon !

" Note well her smile ! it edged the blade  
 Which fifty wives to widows made,  
 When, vain his strength and Mahound's spell,  
 Iconium's turban'd Soldan fell.  
 Seest thou her locks, whose sunny glow  
 Half shows, half shades, her neck of snow ?  
 Twines not of them one golden thread,  
 But for its sake a Paynim bled."

" Joy to the fair ! - my name unknown,  
 Each deed and all its praise thine own ;  
 Then, oh ! unbar this churlish gate,  
 The night dew falls, the hour is late.  
 Inured to Syria's glowing breath,  
 I feel the north breeze chill as death ;  
 Let grateful love quell maiden shame  
 And grant him bliss who brings thee fame."

During this performance, the hermit demeaned himself  
 like a first-rate critic of the present day at a new

He reclined back upon his seat with his eyes half  
 closed, folding his hands and twisting his thumbs, he  
 absorbed in attention, and anon, balancing his ex-  
 panded palms, he gently flourished them in time to the

At one or two favourite cadences he threw in a  
 flourish of his own, where the knight's voice seemed  
 to carry the air so high as his worshipful taste ap-

When the song was ended, the anchorite em-  
 phatically declared it a good one, and well sung.

" Yet," said he, " I think my Saxon countrymen had  
 long enough with the Normans to fall into the tone  
 of melancholy ditties. What took the honest knight  
 to do so? or what could he expect but to find his mistress  
 engaged with a rival on his return, and his

enade, as they call it, as little regarded as the caterwauling of a cat in the gutter? Nevertheless, Sir Knight, I drink this cup to thee, to the success of all true lovers. I fear you are none," he added, on observing that the knight, whose brain began to be heated with these repeated draughts, qualified his flagon from the water pitcher.

"Why," said the knight, "did you not tell me that the water was from the well of your blessed patron, St. Dunstan?"

"Ay, truly," said the hermit, "and many a hundred pagans did he baptize there, but I never heard that he drank any of it. Everything should be put to its proper use in this world. St. Dunstan knew, as well as any one, the prerogatives of a jovial friar."

And so saying, he reached the harp and entertained his guest with the following characteristic song, to a sort of derry-down<sup>1</sup> chorus, appropriate to an old English ditt

### THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR.

I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,  
To search Europe through, from Byzantium to Spain;  
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,  
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,  
And is brought home at evensong prick't through with a spear;  
I confess him in haste—for his lady desires  
No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Friar's.

Your monarch! Pshaw! many a prince has been known  
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown;  
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire  
To exchange for a crown the grey hood of a Friar!

The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has gone,  
The land and its fatness is mark'd for his own;  
He can roam where he lists, he can stop when he tires,  
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

<sup>1</sup> DERRY-DOWN It may be proper to remind the reader, that the chorus "derry-down" is supposed to be as ancient, not only as the times of the Heptarchy, but as those of the Druids, and to have furnished the chorus to the hymns of those venerable persons when they went to the wood to gather mistletoe. [Scott.]

ated at noon, and no wight till he comes  
 the great chair, or the porridge of plums;  
 the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,  
 denied right of the Barefooted Friar.

ated at night, and the pasty's made hot,  
 the brown ale, and they fill the black pot,  
 goodwife would wish the goodman in the mire  
 had a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.

wish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,  
 of the devil and trust of the Pope;  
 her life's roses, unscathed by the briar  
 alone to the Barefooted Friar.

ay troth," said the knight, "thou hast sung well  
 it, and in high praise of thine order. And, talk-  
 devil, Holy Clerk, are you not afraid that he may  
 visit during some of your uncanonical pastimes?"  
 canonical!" answered the hermit; "I scorn the  
 scorn it with my heels! I serve the duty of my  
 ly and truly. Two masses daily, morning and  
 primes,<sup>1</sup> noons, and vespers, *aves*, *credos*, *pat-*

ting moonlight nights, when the venison is in  
 said his guest.

*etis excipiendis*,"<sup>2</sup> replied the hermit, "as our old  
 light me to say, when impertinent laymen should  
 I kept every punctilio of mine order."

holy father," said the knight; "but the devil is  
 up an eye on such exceptions; he goes about, thou  
 like a roaring lion."

him roar here if he dares," said the Friar; "a touch  
 will make him roar as loud as the tongs<sup>3</sup> of St.  
 himself did. I never feared man, and I as little

<sup>1</sup> From Latin *primes*, first: the first canonical hour for reciting the breviary, about daybreak, following *matins* the appointed morning hour, while 'noons' and 'vespers' indicate respectively day and the evening exercises.

<sup>2</sup> *Excipiendis*. Exceptions excepted.

<sup>3</sup> St. Dunstan, tempted at his forge, is said to have seized the devil

fear the devil and his imps. St. Dunstan, St. Dubric, St. Winibald, St. Winifred, St. Swibert, St. Willick, not forgetting St. Thomas of Kent and my own poor merits to speed,—I defy every devil of them, come cut and long tail. But to let you into a secret, I never speak upon such subjects, my friend, until after morning vespers.”<sup>1</sup>

He changed the conversation: fast and furious grew the mirth of the parties, and many a song was exchanged betwixt them, when their revels were interrupted by a loud knocking at the door of the hermitage.

The occasion of this interruption we can only explain by resuming the adventures of another set of our characters; for, like old Ariosto,<sup>2</sup> we do not pique ourselves upon continuing uniformly to keep company with any one personage of our drama.

<sup>1</sup> VESPERS. Even-song. How does the friar happen to make the mistake?

<sup>2</sup> ARIOSTO. An Italian poet, who like Scott, made use of heroic and romantic themes. Scott was sometimes called the “Ariosto of the North.”

## CHAPTER XVIII

Away! our journey lies through dell and dingle,  
Where the blithe fawn trips by its timid mother,  
Where the broad oak, with intercepting boughs,  
Chequers the sunbeam in the greensward alley —  
Up and away! for lovely paths are these  
To tread, when the glad Sun is on his throne;  
Less pleasant, and less safe, when Cynthia's lamp  
With doubtful glimmer lights the dreary forest.

*Ettrick Forest.*

When Cedric the Saxon saw his son drop down senseless  
lists at Ashby, his first impulse was to order him into  
custody and care of his own attendants; but the words  
died in his throat. He could not bring himself to  
acknowledge, in presence of such an assembly, the son  
he had renounced and disinherited. He ordered,  
never, Oswald to keep an eye upon him; and directed  
his officer, with two of his serfs, to convey Ivanhoe to  
his home as soon as the crowd had dispersed. Oswald, how-  
ever, was anticipated in this good office. The crowd dis-  
persed, indeed, but the knight was nowhere to be seen.  
It was in vain that Cedric's cupbearer looked around for  
his young master: he saw the bloody spot on which he had  
sunk down, but himself he saw no longer; it seemed  
as if the fairies had conveyed him from the spot. Perhaps  
this—  
for the Saxons were very superstitious—might  
be adopted some such hypothesis to account for Ivanhoe's  
disappearance, had he not suddenly cast his eye upon a  
man attired like a squire, in whom he recognised the  
son of his fellow-servant Gurth. Anxious concerning  
his father's fate, and in despair at his sudden disappear-



ance, the translated<sup>1</sup> swineherd was searching for him everywhere, and had neglected, in doing so, the concealment of which his own safety depended. Oswald deemed it his duty to secure Gurth, as a fugitive of whose fate his master was to judge.

Renewing his inquiries concerning the fate of Ivanhoe, the only information which the cupbearer could collect from the bystanders was, that the knight had been raised with care by certain well-attired grooms, and placed in a litter<sup>2</sup> belonging to a lady among the spectators, which he immediately transported him out of the press. Oswald, on receiving this intelligence, resolved to return to his master for farther instructions, carrying along with him Gurth, whom he considered in some sort as a deserter from the service of Cedric.

The Saxon had been under very intense and agonising apprehensions concerning his son, for nature had asserted her rights, in spite of the patriotic stoicism which laboured to disown her. But no sooner was he informed that Ivanhoe was in careful, and probably in friendly, hands than the paternal anxiety, which had been excited by the dubiety of his fate, gave way anew to the feeling of injured pride and resentment at what he termed Wilfred's filial disobedience. "Let him wander his way," said he; "let those leech<sup>3</sup> heal his wounds for whose sake he encountered them. He is fitter to do the juggling tricks of the Norman chivalry than to maintain the fame and honour of his English ancestry with the glaive<sup>4</sup> and brown-bill, the good old weapons of his country."

"If to maintain the honour of ancestry," said Rowena who was present, "it is sufficient to be wise in council as

<sup>1</sup> TRANSLATED. Transformed.

<sup>2</sup> LITTER. This method of carriage was common in the middle ages, and the form of the sedan-chair was usual until the present century.

<sup>3</sup> LEECH. To heal, an Anglo-Saxon word, both verb and noun.

<sup>4</sup> GLAIVE. A sword; from Latin *gladius*. The brown-bill was a weapon combining the characteristics of both ax and spear.

execution, to be boldest among the bold, and among the gentle, I know no voice, save his  
”

“Silent, Lady Rowena! on this subject only I hear

“Prepare yourself for the Prince’s festival: we are summoned thither with unwonted circumstance and of courtesy, such as the haughty Normans only used to our race since the fatal day of Hastings. Will I go, were it only to show these proud Normans the fate of a son who could defeat their bravest Saxon.”

“Nay,” said Rowena, “do I NOT go; and I pray you, lest what you mean for courage and constancy be accounted hardness of heart.”

“I will stay at home then, ungrateful lady,” answered Cedric. “Thine is the hard heart, which can sacrifice the oppressed people to an idle and unauthorised quest. I seek the noble Athelstane, and with him at the banquet of John of Anjou.”

Cedric went accordingly to the banquet, of which we have mentioned the principal events. Immediately arising from the castle, the Saxon thanes, with their wives, took horse; and it was during the bustle which attended their doing so that Cedric for the first time cast his eye upon the deserter Gurth. The noble Saxon had arisen from the banquet, as we have seen, in no very good humour, and wanted but a pretext for wreaking his vengeance on some one. “The gyves!” he said — “the gyves! Hildebert! Dogs and villains! why leave ye the poor fellow fettered?”

Without daring to remonstrate, the companions of Gurth bound him with a halter, as the readiest cord which

He submitted to the operation without remonstrance except that, darting a reproachful look at his master, he said, “This comes of loving your flesh and blood more than mine own.”

"To horse, and forward!" said Cedric.

"It is indeed full time," said the noble Athelstane; "for if we ride not the faster, the worthy Abbot Waltham's preparations for a *rere-supper*<sup>1</sup> will be altogether spoiled.

The travellers, however, used such speed as to reach the convent of St. Withold's before the apprehended evil took place. The Abbot, himself of ancient Saxon descent, received the noble Saxons with the profuse and exuberant hospitality of their nation, wherein they indulged to a late or rather an early hour; nor did they take leave of the reverend host the next morning until they had shared with him a sumptuous refection.

As the cavalcade left the court of the monastery, an incident happened somewhat alarming the Saxons, who, all people of Europe, were most addicted to a superstitious observance of omens, and to whose opinions can be traced most of those notions upon such subjects still to be found among our popular antiquities. For the Normans being a mixed race, and better informed according to the information of the times, had lost most of the superstitious prejudices which their ancestors had brought from Scandinavia, and piqued themselves upon thinking freely on such topics.

In the present instance, the apprehension of impending evil was inspired by no less respectable a prophet than a large lean black dog, which, sitting upright, howled most spiteously as the foremost riders left the gate, and presently afterwards, barking wildly, and jumping to and fro, seemed bent upon attaching itself to the party.

"I like not that music, father Cedric," said Athelstane, for by this title of respect he was accustomed to address him.

"Nor I either, uncle," said Wamba; "I greatly fear we shall have to pay the piper."

"In my mind," said Athelstane, upon whose memory

<sup>1</sup> *RERE-SUPPER.* A *rere-supper* was a night-meal, and sometimes a collation, which was given at a late hour, after the regular supper had appeared. L. T. [Scott.]

hot's good ale—for Burton was already famous for his good ale—had made a favourable impression—on our mind we had better turn back and abide with the monks until the afternoon. It is unlucky to travel where a monk is crossed by a monk, a hare, or a howling dog, for he will have eaten your next meal.”

“Nay!” said Cedric, impatiently; “the day is already wasted for our journey. For the dog, I know it to be the runaway slave Gurth, a useless fugitive like its

brother, and rising at the same time in his stirrups, and at the interruption of his journey, he launched his javelin at poor Fangs; for Fangs it was, who, having followed his master thus far upon his stolen expedition, had met him, and was now, in his uncouth way, rejoicing in his reappearance. The javelin inflicted a wound upon Fangs's shoulder, and narrowly missed pinning him to the ground; and Fangs fled howling from the presence of his agedthane. Gurth's heart swelled within him; for he thought of this meditated slaughter of his faithful adherent much more deeply than the harsh treatment he had received. Having in vain attempted to raise his eyes, he said to Wamba, who, seeing his master's danger, had prudently retreated to the rear, “I pray thee the kindness to wipe my eyes with the skirt of my tunic; the dust offends me, and these bonds will not help myself one way or another.”

Wamba did him the service he required, and they rode on for some time, during which Gurth maintained silence. At length he could repress his feelings no

longer, and Wamba,” said he, “of all those who are fools who serve Cedric, thou alone hast dexterity enough to be thy folly acceptable to him. Go to him, therefore, and tell him that neither for love nor fear will Gurth serve him. He may strike the head from me, he will

scourge me, he may load me with irons, but henceforth he shall never compel me either to love or to obey him. Go to him, then, and tell him that Gurth the son of Beowulf renounces his service."

"Assuredly," said Wamba, "fool as I am, I shall not do your fool's errand. Cedric hath another javelin stuck into his girdle, and thou knowest he does not always miss his mark."

"I care not," replied Gurth, "how soon he makes a man of me. Yesterday he left Wilfred, my young master, in his blood. To-day he has striven to kill before my face the only other living creature that ever showed me kindness. By St. Edmund, St. Dunstan, St. Withold, St. Edward the Confessor, and every other Saxon saint in the calendar (for Cedric never swore by any that was not of Saxon lineage, and all his household had the same limited devotion), I will never forgive him!"

"To my thinking now," said the Jester, who was frequently wont to act as peacemaker in the family, "our master did not propose to hurt Fangs, but only to affright him. For, if you observed, he rose in his stirrups, as thereby meaning to overcast the mark; and so he would have done, but Fangs happening to bound up at the very moment, received a scratch, which I will be bound to heal with a penny's breadth of tar."

"If I thought so," said Gurth—"if I could but think so, but no, I saw the javelin was well aimed; I heard it whistle through the air with all the wrathful malevolence of him who cast it, and it quivered after it had pitched in the ground, as if with regret for having missed its mark. By the hog<sup>1</sup> dear to St. Anthony, I renounce him!"

And the indignant swineherd resumed his sullen silence, which no efforts of the Jester could again induce him to break.

<sup>1</sup>By THE HOG, etc. St. Anthony was supposed to exercise care over hogs.



Meanwhile Cedric and Athelstane, the leaders of the party, conversed together on the state of the land, on the dissensions of the royal family, on the feuds and quarrels among the Norman nobles, and on the chance which there was that the oppressed Saxons might be able to free themselves from the yoke of the Normans, or at least to elevate themselves into national consequence and independence, among the civil convulsions which were likely to ensue. On this subject Cedric was all animation. The restoration of the independence of his race was the idol of his heart, to which he had willingly sacrificed domestic happiness and the interests of his own son. But, in order to achieve this great revolution in favour of the native English, it was necessary that they should be united among themselves, and under an acknowledged head. The necessity of choosing their chief from the Saxon blood-royal was not only evident in itself, but had been made a solemn condition by the king to whom Cedric had entrusted with his secret plans and aims. Athelstane had this quality at least; and though he had few mental accomplishments or talents to recommend him as a leader, he had still a goodly person, was not proud, had been accustomed to martial exercises, and was willing to defer to the advice of counsellors more than himself. Above all, he was known to be liberal and hospitable, and believed to be good-natured. But what pretensions Athelstane had to be considered as head of the Saxon confederacy, many of that nation were disposed to prefer to his the title of the Lady Rowena, who, by her descent from Alfred, and whose father having been a chief renowned for wisdom, courage, and generosity, her memory was highly honoured by his oppressed countrymen. It would have been no difficult thing for Cedric, had he been so disposed, to have placed himself at the head of a party, as formidable at least as any of the others. To counterbalance *their* royal descent, he had courage, activity

energy, and, above all, that devoted attachment to the cause which had procured him the epithet of THE SAXON and his birth was inferior to none, excepting only that of Athelstane and his ward. These qualities, however, were unalloyed by the slightest shade of selfishness; and, instead of dividing yet further his weakened nation by forming a faction of his own, it was a leading part of Cedric's plan to extinguish that which already existed by promoting a marriage betwixt Rowena and Athelstane. An obstacle occurred to this his favourite project in the mutual attachment of his ward and his son; and hence the original cause of the banishment of Wilfred from the house of his father.

This stern measure Cedric had adopted in hopes that during Wilfred's absence, Rowena might relinquish her preference; but in this hope he was disappointed—a disappointment which might be attributed in part to the manner in which his ward had been educated. Cedric, to whom the name of Alfred was as that of a deity, had treated the remaining scion of that great monarch with a degree of observance such as, perhaps, was in those days scarce paid to an acknowledged princess. Rowena's will had been almost all cases a law to his household; and Cedric almost as if determined that her sovereignty should be fully acknowledged within that little circle at least, seemed to take a pride in acting as the first of her subjects. Thus trained in the exercise not only of free will but despotic authority Rowena was, by her previous education, disposed both to resist and to resent any attempt to control her affection or dispose of her hand contrary to her inclinations, and to assert her independence in a case in which even the females who have been trained up to obedience and submission are not infrequently apt to dispute the authority of guardians and parents. The opinions which she avowed boldly; and Cedric, who could not free himself from his habitual deference to her opinions, was totally at a loss how to enforce his authority of guardian.

in vain that he attempted to dazzle her with the  
of a visionary throne. Rowena, who possessed  
sense, neither considered his plan as practicable nor  
able, so far as she was concerned, could it have been

Without attempting to conceal her avowed pref-  
of Wilfred of Ivanhoe, she declared that, were that  
knight out of question, she would rather take  
in a convent than share a throne with Athelstane,  
having always despised, she now began, on account  
trouble she received on his account, thoroughly to

ertheless, Cedric, whose opinion of women's con-  
was far from strong, persisted in using every means  
power to bring about the proposed match, in which  
lived he was rendering an important service to the  
cause. The sudden and romantic appearance of his  
he lists at Ashby he had justly regarded as almost  
a blow to his hopes. His paternal affection, it is  
for an instant gained the victory over pride and  
an; but both had returned in full force, and under  
that operation he was now bent upon making a deter-  
mined effort for the union of Athelstane and Rowena, to-  
with expediting those other measures which seemed  
to forward the restoration of Saxon independence.  
On this last subject he was now labouring with Athel-  
not without having reason, every now and then, to  
like Hotspur,<sup>1</sup> that he should have moved such a  
skimmed milk to so honourable an action. Athel-  
is true, was vain enough, and loved to have his ears  
with tales of his high descent, and of his right by  
age to homage and sovereignty. But his petty van-  
was sufficiently gratified by receiving this homage at the  
of his immediate attendants and of the Saxons who  
served him. If he had the courage to encounter dan-

<sup>1</sup> See Shakspeare's *King Henry IV* Part I. II. 3 36, "O, I  
myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim'd  
honorable an action."

ger, he at least hated the trouble of going to seek it; and while he agreed in the general principles laid down by Cedric concerning the claim of the Saxons to independence, and was still more easily convinced of his own title to reign over them when that independence should be attained, yet when the means of asserting these rights came to be discussed, he was still Athelstane the Unready—slow, irresolute, procrastinating, and unenterprising. The warm and impassioned exhortations of Cedric had as little effect upon his impassive temper as red-hot balls alighting in the water, which produce a little sound and smoke, and are instantly extinguished.

If, leaving this task, which might be compared to spurring a tired jade, or to hammering upon cold iron, Cedric fell back to his ward Rowena, he received little more satisfaction from conferring with her. For, as his presence interrupted the discourse between the lady and her favourite attendant upon the gallantry and fate of Wilfred, Elgith failed not to revenge both her mistress and herself by recurring to the overthrow of Athelstane in the lists, the most disagreeable subject which could greet the ears of Cedric. To this sturdy Saxon, therefore, the day's journey was fraught with all manner of displeasure and discomfort: that he more than once internally cursed the tournament and him who had proclaimed it, together with his own folly in ever thinking of going thither.

At noon, upon the motion of Athelstane, the travellers paused in a woodland shade by a fountain, to repose their horses and partake of some provisions, with which the hospitable Abbot had loaded a sumpter mule. Their repast was a pretty long one; and these several interruptions rendered it impossible for them to hope to reach Rotherwood without travelling all night, a conviction which induced them to proceed on their way at a more hasty pace than they had hitherto used.

## CHAPTER XIX

A train of armed men, some noble dame  
Escorting (so their scatter'd words discover'd,  
As unperceived I hung upon their rear),  
Are close at hand, and mean to pass the night  
Within the castle.

*Orra, a Tragedy.*

The travellers had now reached the verge of the wooded  
ry, and were about to plunge into its recesses, held  
rous at that time from the number of outlaws whom  
sion and poverty had driven to despair, and who occu-  
the forests in such large bands as could easily bid defi-  
to the feeble police of the period. From these rovers,  
er, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, Cedric  
Athelstane accounted themselves secure, as they had in-  
ance ten servants, besides Wamba and Gurth, whose  
uld not be counted upon, the one being a jester and  
er a captive. It may be added, that in travelling thus  
rough the forest, Cedric and Athelstane relied on  
descent and character as well as their courage. The  
s, whom the severity of the forest laws had reduced  
roving and desperate mode of life, were chiefly peas-  
ad yeomen of Saxon descent, and were generally sup-  
to respect the persons and property of their country-

the travellers journeyed on their way, they were  
ed by repeated cries for assistance; and when they  
p to the place from whence they came, they were sur-  
to find a horse-litter placed upon the ground, beside  
sat a young woman, richly dressed in the Jewish  
l, while an old man, whose yellow cap proclaimed him



to belong to the same nation, walked up and down with gestures expressive of the deepest despair, and wrung his hands as if affected by some strange disaster.

To the inquiries of Athelstane and Cedric, the old Jew could for some time only answer by invoking the protection of all the patriarchs of the Old Testament successively against the sons of Ishmael, who were coming to smite them, hip and thigh, with the edge of the sword. When he began to come to himself out of this agony of terror, Isaac of York (for it was our old friend) was at length able to explain that he had hired a body-guard of six men at Ashby together with mules for carrying the litter of a sick friend. This party had undertaken to escort him as far as Doncaster. They had come thus far in safety; but, having received information from a wood-cutter that there was a strong band of outlaws lying in wait in the woods to rob them, Isaac's mercenaries had not only taken flight, but had carried off with them the horses which bore the litter, and left the Jew and his daughter without the means either of defence or of retreat, to be plundered, and probably murdered, by the banditti, whom they expected every moment would bring down upon them. "Would it but please your valours," added Isaac, in a tone of deep humiliation, "permit the poor Jews to travel under your safeguard, swear by the tables of our Law that never has favour been conferred upon a child of Israel since the days of our captivity which shall be more gratefully acknowledged."

"Dog of a Jew!" said Athelstane, whose memory was that petty kind which stores up trifles of all kinds, but particularly trifling offences, "dost not remember how thou didst beard us in the gallery at the tilt-yard? Fight or fly, or compound with the outlaws as thou dost list, ask neither aid nor company from us; and if they rob only such as thou who rob all the world, I, for mine own share, shall be to them right honest folk."

ic did not assent to the severe proposal of his com-  
"We shall do better," said he, "to leave them two attendants and two horses to convey them back to the village. It will diminish our strength but little; and our good sword, noble Athelstane, and the aid of who remain, it will be light work for us to face twenty runagates."

ena, somewhat alarmed by the mention of outlaws, and so near them, strongly seconded the proposal of the guardian. But Rebecca, suddenly quitting her desecrated posture, and making her way through the attendants, the palfrey of the Saxon lady, knelt down, and, after the usual fashion in addressing superiors, kissed the hem of the lady's garment. Then, rising and throwing back her head, she implored her in the great name of the God whom both worshipped, and by that revelation of the Law on Mount Sinai in which they both believed, that she would have compassion upon them, and suffer them to go on under their safeguard. "It is not for myself that I ask this favour," said Rebecca; "nor is it even for that poor man. I know that to wrong and to spoil our nation is our fault, if not a merit, with the Christians; and what matters whether it be done in the city, in the desert, or in the field? But it is in the name of one dear to many, and dear to you, that I beseech you to let this sick person be supported with care and tenderness under your protection. For, if evil chance him, the last moment of your life will be embittered with regret for denying that which I ask of you."

The noble and solemn air with which Rebecca made this request gave it double weight with the fair Saxon.

"A man is old and feeble," she said to her guardian, "and a maiden young and beautiful, their friend sick and in the midst of this life; Jews though they be, we cannot as Christians leave them in this extremity. Let them unload two

of the sumpter mules and put the baggage behind two of the serfs. The mules may transport the litter, and we have led horses for the old man and his daughter."

Cedric readily assented to what she proposed, and Athelstane only added the condition, "That they should travel in the rear of the whole party, where Wamba," he said, "might attend them with his shield of boar's brawn."

"I have left my shield in the tilt-yard," answered the Jester, "as has been the fate of many a better knight than myself."

Athelstane coloured deeply, for such had been his own fate on the last day of the tournament; while Rowena, who was pleased in the same proportion, as if to make amends for the brutal jest of her unfeeling suitor, requested Rebecca to ride by her side.

"It were not fit I should do so," answered Rebecca, with proud humility, "where my society might be held a disgrace to my protectress."

By this time the change of baggage was hastily achieved; for the single word "outlaws" rendered every one sufficiently alert, and the approach of twilight made the sound yet more impressive. Amid the bustle, Gurth was taken from horseback, in the course of which removal he prevailed upon the Jester to slack the cord with which his arms were bound. It was so negligently refastened, perhaps intentionally, on the part of Wamba, that Gurth found no difficulty in freeing his arms altogether from bondage, and then, gliding into the thicket, he made his escape from the party.

The bustle had been considerable, and it was some time before Gurth was missed; for, as he was to be placed for the rest of the journey behind a servant, every one supposed that some other of his companions had him under his custody, and when it began to be whispered among them that Gurth had actually disappeared, they were under such immediate expectation of an attack from the outlaws that

not held convenient to pay much attention to the circumstance.

The path upon which the party travelled was now so steep as not to admit, with any sort of convenience, above two abreast, and began to descend into a dingle, traversed by a brook whose banks were broken, swampy, and strewed with dwarf willows. Cedric and Athelstane, who were at the head of their retinue, saw the risk of being cut off at this pass; but neither of them having had much experience in war, no better mode of preventing the danger occurred to them than that they should hasten through the pass as fast as possible. Advancing, therefore, without order, they had just crossed the brook with a party of their followers, when they were assailed in front, flank, and rear at once, with an impetuosity to which, in their confused and ill-prepared condition, it was impossible to offer any real resistance. The shout of "A white dragon!—a white dragon! St. George<sup>1</sup> for merry England!" war-cries uttered by the assailants, as belonging to their assumed character of Saxon outlaws, was heard on every side, and on every side enemies appeared with a rapidity of advance and attack which seemed to multiply their numbers.

Both the Saxon chiefs were made prisoners at the same instant, and each under circumstances expressive of his character. Cedric, the instant that an enemy appeared, hurled at him his remaining javelin, which, taking better effect than that which he had hurled at Fangs, nailed the assailant against an oak-tree that happened to be close behind him. Thus far successful, Cedric spurred his horse against the enemy, drawing his sword at the same time, and striking with such inconsiderate fury that his weapon encountered a branch which hung over him, and he was disarmed by the violence of his own blow. He was instantly made

<sup>1</sup> *St. George*. A soldier-saint, adopted as a patron by many of the orders of the Crusades. In the fourteenth century he became the patron of England. A popular legend presents St. George as the slayer of the great serpent of Satan in his attack upon the Church.



prisoner, and pulled from his horse by two or three of the banditti who crowded around him. Athelstane shared his captivity, his bridle having been seized and he himself forcibly dismounted long before he could draw his weapon or assume any posture of effectual defence.

The attendants, embarrassed with baggage, surprised and terrified at the fate of their masters, fell an easy prey to the assailants; while the Lady Rowena, in the centre of the cavalcade, and the Jew and his daughter in the rear, experienced the same misfortune.

Of all the train none escaped except Wamba, who showed upon the occasion much more courage than the man who pretended to greater sense. He possessed himself of a sword belonging to one of the domestics, who was just arming it with a tardy and irresolute hand, laid it about him like a lion, drove back several who approached him, and made a brave though ineffectual attempt to succour his master. Finding himself overpowered, the Jester at length threw himself from his horse, plunged into the thicket, and favoured by the general confusion, escaped from the scene of action.

Yet the valiant Jester, as soon as he found himself safe, hesitated more than once whether he should not turn back and share the captivity of a master to whom he was sincerely attached.

"I have heard men talk of the blessings of freedom," said to himself, "but I wish any wise man would teach me what use to make of it now that I have it."

As he pronounced these words aloud, a voice very near him called out in a low and cautious tone, "Wamba!" and at the same time a dog, which he recognised to be Fang, jumped up and fawned upon him. "Gurth!" answered Wamba with the same caution, and the swineherd immediately stood before him.

"What is the matter?" said he, eagerly; "what mean these cries and that clashing of swords?"



"Only a trick of the times," said Wamba; "they are all prisoners."

"Who are prisoners?" exclaimed Gurth, impatiently.

"My lord, and my lady, and Athelstane, and Hundebert, Oswald."

"In the name of God!" said Gurth, "how came they prisoners? and to whom?"

"Our master was too ready to fight," said the Jester, "Athelstane was not ready enough, and no other person ready at all. And they are prisoners to green cassocks and black visors. And they lie all tumbled about on the ground, like the crab-apples that you shake down to your feet. And I would laugh at it," said the honest Jester, "if I could for weeping." And he shed tears of unfeigned sorrow.

Gurth's countenance kindled. "Wamba," he said, "thou hast a weapon, and thy heart was ever stronger than brain; we are only two, but a sudden attack from men of resolution will do much; follow me!"

"Whither? and for what purpose?" said the Jester.

"To rescue Cedric."

"But you have renounced his service but now," said Wamba.

"That," said Gurth, "was but while he was fortunate; now me!"

As the Jester was about to obey, a third person suddenly appeared at his appearance and commanded them both to halt. From his dress and arms, Wamba would have conjectured him to be one of those outlaws who had just assailed his master; but, besides that he wore no mask, the glittering sword across his shoulder, with the rich bugle-horn which he supported, as well as the calm and commanding expression of his voice and manner, made him, notwithstanding the twilight, recognise Locksley, the yeoman who had been victorious, under such disadvantageous circumstances, in the contest for the prize of archery.

"What is the meaning of all this," said he, "or who is that rifle, and ransom, and make prisoners in these forests?"

"You may look at their cassocks close by," said Wamba, "and see whether they be thy children's coats or no; for they are as like thine own as one green pea-cod is to another."

"I will learn that presently," answered Locksley: "and I charge ye, on peril of your lives, not to stir from the place where ye stand, until I have returned. Obey me, and ye shall be the better for you and your masters. Yet stay, ye must render myself as like these men as possible."

So saying, he unbuckled his baldric with the bugle, took a feather from his cap, and gave them to Wamba; then drew a vizard<sup>1</sup> from his pouch, and repeating his charges to them to stand fast, went to execute his purposes of reconnoitring. "Shall we stand fast, Gurth?" said Wamba, "or shall we e'en give him leg-bail? In my foolish mind, he had all the equipage of a thief too much in readiness to be himself a true man."

"Let him be the devil," said Gurth, "and he will. I can be no worse of waiting his return. If he belong to the party, he must already have given them the alarm, and will avail nothing either to fight or fly. Besides, I have long experience that arrant thieves are not the worst men in the world to have to deal with."

The yeoman returned in the course of a few minutes.

"Friend Gurth," he said, "I have mingled among your men, and have learnt to whom they belong, and whither they are bound. There is, I think, no chance that they will proceed to any actual violence against their prisoners. For three men to attempt them at this moment were little else than madness; for they are good men of war, and have, as such, placed sentinels to give the alarm when any of

<sup>1</sup> VIZARD. Mask: "vizard," "visor," are from French, *vis* face, which comes from Latin *visus* (*videre*, to see).

es. But I trust soon to gather such a force as may  
ance of all their precautions. You are both serv-  
as I think, faithful servants, of Cedric the Saxon,  
of the rights of Englishmen. He shall not want  
hands to help him in this extremity. Come, then,  
until I gather more aid."

ving, he walked through the wood at a great pace,  
by the jester and the swineherd. It was not con-  
th Wamba's humour to travel long in silence.

ank," said he, looking at the baldric and bugle  
still carried, "that I saw the arrow shot which won  
prize, and that not so long since as Christmas."

I," said Gurth, "could take it on my halidome  
we heard the voice of the good yeoman who won it,  
as well as by day, and that the moon is not three  
since I did so."

honest friends," replied the yeoman, "who or  
is little to the present purpose; should I free your  
you will have reason to think me the best friend you  
had in your lives. And whether I am known by  
or another, or whether I can draw a bow as well  
than a cow-keeper,<sup>1</sup> or whether it is my pleasure  
in sunshine or by moonlight, are matters which, as  
not concern you, so neither need ye busy yourselves  
g them."

heads are in the lion's mouth," said Wamba, in a  
to Gurth, "get them out how we can."

—be silent," said Gurth. "Offend him not by thy  
I trust sincerely that all will go well "

<sup>1</sup> Compare Shakspeare's phrase, *King Lear* IV. 6. 88, "That  
his bow like a crow-keeper," i. e., like a scare-crow

## CHAPTER XX

When autumn nights were long and drear,  
And forest walks were dark and dim,  
How sweetly on the pilgrim's ear  
Was wont to steal the hermit's hymn!

Devotion borrows Music's tone,  
And Music took Devotion's wing;  
And, like the bird that hails the sun,  
They soar to heaven, and soaring sing.  
*The Hermit of St. Clement's Well.*

It was after three hours' good walking that the servants of Cedric, with their mysterious guide, arrived at a small opening in the forest, in the centre of which grew an oak tree of enormous magnitude, throwing its twisted branches in every direction. Beneath this tree four or five yeomen lay stretched on the ground, while another, as sentinel, walked to and fro in the moonlight shade.

Upon hearing the sound of feet approaching, the watch instantly gave the alarm, and the sleepers as suddenly started up and bent their bows. Six arrows placed on the string were pointed towards the quarter from which the travellers approached, when their guide, being recognised, was welcomed with every token of respect and attachment, and all signs and fears of a rough reception at once subsided.

"Where is the Miller?" was his first question.

"On the road towards Rotherham."

"With how many?" demanded the leader, for such he seemed to be.

"With six men, and good hope of booty, if it please Sir Nicholas."

"Devoutly spoken," said Locksley; "and where is Allan Dale?"

"Walked up towards the Watling Street<sup>1</sup> to watch for Prior of Jorvaulx."

"That is well thought on also," replied the Captain; "where is the Friar?"

"In his cell."

"Thither will I go," said Locksley. "Disperse and seek your companions. Collect what force you can, for there's a foot that must be hunted hard, and will turn to bay. Meet me here by daybreak. And, stay," he added, "I have gotten what is most necessary of the whole. Two of you take the road quickly towards Torquilstone, the castle of Chat-de-Bœuf. A set of gallants, who have been masquerading in such guise as our own, are carrying a band of prisoners thither. Watch them closely, for even if they reach the castle before we collect our force, our honour is concerned to punish them, and we will find means to do so. Keep a close watch on them, therefore; and despatch one of your comrades, the lightest of foot, to bring the news of the men thereabout."

They promised implicit obedience, and departed with alacrity on their differing errands. In the mean while, their leader and his two companions, who now looked upon him with great respect, as well as some fear, pursued their way to the chapel of Copmanhurst.

When they had reached the little moonlight glade, having in front the reverend though ruinous chapel and the hermitage, so well suited to ascetic devotion, Wamba whispered to Gurth, "If this be the habitation of a thief, it makes good the old proverb, 'The nearer the church the further from God.' And by my cockscomb,"<sup>2</sup> he added, "I think it be even so. Harken but to the black sanctus<sup>3</sup> which they are singing in the hermitage!"

<sup>1</sup>WATLING-STREET. An ancient Roman road running north from Dover to Eborac.

<sup>2</sup>COCKSCOMB. The crest of the fool's cap.

<sup>3</sup>BLACK SANCTUS. A burlesque upon the anthem, *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.*



In fact, the anchorite and his guest were performing at the full extent of their very powerful lungs, an old drinking song, of which this was the burden:

'Come, trowl the brown bowl to me,  
Bully boy, bully boy,  
Come, trowl the brown bowl to me.  
Ho! jolly Jenkin, I spy a knave in drinking,  
Come, trowl the brown bowl to me.'

"Now, that is not ill sung," said Wamba, who had thrown in a few of his own flourishes to help out the chorus. "But who, in the saint's name, ever expected to have heard such a jolly chant come from out a hermit's cell at midnight!"

"Marry, that should I," said Gurth, "for the jolly Clerk of Copmanhurst is a known man, and kills half the deer that are stolen in this walk. Men say that the keeper has complained to his official, and that he will be stripped of his cowl and cope altogether if he keep not better order."

While they were thus speaking, Locksley's loud and repeated knocks had at length disturbed the anchorite and his guest. "By my heads," said the hermit, stopping short in a grand flourish, "here come more benighted guests. I would not for my cowl that they found us in this good exercise. All men have their enemies, good Sir Sluggard, and there be those malignant enough to construe the hospitable refreshment which I have been offering to you, a weary traveller, for the matter of three short hours, into sheer drunkenness and debauchery, vices alike alien to my profession and my disposition."

"Base calumniators!" replied the knight; "I would I had the chastising of them. Nevertheless, Holy Clerk, it is true that all have their enemies; and there be those in this very land whom I would rather speak to through the bars of my helmet than barefaced."

"Get thine iron pot on thy head then, friend Sluggard, quickly as thy nature will permit," said the hermit, "while I remove these pewter flagons, whose late contents are strangely in mine own pate; and to drown the clatter—in faith, I feel somewhat unsteady—strike into the ear which thou hearest me sing. It is no matter for the words; I scarce know them myself."

So saying, he struck up a thundering *De profundis clavi*,<sup>1</sup> under cover of which he removed the apparatus of his banquet; while the knight, laughing heartily, and singing himself all the while, assisted his host with his voice from time to time as his mirth permitted.

"What devil's matins are you after at this hour?" said a voice from without.

"Heaven forgive you, Sir Traveller!" said the hermit, in his own voice, and perhaps his nocturnal potations, prevented from recognising accents which were tolerably familiar to him. "Wend on your way, in the name of God and St. Dunstan, and disturb not the devotions of me and my holy brother."

"Mad priest," answered the voice from without, "open Locksley!"

"All's safe—all's right," said the hermit to his companion.

"But who is he?" said the Black Knight; "it imports much to know."

"Who is he?" answered the hermit; "I tell thee he is a madman."

"But what friend?" answered the knight; "for he may be a friend to thee and none of mine?"

"What friend!" replied the hermit; "that, now, is one of the questions that is more easily asked than answered. That friend! why, he is, now that I bethink me a little, the very same honest keeper I told thee of a while since."

"Ay, as honest a keeper as thou art a pious hermit."

*DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI.* "Out of the depths have I cried." Psalms CXXX.

replied the knight, "I doubt it not. But undo the door to him before he beat it from its hinges."

The dogs, in the mean time, which had made a dreadful baying at the commencement of the disturbance, seemed now to recognise the voice of him who stood without; for, totally changing their manner, they scratched and whined at the door, as if interceding for his admission. The hermit speedily unbolted his portal, and admitted Locksley, with his two companions.

"Why, hermit," was the yeoman's first question as soon as he beheld the knight, "what boon companion hast thou here?"

"A brother of our order," replied the Friar, shaking his head; "we have been at our orisons all night."

"He is a monk of the church militant, I think," answered Locksley; "and there be more of them abroad. I tell thee, Friar, thou must lay down the rosary and take up the quarterstaff; we shall need every one of our merry men whether clerk or layman. But," he added, taking him a step aside, "art thou mad? to give admittance to a knight thou dost not know? Hast thou forgot our articles?"

"Not know him!" replied the Friar, boldly, "I know him as well as the beggar knows his dish."

"And what is his name, then?" demanded Locksley.

"His name," said the hermit—"his name is Sir Anthony of Scramblestone; as if I would drink with a man, and did not know his name!"

"Thou hast been drinking more than enough, Friar," said the woodsman, "and, I fear, prating more than enough too."

"Good yeoman," said the knight, coming forward, "I am not wroth with my merry host. He did but afford me the hospitality which I would have compelled from him if he had refused it."

"Thou compel!" said the Friar; "wait but till I have changed this grey gown for a green cassock, and if I re-

"quarter-staff ring twelve upon thy pate, I am neither clerk nor good woodsman."

While he spoke thus, he stript off his gown, and appeared in a close black buckram doublet and drawers, over which he speedily did on a cassock of green and hose of the same colour. "I pray thee, truss my points,"<sup>1</sup> said he to Wamba, "and thou shalt have a cup of sack<sup>2</sup> for thy labour."

"Gramercy for thy sack," said Wamba; "but think'st it is lawful for me to aid you to transmew<sup>3</sup> thyself from a hermit into a sinful forester?"

"Never fear," said the hermit; "I will but confess the colour of my green cloak to my grey friar's frock, and all shall be well again."

"Amen!" answered the Jester. "A broadcloth penitent shall have a sackcloth confessor, and your frock may abate my motley doublet into the bargain."

On saying, he accommodated the Friar with his assistance in tying the endless number of points, as the laces which attached the hose to the doublet were then termed. While they were thus employed, Locksley led the knight aside apart, and addressed him thus: "Deny it not, Sir Knight, you are he who decided the victory to the advantage of the English against the strangers on the second day of a tournament at Ashby."

"And what follows if you guess truly, good yeoman?" asked the knight.

"I should in that case hold you," replied the yeoman, "accounted to the weaker party."

"Such is the duty of a true knight at least," replied the Champion; "and I would not willingly that there be reason to think otherwise of me."

<sup>1</sup>TRUSS MY POINTS Tie the laces. These garments were fastened with buttons were not used

<sup>2</sup>SACK. A Spanish wine, the name (from Latin, *siccus*) describes it as so-called.

<sup>3</sup>TRANSMUTE. Transmute

"But for my purpose," said the yeoman, "thou shouldst be as well a good Englishman as a good knight; for the which I have to speak of concerns, indeed, the duty of every honest man, but is more especially that of a true-born native of England."

"You can speak to no one," replied the knight, "whom England, and the life of every Englishman, can be dearer than to me."

"I would willingly believe so," said the woodsman. "I never had this country such need to be supported by those who love her. Hear me, and I will tell thee of an enterprise in which, if thou be'st really that which thou seemest, thou mayst take an honourable part. A band of villains in the disguise of better men than themselves, have made themselves master of the person of a noble Englishman called Cedric the Saxon, together with his ward and his friend Athelstane of Coningsburgh, and have transported them to a castle in this forest called Torquilstone. I am of thee, as a good knight and a good Englishman, wilt thou aid in their rescue?"

"I am bound by my vow to do so," replied the knight, "but I would willingly know who you are, who request my assistance in their behalf?"

"I am," said the forester, "a nameless man; but I am the friend of my country, and of my country's friends. With this account of me you must for the present remain satisfied, the more especially since you yourself desire to continue unknown. Believe, however, that my word, when pledged, is as inviolate as if I wore golden spurs."

"I willingly believe it," said the knight; "I have been accustomed to study men's countenances, and I can read in thine honesty and resolution. I will, therefore, ask thee no further questions, but aid thee in setting at freedom the oppressed captives; which done, I trust we shall part better acquainted, and well satisfied with each other."

"So," said Wamba to Gurth; for the Friar being not



sped, the Jester, having approached to the other hut, had heard the conclusion of the conversation. "We have got a new ally? I trust the valour of the will be truer metal than the religion of the hermit. The honesty of the yeoman; for this Locksley looks like a horse-stealer, and the priest like a lusty hypocrite." "Thy peace, Wamba," said Gurth; "it may all be as you guess; but were the horned devil to rise and profess assistance to set at liberty Cedric and the Lady, I fear I should hardly have religion enough to refuse the foul fiend's offer, and bid him get behind me."

The Friar was now completely accoutred as a yeoman, with a sword and buckler, bow and quiver, and a strong partizan on his shoulder. He left his cell at the head of the passage, having carefully locked the door, deposited the sword on the threshold.

"Thou art in condition to do good service, Friar," said the Black Knight, "or does the brown bowl still run in thy head?" "More than a draught of St. Dunstan's fountain will answer the priest; "something there is of a whiz in thy brain, and of instability in my legs, but you shall see both pass away."

Then, he stepped to the stone basin, in which the water of the fountain as they fell formed bubbles which reflected the white moonlight, and took so long a draught that he meant to exhaust the spring.

"Didst thou drink as deep a draught of water befitting a Clerk of Copmanhurst?" said the Black Knight. "Since my wine butt leaked, and let out its liquor for all vent," replied the Friar, "and so left me nothing but my patron's bounty here."

Plunging his hands and head into the fountain, he washed from them all marks of the midnight revel.

Refreshed and sobered, the jolly priest twirled his partizan round his head with three fingers, as if he

had been balancing a reed, exclaiming at the same time, "Where be those false ravishers who carry off wenches against their will? May the foul fiend fly off with me, if I am not man enough for a dozen of them."

"Swearest thou, Holy Clerk?" said the Black Knight.

"Clerk me no clerks," replied the transformed priest, "by St. George and the Dragon, I am no longer a shaven monk than while my frock is on my back. When I am cased in my green cassock, I will drink, swear, and woo a lass with any blythe forester in the West Riding."

"Come on, Jack Priest," said Locksley, "and be silent; thou art as noisy as a whole convent on a holy eve, when the Father Abbot has gone to bed. Come on you, too, my masters, tarry not to talk of it—I say, come on; we must collect all our forces, and few enough we shall have, if we are to storm the castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf."

"What! is it Front-de-Bœuf," said the Black Knight, "who has stopt on the king's highway the king's liege subjects? Is he turned thief and oppressor?"

"Oppressor he ever was," said Locksley.

"And for thief," said the priest, "I doubt if ever he was even half so honest a man as many a thief of my acquaintance."

"Move on, priest, and be silent," said the yeoman; "were better you led the way to the place of rendezvous than say what should be left unsaid, both in decency and prudence."

## CHAPTER XXI

Alas, how many hours and years have past,  
Since human forms have round this table sate,  
Or lamp, or taper, on its surface gleam'd!  
Methinks, I hear the sound of time long pass'd  
Still murmuring o'er us, in the lofty void  
Of these dark arches, like the ling'ring voices  
Of those who long within their graves have slept.  
*Orra, a Tragedy.*

While these measures were taking in behalf of Cedric and his companions, the armed men by whom the latter had been seized hurried their captives along towards the place of security where they intended to imprison them. But darkness came on fast, and the paths of the wood seemed perfectly known to the marauders. They were compelled to make several long halts, and once or twice to retrace their road to resume the direction which they intended to pursue. The summer morn had dawned upon them ere they could travel in full assurance that they held the right path. But confidence returned with light, and the cavalcade now moved rapidly forward. Meanwhile, the long dialogue took place between the two leaders of the party:

"It is time thou shouldst leave us, Sir Maurice," said the Templar to De Bracy, "in order to prepare the second act of thy mystery. Thou art next, thou knowest, to act the Knight Deliverer."

"I have thought better of it," said De Bracy: "I will not leave thee till the prize is fairly deposited in Front-de-peste castle. There will I appear before the Lady Rowena in my own shape, and trust that she will set down to the

vehemence of my passion the violence of which I have guilty."

"And what has made thee change thy plan, De Bracy replied the Knight Templar.

"That concerns thee nothing," answered his companion.

"I would hope, however, Sir Knight," said the Templar, "that this alteration of measures arises from no suspicion of my honourable meaning, such as Fitzurse endeavoured to instil into thee?"

"My thoughts are my own," answered De Bracy; "fiend laughs, they say, when one thief robs another; and I know, that were he to spit fire and brimstone instead of words, would never prevent a Templar from following his bent."

"Or the leader of a Free Company," answered the Templar, "from dreading at the hands of a comrade the injustice he does to all mankind."

"This is unprofitable and perilous recrimination," answered De Bracy; "suffice it to say, I know the moral of the Temple Order, and I will not give thee the power of driving me out of the fair prey for which I have run such risk."

"Psha," replied the Templar, "what hast thou to say? Thou knowest the vows of our order."

"Right well," said De Bracy, "and also how they are kept. Come, Sir Templar, the laws of gallantry have several interpretations in Palestine, and this is a case in which I will trust nothing to your conscience."

"Hear the truth, then," said the Templar; "I care not for your blue-eyed beauty. There is in that train of captives one who will make me a better mate."

"What! wouldst thou stoop to the waiting damsel?" asked De Bracy.

"No, Sir Knight," said the Templar, haughtily, "the waiting-woman will I not stoop. I have a prize among the captives as lovely as thine own."

"By the mass, thou meanest the fair Jewess!" said De Bracy.

"and if I do," said Bois-Guilbert, "who shall gainsay

"one that I know," said De Bracy, "unless it be your  
celibacy or a check of conscience for an intrigue  
Jewess."

"For my vow," said the Templar, "our Grand Master  
granted me a dispensation. And for my conscience,  
that has slain three hundred Saracens need not  
cup every little failing, like a village girl at her first  
union upon Good Friday eve."

"Thou knowest best thine own privileges," said De  
Bracy. "Yet, I would have sworn thy thought had been  
on the old usurer's money-bags than on the black eyes  
of a Jewess's daughter."

"I can admire both," answered the Templar; "besides,  
a Jew is but half-prize. I must share his spoils with  
de-Bœuf, who will not lend us the use of his castle  
for nothing. I must have something that I can term ex-  
clusively my own by this foray of ours, and I have fixed on  
a Jewess as my peculiar prize. But, now thou  
art at my drift, thou wilt resume thine own original plan,  
wilt thou not? Thou hast nothing, thou seest, to fear from  
my interference."

"I will," replied De Bracy, "I will remain beside my prize.  
Thou sayst is passing true, but I like not the privileges  
granted by the dispensation of the Grand Master, and the  
acquired by the slaughter of three hundred Saracens.  
I have too good a right to a free pardon to render you  
scrupulous about peccadilloes."

While this dialogue was proceeding, Cedric was en-  
deavouring to wring out of those who guarded him an  
idea of their character and purpose. "You should be  
Englishmen," said he; "and yet, sacred Heaven! you prey  
on our countrymen as if you were very Normans. You  
are my neighbours, and, if so, my friends; for which  
English neighbours have reason to be otherwise?"



tell ye, yeomen, that even those among ye who have been branded with outlawry have had from me protection; for I have pitied their miseries, and curst the oppression of their tyrannic nobles. What, then, would you have of me? and in what can this violence serve ye? Ye are worse than brute beasts in your actions, and will you imitate them in their very dumbness?"

It was in vain that Cedric expostulated with his guards, who had too many good reasons for their silence to be induced to break it either by his wrath or his expostulations. They continued to hurry him along, travelling at a very rapid rate, until, at the end of an avenue of huge trees, arrived Torquilstone, now the hoary and ancient castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf. It was a fortress of no great size, consisting of a donjon, or large and high square tower, surrounded by buildings of inferior height, which were encircled by an inner courtyard. Around the exterior wall was a deep moat, supplied with water from a neighbouring rivulet. Front-de-Bœuf, whose character placed him often at feud with his enemies, had made considerable additions to the strength of his castle, by building towers upon the outwork wall, so as to flank it at every angle. The access, as usual in castles of the period, lay through an arched barbican, an outwork, which was terminated and defended by a small turret at each corner.

Cedric no sooner saw the turrets of Front-de-Bœuf castle raise their grey and moss-grown battlements, glimmering in the morning sun above the wood by which they were surrounded, than he instantly augured more truly concerning the cause of his misfortune.

"I did injustice," he said, "to the thieves and outlaws of these woods, when I supposed such banditti to belong to their bands; I might as justly have confounded the flocks of these brakes with the ravening wolves of France. Tell me, dogs, is it my life or my wealth that your master aims at? Is it too much that two Saxons, myself and the noble

Athelstane, should hold land in the country which was once the patrimony of our race? Put us, then, to death, and complete your tyranny by taking our lives, as you began with our liberties. If the Saxon Cedric cannot rescue Engelard, he is willing to die for her. Tell your tyrannical master, I do only beseech him to dismiss the Lady Rowena with honour and safety. She is a woman, and he need not lead her; and with us will die all who dare fight in her cause."

The attendants remained as mute to this address as to the former, and they now stood before the gate of the castle. Bracy winded his horn three times, and the archers and long-bow men, who had manned the wall upon seeing their approach, hastened to lower the drawbridge and admit them. The prisoners were compelled by their guards to fight, and were conducted to an apartment where a hasty feast was offered them, of which none but Athelstane felt any inclination to partake. Neither had the descendant of the Confessor much time to do justice to the good cheer spread before them, for their guards gave him and Cedric to understand that they were to be imprisoned in a chamber apart from Rowena. Resistance was vain; and they were compelled to follow to a large room, which, rising on clumsy iron pillars, resembled those refectories<sup>1</sup> and chapter-houses<sup>2</sup> which may be still seen in the most ancient parts of the most ancient monasteries.

The Lady Rowena was next separated from her train, and conducted, with courtesy, indeed, but still without consulting her inclination, to a distant apartment. The same ignominious distinction was conferred on Rebecca, in spite of her father's entreaties, who offered even money, in this extremity of distress, that she might be permitted to abide with him. "Base unbeliever," answered one of his guards, "when thou hast seen thy lair, thou wilt not wish thy

<sup>1</sup> REFECTORIES The large dining-rooms of the monasteries.

<sup>2</sup> CHAPTER-HOUSES Headquarters or assembly-places for officers and members of the religious or fraternal orders.

daughter to partake it." And, without farther discussion, the old Jew was forcibly dragged off in a different direction from the other prisoners. The domestics, after being carefully searched and disarmed, were confined in another part of the castle; and Rowena was refused even the comfort she might have derived from the attendance of her handmaiden Elgitha.

The apartment in which the Saxon chiefs were confined for to them we turn our first attention, although at present used as a sort of guard-room, had formerly been the great hall of the castle. It was now abandoned to meaner purposes, because the present lord, among other additions to the convenience, security, and beauty of his baronial residence, had erected a new and noble hall, whose vaulted roof was supported by lighter and more elegant pillars, and fitted up with that higher degree of ornament which the Normans had already introduced into architecture.

Cedric paced the apartment, filled with indignant reflections on the past and on the present, while the apathy of his companion served, instead of patience and philosophy, to defend him against everything save the inconvenience of the present moment; and so little did he feel even this, that he was only from time to time roused to a reply by Cedric's animated and impassioned appeal to him.

"Yes," said Cedric, half speaking to himself and half addressing himself to Athelstane, "it was in this very hall that my [grand-]father feasted with Torquil Wolfsgange when he entertained the valiant and unfortunate Harold then advancing against the Norwegians, who had united themselves to the rebel Tosti. It was in this hall that Harold returned the magnanimous answer to the ambassador of his rebel brother. Oft have I heard my father kindle as he told the tale. The envoy of Tosti was admitted, when this ample room could scarce contain the crowd of nobles

\* HAROLD. Read Bulwer-Lytton's romance and Tennyson's drama, each bearing the title *Harold*. See also Green's Short History, Chap. II., Sec. IV.

who were quaffing the blood-red wine around him."

said Athelstane, somewhat moved by this part of his discourse, "they will not forget to send us refectations at noon: we had scarce a breathing-time to break our fast, and I never have the benefit when I eat immediately after dismounting from horse, though the leeches recommend that practice."

went on with his story without noticing this inobservation of his friend.

roy of Tosti," he said, "moved up the hall, under the frowning countenances of all around him, and did his obeisance before the throne of King

terms,' he said, 'Lord King, hath thy brother sworn, if he should lay down his arms and crave mercy, to have his lands?

her's love,' cried the generous Harold, 'and the lands of Northumberland.'

ould Tosti accept these terms,' continued the king, 'the lands shall be assigned to his faithful ally, the King of Norway?'

feet of English ground,' answered Harold, 'as Hardrada is said to be a giant, perhaps we shall have twelve inches more.'

rung with acclamations, and cup and horn was raised. 'The Norwegian, who should be speedily in possession of English territory.'

have pledged him with all my soul," said Harold, "for my tongue cleaves to my palate."

Red envoy," continued Cedric, pursuing with the tale, though it interested not the listener, "return to Tosti and his ally the ominous answer to his brother. It was then that the distant towers of the bloody streams of the Derwent<sup>1</sup> beheld that

direful conflict, in which, after displaying the undaunted valour, the King of Norway and Tosti bore with ten thousand of their bravest followers. Who would have thought that, upon the proud day when this battle was won, the very gale which waved the Saxon banner of triumph was filling the Norman sails, and impelling them to the fatal shores of Sussex? Who would have thought that Harold, within a few brief days, would himself be no more of his kingdom than the share which he allotted his wrath to the Norwegian invader? Who would have thought that you, noble Athelstane—that you, descendant of Harold's blood, and that I, whose father was not the defender of the Saxon crown, should be prisoners to a Norman, in the very hall in which our ancestors held their high festival?"

"It is sad enough," replied Athelstane; "but I trust we will hold us to a moderate ransom. At any rate, it shall not be their purpose to starve us outright: and yet, although it is high noon, I see no preparations for serving dinner. Look up at the window, noble Cedric, and judge by the beams if it is not on the verge of noon."

"It may be so," answered Cedric; "but I cannot look at that stained lattice without its awakening other recollections than those which concern the passing moment or its decorations. When that window was wrought, my noble father and our hardy fathers knew not the art of making glass, and staining it. The pride of Wolfgang's father brought an artist from Normandy to adorn his hall with tapestries and species of emblazonment, that breaks the golden light of God's blessed day into so many fantastic hues. The stranger came here poor, beggarly, cringing, and subservient, ready to doff his cap to the meanest native of the house. He returned pampered and proud to tell his rapacious countrymen of the wealth and the simplicity of the English nobles—a folly, O Athelstane! foreboded of old, and foreseen by those descendants of Hengist and his



who retained the simplicity of their manners. We  
 these strangers our bosom friends, our confidential  
 arts; we borrowed their artists and their arts, and  
 the honest simplicity and hardihood with which  
 our ancestors supported themselves; and we became  
 debased by Norman arts long ere we fell under Norman

Far better was our homely diet, eaten in peace and  
 than the luxurious dainties, the love of which hath  
 debased us as bondsmen to the foreign conqueror!"

"Should," replied Athelstane, "hold very humble diet  
 very at present; and it astonishes me, noble Cedric, that  
 you can bear so truly in mind the memory of past deeds,  
 and yet it appeareth you forget the very hour of dinner."

"It is time lost," muttered Cedric apart and impatiently,  
 to speak to him of aught else but that which concerns his  
 self! The soul of Hardicanute<sup>1</sup> hath taken possession  
 of him, and he hath no pleasure save to fill, to swill, and to  
 eat more. Alas!" said he, looking at Athelstane with  
 compassion, "that so dull a spirit should be lodged in so  
 fair a form! Alas! that such an enterprise as the re-  
 demption of England should turn on a hinge so imperfect!  
 And yet to Rowena, indeed, her nobler and more generous  
 may yet awake the better nature which is torpid within."

Yet how should this be, while Rowena, Athelstane,  
 and myself remain the prisoners of this brutal marauder,  
 who have been made so perhaps from a sense of the dangers  
 our liberty might bring to the usurped power of his  
 house?"

While the Saxon was plunged in these painful reflec-  
 tions, the door of their prison opened and gave entrance to  
 a man,<sup>2</sup> holding his white rod of office. This important  
 officer advanced into the chamber with a grave pace, fol-  
 lowed by four attendants, bearing in a table covered with

<sup>1</sup> HARDCANUTE. The son of Canute and King of England (1040-1042).  
 died of apoplexy, the result of gross dissipation.

<sup>2</sup> A head-servant who presided over the meats; from Old English  
*head* and *meat*.

dishes, the sight and smell of which seemed to be an instant compensation to Athelstane for all the inconvenience he had undergone. The persons who attended on the feast were masked and cloaked.

"What mummary is this?" said Cedric; "think you that we are ignorant whose prisoners we are, when we are in the castle of your master? Tell him," he continued, willing to use this opportunity to open a negotiation for his freedom—"tell your master, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, that we know no reason he can have for withholding our liberty, excepting his unlawful desire to enrich himself at our expense. Tell him that we yield to his rapacity, as in similar circumstances we should do to that of a literal robber. Let him name the ransom at which he rates our liberty, and it shall be paid, providing the exaction is suited to our means."

The sewer made no answer, but bowed his head.

"And tell Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," said Athelstane, "that I send him my mortal defiance, and challenge him to combat with me, on foot or horseback, at any secret place, within eight days after our liberation; which, if he be a true knight, he will not, under these circumstances, venture to refuse or to delay."

"I shall deliver to the knight your defiance," answered the sewer; "meanwhile I leave you to your food."

The challenge of Athelstane was delivered with no good grace; for a large mouthful, which required the exercise of both jaws at once, added to a natural hesitation, considerably damped the effect of the bold defiance it contained. Still, however, his speech was hailed by Cedric as an incontestable token of reviving spirit in his companion, whose previous indifference had begun, notwithstanding his respect for Athelstane's descent, to wear out his patience. But he now cordially shook hands with him in token of his approbation, and was somewhat grieved when Athelstane observed, "That he would fight a dozen such men as Front-de-Bœuf, if by so doing he could hasten his departure from

dungeon where they put so much garlic into their potage." Notwithstanding this intimation of a relapse into apathy of sensuality, Cedric placed himself opposite to Melstane, and soon showed that, if the distresses of his country could banish the recollection of food while the table was uncovered, yet no sooner were the victuals put there than he proved that the appetite of his Saxon ancestors had descended to him along with their other qualities.

The captives had not long enjoyed their refreshment, however, ere their attention was disturbed even from this most serious occupation by the blast of a horn winded before the gate. It was repeated three times, with as much violence as if it had been blown before an enchanted castle, the destined knight at whose summons halls and towers, arched and battlement, were to roll off like a morning cloud. The Saxons started from the table and hastened to the window. But their curiosity was disappointed; for the outlets only looked upon the court of the castle, and no sound came from beyond its precincts. The summons, however, seemed of importance, for a considerable degree of bustle instantly took place in the castle.

## CHAPTER XXII

My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!

... O my Christian ducats!

Justice! the Law! my ducats, and my daughter!

*Merchant of Venice.*

Leaving the Saxon chiefs to return to their banquet as soon as their ungratified curiosity should permit them to attend to the calls of their half-satiated appetite, we have to look in upon the yet more severe imprisonment of Isaac of York. The poor Jew had been hastily thrust into a dungeon-vault of the castle, the floor of which was deep beneath the level of the ground, and very damp, being lower than even the moat itself. The only light was received through one or two loop-holes far above the reach of the captive's hand. These apertures admitted, even at mid-day, only a dim and uncertain light, which was changed for utter darkness long before the rest of the castle had lost the blessing of day. Chains and shackles, which had been the portion of former captives, from whom active exertions to escape had been apprehended, hung rusted and empty on the walls of the prison, and in the rings of one of those sets of fetters there remained two mouldering bones, which seemed to have been once those of the human leg, as if some prisoner had been left not only to perish there, but to be consumed to a skeleton.

At one end of this ghastly apartment was a large fire-grate, over the top of which were stretched some transverse iron bars, half-devoured with rust.

The whole appearance of the dungeon might have appalled a stouter heart than that of Isaac, who, neverthe-

was more composed under the imminent pressure of fear than he had seemed to be while affected by terrors of a cause as yet remote and contingent. The sports of the chase say that the hare feels more agony during the pursuit of the greyhounds than when she is struggling in their fangs.<sup>1</sup> And thus it is probable that the Jews, by the very frequency of their fear on all occasions, had their minds in some degree prepared for every effort of any which could be practised upon them; so that no passion, when it had taken place, could bring with it that shock which is the most disabling quality of terror. Never was it the first time that Isaac had been placed in circumstances so dangerous. He had therefore experience to guide him, as well as hope that he might again, as formerly, be delivered as a prey from the fowler. Above all, and upon his side the unyielding obstinacy of his nation, that unbending resolution with which Israelites have so frequently known to submit to the uttermost evils of power and violence can inflict upon them, rather than gratify their oppressors by granting their demands. In this humour of passive resistance, and with his garb collected beneath him to keep his limbs from the wet pavement, Isaac sat in a corner of his dungeon, where his sunken hands, his dishevelled hair and beard, his furred and high cap, seen by the wiry and broken light, might have afforded a study for Rembrandt, had that celebrated painter existed at the period. The Jew remained without altering his position for nearly three hours, at the close of which steps were heard on the dungeon stair. Bolts screamed as they were withdrawn, the hinges creaked as the wicket opened, and Reginald Front-de-Bœuf followed by the two Saracen slaves of the Templar, entered the prison.

Front-de-Bœuf, a tall and strong man, whose life had

THEIR FANGS. *Nota Bene.* We by no means warrant the accuracy of this piece of natural history, which we give on the authority of the *Waverley*. L. T. [Scott.]



been spent in public war or in private feuds and battles, who had hesitated at no means of extending his power, had features corresponding to his character, which strongly expressed the fiercer and more violent passions of the mind. The scars with which his weathered and seamed would, on features of a different cast, have excited the sympathy and veneration due to the marks of noble valour; but, in the peculiar case of Front-de-Bœuf, they only added to the ferocity of his countenance, and to the dread which his presence inspired. This fierce baron was clad in a leathern doublet, fitted close to his body, which was frayed and soiled with the stains of battle. He had no weapon, excepting a poniard at his belt, which served to counterbalance the weight of the bunch of keys that hung at his right side.

The black slaves who attended Front-de-Bœuf were stripped of their gorgeous apparel, and attired in a tunic and trowsers of coarse linen, their sleeves being turned up above the elbow, like those of butchers when about to exercise their function in the slaughter-house. Each carried in his hand a small pannier; and, when they entered the prison, they stopt at the door until Front-de-Bœuf himself had fully locked and double-locked it. Having taken this precaution, he advanced slowly up the apartment to the Jew, upon whom he kept his eye fixed, as if he wished to paralyse him with his glance, as some animals are known to fascinate their prey. It seemed, indeed, as if the malignant eye of Front-de-Bœuf possessed some power that supposed power over his unfortunate prisoner. The Jew sat with his mouth agape, and his eyes fixed upon the savage baron with such earnestness of terror that his countenance seemed literally to shrink together, and to diminish in bulk while encountering the fierce Norman's fixed and unflinching gaze. The unhappy Isaac was deprived not only of the power of rising to make the obeisance which his

but he could not even doff his cap, or utter any word of application; so strongly was he agitated by the conviction that tortures and death were impending over him.

On the other hand, the stately form of the Norman appeared to dilate in magnitude, like that of the eagle, which ruffles up its plumage when about to pounce on its defenceless prey. He paused within three steps of the corner in which the unfortunate Jew had now, as it were, coiled himself up into the smallest possible space, and made a sign for the slaves to approach. The black satellite came forward accordingly, and, producing from his basket a large pair of scales and several weights, he laid them at the feet of Front-de-Bœuf, and again retired to the respectful distance at which his companion had already taken his station. The motions of these men were slow and solemn, as if they impended over their souls some preconception of horror and of cruelty. Front-de-Bœuf himself opened the scene by thus addressing his ill-fated captive.

"Most accursed dog of an accursed race," he said, awaking with his deep and sullen voice the sullen echoes of his dungeon-vault, "seest thou these scales?"

The unhappy Jew returned a feeble affirmative.

"In these very scales shalt thou weigh me out," said the ruthless Baron, "a thousand silver pounds, after the just measure and weight of the Tower of London."

"Holy Abraham!" returned the Jew, finding voice even at the very extremity of his danger, "heard man ever make such a demand? Who ever heard, even in a minstrel's tale, of such a sum as a thousand pounds of silver. What human being was ever blessed with the vision of such a mass of treasure? Not within the walls of York, ransack my house, and that of all my tribe, wilt thou find the tithe of that huge mass of silver that thou speakest of."

"I am reasonable," answered Front-de-Bœuf, "and if the sum be scant, I refuse not gold. At the rate of a mark of

gold for each six pounds of silver, thou shalt free thy unbelieved carcass from such punishment as thy heart has never even conceived."

"Have mercy on me, noble knight!" exclaimed Isaac; "I am old, and poor, and helpless. It were unworthy to triumph over me. It is a poor deed to crush a worm."

"Old thou mayst be," replied the knight; "more shame to their folly who have suffered thee to grow grey in usury and knavery. Feeble thou mayst be, for when had a Jew either heart or hand? But rich it is well known thou art."

"I swear to you, noble knight," said the Jew, "by all which I believe, and by all which we believe in common —"

"Perjure not thyself," said the Norman, interrupting him, "and let not thine obstinacy seal thy doom, until thou hast seen and well considered the fate that awaits thee. Think not I speak to thee only to excite thy terror, and practise on the base cowardice thou hast derived from thy tribe. I swear to thee by that which thou dost not believe, by the Gospel which our church teaches, and by the keys which are given her to bind and to loose, that my purpose is deep and peremptory. This dungeon is no place for trifling. Prisoners ten thousand times more distinguished than thou have died within these walls, and their fate has never been known! But for thee is reserved a long and lingering death, to which theirs were luxury."

He again made a signal for the slaves to approach, and spoke to them apart, in their own language; for he also had been in Palestine, where, perhaps, he had learnt his lesson of cruelty. The Saracens produced from their baskets a quantity of charcoal, a pair of bellows, and a flask of oil. While the one struck a light with a flint and steel, the other disposed the charcoal in the large rusty grate which we have already mentioned, and exercised the bellows until the fire came to a red glow.

"Seest thou, Isaac," said Front-de-Bœuf, "the range

bars<sup>1</sup> above that glowing charcoal? On that warm thou shalt lie, stripped of thy clothes as if thou wert on a bed of down. One of these slaves shall maintain the fire beneath thee, while the other shall anoint thy mangled limbs with oil, lest the roast should burn. Now, betwixt such a scorching bed and the payment of a hundred pounds of silver; for, by the head of my father, I have no other option."

"It is impossible," exclaimed the miserable Jew—"it is impossible that your purpose can be real! The good God surely never made a heart capable of exercising such cruelty!"

"Trust not to that, Isaac," said Front-de-Bœuf, "it were a great error. Dost thou think that I, who have seen a sacked, in which thousands of my Christian countrymen perished by sword, by flood, and by fire, will blench at my purpose for the outcries or screams of one single wretched Jew? Or thinkest thou that these swarthy slaves, who have neither law, country, nor conscience, but their master's will—who use the poison, or the stake, or the wheel, or the cord, at his slightest wink—thinkest thou that they will have mercy, who do not even understand the age in which it is asked? Be wise, old man; discharge out of a portion of thy superfluous wealth; repay to the lord of a Christian a part of what thou hast acquired by robbery thou hast practised on those of his religion. Thy bag may soon swell out once more thy shrivelled purse, neither leech nor medicine can restore thy scorched hide, flesh wert thou once stretched on these bars. Tell me thy ransom, I say, and rejoice that at such rate thou hast redeemed thee from a dungeon the secrets of which few returned to tell. I waste no more words with thee: between thy dross and thy flesh and blood, and as thou choosest, so shall it be."

"O may Abraham, Jacob, and all the fathers of our

<sup>1</sup> *RANGE OF IRON BARS, etc.* See Appendix, note E. [Scot.]



people assist me," said Isaac, "I cannot make the demand because I have not the means of satisfying your exorbitant demand!"

"Seize him and strip him, slaves," said the knight, "let the fathers of his race assist him if they can."

The assistants, taking their directions more from Baron's eye and his hand than his tongue, once more stepped forward, laid hands on the unfortunate Isaac, plucked him up from the ground, and, holding him between them, awaited the hard-hearted Baron's farther signal. The unhappy Jew eyed their countenances and that of Front-de-Bœuf with hope of discovering some symptoms of relenting: but the Baron exhibited the same cold, half-sullen, haughty smile which had been the prelude to his cruelty; the savage eyes of the Saracens, rolling gloomily under dark brows, acquiring a yet more sinister expression; the whiteness of the circle which surrounds the pupil, and rather the secret pleasure which they expected from the approaching scene than any reluctance to be its directed agents. The Jew then looked at the glowing furnace which he was presently to be stretched, and seeing no prospect of his tormentor's relenting, his resolution gave way.

"I will pay," he said, "the thousand pounds of ransom. That is," he added, after a moment's pause, "I will pay with the help of my brethren; for I must beg as a mendicant at the door of our synagogue ere I make up so enormous a sum. When and where must it be delivered?"

"Here," replied Front-de-Bœuf—"here it must be delivered; weighed it must be—weighed and told down on every dungeon floor. Thinkest thou I will part with thee until thy ransom is secure?"

"And what is to be my surety," said the Jew, "shall be at liberty after this ransom is paid?"

"The word of a Norman noble, thou pawnst thyself as a slave," answered Front-de-Bœuf—"the faith of a



man, more pure than the gold and silver of thee and thy tribe."

"I crave pardon, noble lord," said Isaac, timidly, "but where should I rely wholly on the word of one who will do nothing to mine?"

"Because thou canst not help it, Jew," said the knight, roughly. "Wert thou now in thy treasure-chamber at York, were I craving a loan of thy shekels, it would be thine to see the time of payment and the pledge of security. *As my* treasure-chamber. Here I have thee at advantage; nor will I again deign to repeat the terms on which I give thee liberty."

The Jew groaned deeply. "Grant me," he said, "at least with my own liberty, that of the companions with whom I travel. They scorned me as a Jew, yet they pitied my isolation, and because they tarried to aid me by the share of my evil hath come upon them; moreover, they contribute in some sort to my ransom."

"If thou meanest yonder Saxon churls," said Front-de-Bœuf, "their ransom will depend upon other terms than mine."

"Mind thine own concerns, Jew, I warn thee, and be not with those of others."

"I am, then," said Isaac, "only to be set at liberty, together with mine wounded friend?"

"Shall I twice recommend it," said Front-de-Bœuf, "to a Jew of Israel, to meddle with his own concerns, and leave those of others alone? Since thou hast made thy choice, it is but that thou payest down thy ransom, and that at a certain day."

"Yet hear me," said the Jew, "for the sake of that very thing which thou wouldst obtain at the expense of thyself." here he stopt short, afraid of irritating the savage knight. But Front-de-Bœuf only laughed, and himself took up the blank at which the Jew had hesitated. "At the expense of my conscience, thou wouldst say, Isaac."

“speak it out—I tell thee, I am reasonable. I can bear the reproaches of a loser, even when that loser is a Jew. Thou wert not so patient, Isaac, when thou didst invoke justice against Jacques Fitzdotterel, for calling thee a usurious blood-sucker, when thy exactions had devoured his patrimony.”

“I swear by the Talmud,”<sup>1</sup> said the Jew, “that your valour has been misled in that matter. Fitzdotterel drew his poniard upon me in mine own chamber, because I craved him for mine own silver. The term of payment was due the Passover.”

“I care not what he did,” said Front-de-Bœuf, “the question is, when shall I have mine own?—when shall I have the shekels, Isaac?”

“Let my daughter Rebecca go forth to York,” answered Isaac, “with your safe-conduct, noble knight, and so soon as man and horse can return, the treasure——” but he groaned deeply, but added, after the pause of a few seconds: “the treasure shall be told down on this very day.”

“Thy daughter!” said Front-de-Bœuf, as if surprised. “by heavens, Isaac, I would I had known of this. I deem that yonder black-browed girl had been thy concubine, and I gave her to be a handmaiden to Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, after the fashion of patriarchs and heroes of the days of old, who set us in these matters a wholesome example.”

The yell which Isaac raised at this unfeeling communication made the very vault to ring, and astounded the Saracens so much that they let go their hold of the Jew. He availed himself of his enlargement to throw himself on the pavement and clasp the knees of Front-de-Bœuf.

“Take all that you have asked,” said he, “Sir Knight, take ten times more—reduce me to ruin and to beggary, if thou wilt,—nay, pierce me with thy poniard, broil me in that furnace: but spare my daughter, deliver her in safety.”

<sup>1</sup> TALMUD The entire body of the Hebrew law, including the expounds by the Rabbis and the religious traditions of the race.

"As thou art born of woman, spare the honourless maiden. She is the image of my deceased father; she is the last of six pledges of her love. Will thou be a widowed husband of his sole remaining comrade? Will you reduce a father to wish that his only living child were laid beside her dead mother, in the tomb of our fathers?"

"Alas!" said the Norman, somewhat relenting, "that I have known of this before. I thought your race had loved to save their money-bags."

"Not so vilely of us, Jews though we be," said the Jew, "to improve the moment of apparent sympathy; the red fox, the tortured wild-cat loves its young—the persecuted race of Abraham love their children."

"So," said Front-de-Bœuf; "I will believe it in thee, for thy very sake. But it aids us not now; I know not what has happened, or what is to follow: my sword is pledged to my comrade in arms, nor would I break it against Jews and Jewesses to boot. Besides, why shouldst thou care if evil is to come to the girl, even if she became the booty of a knight?"

"I will—there must!" exclaimed Isaac, wringing his hands in agony; "when did Templars breathe aught but truth and men and dishonour to women!"

"Thou art an infidel," said Front-de-Bœuf, with sparkling eyes, "not sorry, perhaps, to seize a pretext for working up a passion, 'blaspheme not the Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, but take thought instead to pay me the ransom thou hast promised, or woe betide thy Jewish daughter!'"

"Thou art a traitor and villain!" said the Jew, retorting the insults with passion, which, however impotent, he could not keep from him; "it is impossible to bridge, 'I will pay thee nothing but silver penny will I pay thee—unless my daughter be restored to me in safety and honour!'"

"Art thou in thy senses, Israelite?" said the Norman sternly; "has thy flesh and blood a charm against heat, iron and scalding oil?"

"I care not!" said the Jew, rendered desperate by paternal affection; "do thy worst. My daughter is my flesh and blood, dearer to me a thousand times than those limbs which thy cruelty threatens. No silver will I give thee, unless I were to pour it molten down thy avaricious throat; no, not a silver penny will I give thee, Nazarene, were it to save thee from the deep damnation thy whole life has merited! Take my life if thou wilt, and say the Jew amidst his tortures, knew how to disappoint the Christian."

"We shall see that," said Front-de-Bœuf; "for by the blessed rood, which is the abomination of thy accursed tribe, thou shalt feel the extremities of fire and steel. Strip him, slaves, and chain him down upon the bars."

In spite of the feeble struggles of the old man, the Saracens had already torn from him his upper garment. They were proceeding totally to disrobe him, when the sound of bugle, twice<sup>1</sup> winded without the castle, penetrated even to the recesses of the dungeon, and immediately all loud voices were heard calling for Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf. Unwilling to be found engaged in his hellish occupation, the savage Baron gave the slaves a signal to restore Isaac's garment, and quitting the dungeon with his attendants, he left the Jew to thank God for his own deliverance, or to lament over his daughter's captivity and probable fate, as his personal or parental feelings might preponderate strongest.

<sup>1</sup> TWICE. Does the author mean thrice? Compare the close of the preceding chapter

## CHAPTER XXIII

Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words  
Can no way change you to a milder form,  
I'll woo you, like a soldier, at arms' end,  
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you  
*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

The apartment to which the Lady Rowena had been introduced was fitted up with some rude attempts at ornament and magnificence, and her being placed there might be considered as a peculiar mark of respect not offered to other prisoners. But the wife of Front-de-Bœuf, from whom it had been originally furnished, was long dead, and decay and neglect had impaired the few ornaments with which her taste had adorned it. The tapestry hung down in the walls in many places, and in others was tarnished and faded under the effects of the sun, or tattered and decayed by age. Desolate, however, as it was, this was the apartment of the castle which had been judged most fitting for the accommodation of the Saxon heiress; and here she was left to meditate upon her fate, until the actors in this serious drama had arranged the several parts which each of them was to perform. This had been settled in a council called by Front-de-Bœuf, De Bracy, and the Templar, in which, after a long and warm debate concerning the several advantages which each insisted upon deriving from his peculiar share in this audacious enterprise, they had at length determined the fate of their unhappy prisoners.

It was about the hour of noon, therefore, when De Bracy, for whose advantage the expedition had been first planned, appeared to prosecute his views upon the happy possessions of the Lady Rowena.



The interval had not entirely been bestowed in council with his confederates, for De Bracy had leisure to decorate his person with all the foppish times. His green cassock and vizard were now finished. His long luxuriant hair was trained to flow in quarts down his richly furred cloak. His beard was close shaven, his doublet reached to the middle of his leg, and his sword, which secured it, and at the same time supported his enormous sword, was embroidered and embossed with gold work. We have already noticed the extravagant fashion of the shoes at this period, and the points of Maurice might have challenged the prize of extravagance for the gayest, being turned up and twisted like the horns of a bull. Such was the dress of a gallant of the period; and in the present instance, that effect was aided by the handsome person and good demeanour of the wearer, whose countenance partook alike of the grace of a courtier and the firmness of a soldier.

He saluted Rowena by doffing his velvet bonnet, and fastened it with a golden brooch, representing St. Michael trampling down the Prince of Evil. With this, he motioned the lady to a seat and, as she still remained in her standing posture, the knight ungloved his right hand, and motioned to conduct her thither. But Rowena, by her gesture, the proffered compliment, and reply, "I be in the presence of my jailor, Sir Knight—no circumstances allow me to think otherwise—it becomes his prisoner to remain standing till she learns his name."

"Alas! fair Rowena," returned De Bracy, "you are in the presence of your captive, not your jailor; and it is to your fair eyes that De Bracy must receive that doom which he fondly expects from him."

"I know you not, sir," said the lady, drawing back, "with all the pride of offended rank and beauty, you know me not; and the insolent familiarity with which you address me is unwelcome."

\* **ST. MICHAEL.** The archangel; compare Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

"The jargon of a troubadour forms no apology for the silence of a robber."

"To thyself, fair maid," answered De Bracy, in his former tone—"to thine own charms be ascribed whate'er I have done which passed the respect due to her whom I have chosen queen of my heart and loadstar of my eyes."

"I repeat to you, Sir Knight, that I know you not, and that no man wearing chain and spurs ought thus to intrude himself upon the presence of an unprotected lady."

"That I am unknown to you," said De Bracy, "is indeed my misfortune; yet let me hope that De Bracy's name has been always unspoken when minstrels or heralds have related deeds of chivalry, whether in the lists or in the field."

"To heralds and to minstrels, then, leave thy praise, Sir Knight," replied Rowena, "more suiting for their mouths than for thine own; and tell me which of them shall record thy song, or in book of tourney, the memorable conquest of last night, a conquest obtained over an old man, followed by two timid hinds; and its booty, an unfortunate maiden transported against her will to the castle of a robber?"

"You are unjust, Lady Rowena," said the knight, biting his lips in some confusion, and speaking in a tone more natural to him than that of affected gallantry which he had first adopted; "yourself free from passion, you can allow no excuse for the frenzy of another, although caused by your own beauty."

"I pray you, Sir Knight," said Rowena, "to cease a language so commonly used by strolling minstrels that it comes not the mouth of knights or nobles. Certes, you constrain me to sit down, since you enter upon such commonplace terms, of which each vile crowder<sup>1</sup> hath a stock. It might last from hence to Christmas."

"Proud damsel," said De Bracy, incensed at finding his court style procured him nothing but contempt—"pro-

<sup>1</sup> CROWDER. A player on the crowd, a sort of violin.

damsel, thou shalt be as proudly encountered. Know then, that I have supported my pretensions to your hand in the way that best suited thy character. It is meet for thy humour to be wooed with bow and bill than in set terms and in courtly language."

"Courtesy of tongue," said Rowena, "when it is used to veil churlishness of deed, is but a knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown. I wonder not that the restraint appears to gall you: more it were for your honour to have retained the dress and language of an outlaw than to veil the deeds of one under an affectation of gentle language and demeanour."

"You counsel well, lady," said the Norman; "and in the bold language which best justifies bold action, I tell thee thou shalt never leave this castle, or thou shalt leave it as Maurice de Bracy's wife. I am not wont to be baffled in my enterprises, nor needs a Norman noble scrupulously to vindicate his conduct to the Saxon maiden whom he distinguishes by the offer of his hand. Thou art proud, Rowena, and thou art the fitter to be my wife. By what other means couldst thou be raised to high honour and to princely place, saving by my alliance? How else wouldst thou escape from the mean precincts of a country grange, where Saxons herd with the swine which form their wealth, to take thy seat, honoured as thou shouldst be, and shalt be, at the court of all in England that is distinguished by beauty or dignified by power?"

"Sir Knight," replied Rowena, "the grange which you condemn hath been my shelter from infancy; and, trust me, when I leave it—should that day ever arrive—it shall be with one who has not learnt to despise the dwelling and manners in which I have been brought up."

"I guess your meaning, lady," said De Bracy, "though you may think it lies too obscure for my apprehension. But dream not that Richard Cœur-de-Lion will ever return

throne, far less that Wilfred of Ivanhoe, his minion, ever lead thee to his footstool, to be there welcomed as bride of a favourite. Another suitor might feel jealous while he touched this string; but my firm purpose not be changed by a passion so childish and so hopeless. No, lady, that this rival is in my power, and that it rests with me to betray the secret of his being within the castle to Front-de-Bœuf, whose jealousy will be more fatal to mine."

"Wilfred here!" said Rowena, in disdain; "that is as true as that Front-de-Bœuf is his rival."

De Bracy looked at her steadily for an instant. "Wert thou really ignorant of this?" said he; "didst thou not know that Wilfred of Ivanhoe travelled in the litter of the Jew? to meet conveyance for the crusader whose doughty arm he sought to reconquer the Holy Sepulchre!" And he laughed loudly.

"And if he is here," said Rowena, compelling herself to a show of indifference, though trembling with an agony of apprehension which she could not suppress, "in what is he a rival of Front-de-Bœuf? or what has he to fear beyond a imprisonment and an honourable ransom, according to the use of chivalry?"

"Rowena," said De Bracy, "art thou, too, deceived by the common error of thy sex, who think there can be no jealousy but that respecting their own charms? Knowest thou not there is a jealousy of ambition and of wealth, as well as of love; and that this our host, Front-de-Bœuf, will not let from his road him who opposes his claim to the fair lady of Ivanhoe as readily, eagerly, and unscrupulously as he were preferred to him by some blue-eyed damsel? Smile on my suit, lady, and the wounded champion shall have nothing to fear from Front-de-Bœuf, whom else thou shouldst mourn for, as in the hands of one who has never shown compassion."



"Save him, for the love of Heaven!" said Rowena, her firmness giving way under terror for her lover's impending fate.

"I can—I will—it is my purpose," said De Bracy: "for when Rowena consents to be the bride of De Bracy, who shall dare to put forth a violent hand upon her kinsman—the son of her guardian—the companion of her youth? But it is thy love must buy his protection. I am not so romantic fool enough to further the fortune, or avert the fate, of one who is likely to be a successful obstacle between me and my wishes. Use thine influence with me in his behalf, and he is safe; refuse to employ it, Wilfred dies, and thou thyself art not the nearer to freedom."

"Thy language," answered Rowena, "hath in its indifferent bluntness something which cannot be reconciled with the horrors it seems to express. I believe not that thy purpose is so wicked, or thy power so great."

"Flatter thyself, then, with that belief," said De Bracy, "until time shall prove it false. Thy lover lies wounded in this castle—thy preferred lover. He is a bar betwixt Front-de-Bœuf and that which Front-de-Bœuf loves better than either ambition or beauty. What will it cost beyond the blow of a poniard, or the thrust of a javelin, to silence his opposition for ever? Nay, were Front-de-Bœuf afraid to justify a deed so open, let the leech but give his patient a wrong draught, let the chamberlain, or the nurse who tend him, but pluck the pillow from his head, and Wilfred, in his present condition, is sped without the effusion of blood. Cedric also——"

"And Cedric also," said Rowena, repeating his words—"my noble—my generous guardian! I deserved the evil I have encountered, for forgetting his fate even in that of his son!"

"Cedric's fate also depends upon thy determination," said De Bracy, "and I leave thee to form it."

*Hitherto, Rowena had sustained her part in this tragedy*



scene with undismayed courage, but it was because she had not considered the danger as serious and imminent. Her disposition was naturally that which physiognomists consider as proper to fair complexions—mild, timid, and gentle; but it had been tempered, and, as it were, hardened, by the circumstances of her education. Accustomed to see the will of all, even of Cedric himself—sufficiently arbitrary with others—give way before her wishes, she had acquired that sort of courage and self-confidence which arises from the habitual and constant deference of the circle in which we move. She could scarce conceive the possibility of her will being opposed, far less that of its being treated with total disregard.

Her haughtiness and habit of domination was, therefore, a fictitious character, induced over that which was natural to her, and it deserted her when her eyes were opened to the extent of her own danger, as well as that of her lover and her guardian; and when she found her will, the slightest expression of which was wont to command respect and attention, now placed in opposition to that of a man of a strong, fierce, and determined mind, who possessed the advantage over her, and was resolved to use it, she quailed before him.

After casting her eyes around, as if to look for the aid which was nowhere to be found, and after a few broken interjections, she raised her hands to heaven, and burst into a passion of uncontrolled vexation and sorrow. It was impossible to see so beautiful a creature in such extremity without feeling for her, and De Bracy was not unmoved, though he was yet more embarrassed than touched. He had, in truth, gone too far to recede; and yet, in Rowena's present condition, she could not be acted on either by argument or threats. He paced the apartment to and fro, now vainly exhorting the terrified maiden to compose herself, now hesitating concerning his own line of conduct.

"If," thought he, "I should be moved by the tears of

sorrow of this disconsolate damsel, what should I reap but the loss of those fair hopes for which I have encountered so much risk, and the ridicule of Prince John and his jovial comrades. And yet," he said to himself, "I feel myself ill-framed for the part which I am playing. I cannot look on so fair a face while it is disturbed with agony, or on those eyes when they are drowned in tears. I would she had retained her original haughtiness of disposition, or that I had a larger share of Front-de-Bœuf's thrice-tempered hardness of heart!"

Agitated by these thoughts, he could only bid the unfortunate Rowena be comforted, and assure her that as yet she had no reason for the excess of despair to which she was now giving way. But in this task of consolation De Bracy was interrupted by the horn, "hoarse-winded blowing far and keen," which had at the same time alarmed the other inmates of the castle, and interrupted their several plans of avarice and of license. Of them all, perhaps, De Bracy least regretted the interruption; for his conference with the Lady Rowena had arrived at a point where he found it equally difficult to prosecute or to resign his enterprise.

And here we cannot but think it necessary to offer some better proof than the incidents of an idle tale to vindicate the melancholy representation of manners which has been just laid before the reader. It is grievous to think that those valiant barons, to whose stand against the crown the liberties of England were indebted for their existence, should themselves have been such dreadful oppressors, and capable of excesses contrary not only to the laws of England, but to those of nature and humanity. But, alas! we have only to extract from the industrious Henry<sup>1</sup> one of those numerous passages which he has collected from contemporary historians, to prove that fiction itself can hardly reach the dark reality of the horrors of the period.

<sup>1</sup> HENRY Robert Henry (1718-1790) author of a *History of England*. Scott refers the following extract to volume VII., page 348 of the edition 1795.

The description given by the author of the *Saxon Chronicle* of the cruelties exercised in the reign of King Stephen by the great barons and lords of castles, who were Normans, affords a strong proof of the excesses of which they were capable when their passions were inflamed. They grievously oppressed the poor people by building castles; and when they were built, they filled them with raked men, or rather devils, who seized both men and women who they imagined had any money, threw them into prison, and put them to more cruel tortures than the martyrs ever endured. They suffocated some in mud, and suspended others by the feet, or the head, or the thumbs, adding fires below them. They squeezed the heads of some with knotted cords till they pierced their brains, while they threw others into dungeons swarming with serpents, snakes, and toads." But it would be cruel to put the reader to the pain of perusing the remainder of this description.

As another instance of these bitter fruits of conquest, and perhaps the strongest that can be quoted, we may mention, that the Empress Matilda, though a daughter of the King of Scotland, and afterwards both Queen of England and Empress of Germany, the daughter, the wife, and the mother of monarchs, was obliged, during her early residence and education in England, to assume the veil of a nun, as the only means of escaping the licentious pursuit of the Norman nobles. This excuse she stated before a great council of the clergy of England, as the sole reason for her having taken the religious habit. The assembled clergy admitted the validity of the plea, and the notoriety of the circumstances upon which it was founded; giving thus an indubitable and most remarkable testimony to the existence of that disgraceful license by which that age was stained. It was a matter of public knowledge, they said, that after the conquest of King William, his Norman followers, elated by so great a victory, acknowledged no law but their own wicked pleasure, and not only despoiled the conquer-

Saxons of their lands and their goods, but invade the honour of their wives and of their daughters with the unbridled license; and hence it was then common for matrons and maidens of noble families to assume the habit and take shelter in convents, not as called thither in devotion of God, but solely to preserve their honour from the unbridled wickedness of man.

Such and so licentious were the times, as announced by the public declaration of the assembled clergy, recorded by Eadmer;<sup>1</sup> and we need add nothing more to vindicate the probability of the scenes which we have detailed, as about to detail, upon the more apocryphal authority of Wardour MS.

<sup>1</sup> EADMER. A monk, author of the *Historia Novorum* (1066-1123).

## CHAPTER XXIV

I'll woo her as the lion woos his bride.

*Douglas.*

While the scenes we have described were passing in the parts of the castle, the Jewess Rebecca awaited her in a distant and sequestered turret. Hither she had been led by two of her disguised ravishers, and on being cast into the little cell, she found herself in the presence of an old sibyl, who kept murmuring to herself a Saxon rhyme, as if to beat time to the revolving dance which her idle was performing upon the floor. The hag raised her head as Rebecca entered, and scowled at the fair Jewess with the malignant envy with which old age and ugliness, when united with evil conditions, are apt to look upon youth and beauty.

"Thou must up and away, old house-cricket," said one of the men; "our noble master commands it. Thou must leave this chamber to a fairer guest."

"Ay," grumbled the hag, "even thus is service requited. We know when my bare word would have cast the best cat-arms among ye out of saddle and out of service; and must I up and away at the command of every groom as thou."

"Good Dame Urfried," said the other man, "stand not to mope on it, but up and away. Lords' hests must be sped to with a quick ear. Thou hast had thy day, old horse, but thy sun has long been set. Thou art now the emblem of an old war-horse turned out on the barren moor; thou hast had thy paces in thy time, but now



broken amble is the best of them. Come, amble off with thee."

"Ill omens dog ye both!" said the old woman; "and kennel be your burying-place! May the evil demon Zernebock<sup>1</sup> tear me limb from limb, if I leave my own cell ere I have spun out the hemp on my distaff!"

"Answer it to our lord, then, old house-fiend," said the man, and retired, leaving Rebecca in company with the old woman, upon whose presence she had been thus unwillingly forced.

"What devil's deed have they now in the wind?" said the old hag, murmuring to herself, yet from time to time casting a sidelong and malignant glance at Rebecca; "but it is easy to guess. Bright eyes, black locks, and a skin like paper,<sup>2</sup> ere the priest stains it with his black unguent! And it is easy to guess why they send her to this lone turret whence a shriek could no more be heard than at the depth of five hundred fathoms beneath the earth. Thou wilt have owls for thy neighbours, fair one; and their scream will be heard as far, and as much regarded, as thine own. Outlandish, too," she said, marking the dress and turban of Rebecca. "What country art thou of?—a Saracen or an Egyptian? Why dost not answer? Thou canst weep, canst thou not speak?"

"Be not angry, good mother," said Rebecca.

"Thou needst say no more," replied Urfried; "we know a fox by the train,<sup>3</sup> and a Jewess by her tongue."

"For the sake of mercy," said Rebecca, "tell me what am to expect as the conclusion of the violence which has dragged me hither! Is it my life they seek, to atone for my religion? I will lay it down cheerfully."

"Thy life, minion!" answered the sibyl; "what wouldst thou taking thy life pleasure them? Trust me, thy life is in

<sup>1</sup> ZERNEBOCK. In Slavic mythology a demon.

<sup>2</sup> PAPER. When was paper introduced?

<sup>3</sup> TRAIN. Tail.

Such usage shalt thou have as was once thought enough for a noble Saxon maiden. And shall a Jew-like thee repine because she hath no better? Look at

I was as young and twice as fair as thou, when Front-bœuf, father of this Reginald, and his Normans, stormed castle. My father and his seven sons defended their inheritance from story to story, from chamber to chamber. There was not a room, not a step of the stair, that was not every where with their blood. They died—they died every one; and ere their bodies were cold, and ere their blood dried, I had become the prey and the scorn of the conqueror!”

“Is there no help? Are there no means of escape?” said Rebecca. “Richly—richly would I requite thine aid.”

“Think not of it,” said the hag: “from hence there is no way but through the gates of death; and it is late—late,” she added, shaking her grey head, “ere these open to us. It is comfort to think that we leave behind us on earth none who shall be wretched as ourselves. Fare thee well, Jew or Gentile, thy fate would be the same; for thou hast to do with them that have neither scruple nor pity. Fare thee well, I say. My thread is spun out; thy life is yet to begin.”

“Stay! stay! for Heaven’s sake!” said Rebecca—“stay, though it be to curse and to revile me; thy presence is yet my protection.”

“The presence of the mother of God were no protection,” answered the old woman. “There she stands,” pointing to a rude image of the Virgin Mary, “see if she can avert the fate that awaits thee.”

She left the room as she spoke, her features writhed into a look of sneering laugh, which made them seem even more malicious than their habitual frown. She locked the door behind her, and Rebecca might hear her curse every step for deepness, as slowly and with difficulty she descended the great stair.

Rebecca was now to expect a fate even more dreadful than that of Rowena; for what probability was there that either softness or ceremony would be used towards one of her oppressed race, whatever shadow of these might be preserved towards a Saxon heiress? Yet had the Jewess the advantage, that she was better prepared by habits of thought, and by natural strength of mind, to encounter the dangers to which she was exposed. Of a strong and observing character, even from her earliest years, the pomp and wealth which her father displayed within his walls, or which she witnessed in the houses of other wealthy Hebrews, had not been able to blind her to the precarious circumstances under which they were enjoyed. Like Damocles<sup>1</sup> at his celebrated banquet, Rebecca perpetually beheld, amid the gorgeous display, the sword which was suspended over the heads of her people by a single hair. These reflections had tamed and brought down to a pitch of sounder judgment a temper which, under other circumstances, might have waxed haughty, supercilious, and obstinate.

From her father's example and injunctions, Rebecca had learnt to bear herself courteously towards all who approached her. She could not indeed imitate his excess of subservience, because she was a stranger to the meanness of mind and to the constant state of timid apprehension by which it was dictated; but she bore herself with a proud humility, as if submitting to the evil circumstances in which she was placed as the daughter of a despised race, while she felt in her mind the consciousness that she was entitled to hold a higher rank from her merit than the arbitrary despotism of religious prejudice permitted her to aspire to.

Thus prepared to expect adverse circumstances, she had acquired the firmness necessary for acting under them. Her present situation required all her presence of mind, and she summoned it up accordingly.

<sup>1</sup> DAMOCLES. For the story of Damocles and his suspended sword, see a manual of Greek mythology.

first care was to inspect the apartment; but it offered few hopes either of escape or protection. It contained neither secret passage nor trap-door, and, unless the door by which she had entered joined the main passage, seemed to be circumscribed by the round exterior of the turret. The door had no inside bolt or bar. A single window opened upon an embattled space surmounting the turret, which gave Rebecca, at first sight, hopes of escaping; but she soon found it had no communication with any other part of the battlements, being an bartizan, or balcony, secured, as usual, by a parapet, embrasures, at which a few archers might be stationed flanking the turret, and flanking with their shot the castle on that side.

There was therefore no hope but in passive fortitude, that strong reliance on Heaven natural to great and good characters. Rebecca, however erroneously taught to interpret the promises of Scripture to the chosen people alone, did not err in supposing the present to be their trial, or in trusting that the children of Zion would not be called in with the fulness of the Gentiles. In the while, all around her showed that their present was that of punishment and probation, and that it was a special duty to suffer without sinning. Thus prepared to consider herself as the victim of misfortune, Rebecca early reflected upon her own state, and schooled herself to meet the dangers which she had probably to encounter.

The prisoner trembled, however, and changed colour, when a step was heard on the stair, and the door of the chamber slowly opened, and a tall man, dressed as those banditti to whom they owed their misfortune, entered, and shut the door behind him; his cap, drawn upon his brows, concealed the upper part of his face. He held his mantle in such a manner as to muffle

*In this guise, as if prepared for the execution of*



some deed, at the thought of which he was himself ashamed he stood before the affrighted prisoner; yet, ruffian as his dress bespoke him, he seemed at a loss to express what purpose had brought him thither, so that Rebecca, making an effort upon herself, had time to anticipate his explanation. She had already unclasped two costly bracelets and a collar which she hastened to proffer to the supposed outlaw, concluding naturally that to gratify his avarice was to bespeak his favour.

"Take these," she said, "good friend, and for God's sake be merciful to me and my aged father. These ornaments are of value, yet are they trifling to what he would bestow to obtain our dismissal from this castle free and uninjured."

"Fair flower of Palestine," replied the outlaw, "the pearls are orient,<sup>1</sup> but they yield in whiteness to your teeth; the diamonds are brilliant, but they cannot match your eyes; and ever since I have taken up this wild trade, I have made a vow to prefer beauty to wealth."

"Do not do yourself such wrong," said Rebecca; "take ransom, and have mercy! Gold will purchase you pleasure to misuse us could only bring thee remorse. My father will willingly satiate thy utmost wishes; and if thou wilt act wisely, thou mayst purchase with our spoils thy restoration to civil society—mayst obtain pardon for past errors, and be placed beyond the necessity of committing more."

"It is well spoken," replied the outlaw in French, finding it difficult probably to sustain in Saxon a conversation which Rebecca had opened in that language; "but know, bright lily of the vale of Baca!<sup>2</sup> that thy father is already in the hands of a powerful alchemist, who knows how to convert into gold and silver even the rusty bars of a dungeon grate. The venerable Isaac is subjected to an alchemic

<sup>1</sup> ORIENT. The word means east, but as applied to gems, has the sense of precious. Compare Tennyson's fine phrase in *The Princess*. Prologue, 20—"laborious orient ivory."

<sup>2</sup> VALE OF BACA. See Psalm LXXXIV. 6. These and the frequent expressions of similar nature are characteristic oriental terms of endearment familiar to both Rebecca and the Templar.



which will distil from him all he holds dear, without any stance from my requests or thy entreaty. Thy ransom shall be paid by love and beauty, and in no other coin will I accept it."

"Thou art no outlaw," said Rebecca, in the same language in which he addressed her; "no outlaw had refused my offers. No outlaw in this land uses the dialect in which thou hast spoken. Thou art no outlaw, but a Norman—a Norman, noble perhaps in birth. Oh, be so in thy actions, and cast off this fearful mask of outrage and violence!"

"And thou, who canst guess so truly," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, dropping the mantle from his face, "art no daughter of Israel, but in all save youth and beauty a witch of Endor. I am not an outlaw then, fair rose of Sharon. And I am one who will be more prompt to hang my neck and arms with pearls and diamonds, which so well become them, than to deprive thee of these ornaments."

"What wouldst thou have of me," said Rebecca, "if not wealth? We can have nought in common between us; I am a Christian, I am a Jewess. Our union were contrary to the laws alike of the church and the synagogue."

"It were so, indeed," replied the Templar, laughing. "Wed with a Jewess! *Despardieux!*<sup>1</sup> Not if she were the queen of Sheba! And know, besides, sweet daughter of Israel, that were the most Christian king<sup>2</sup> to offer me his daughter, with Languedoc<sup>3</sup> for a dowry, I would not wed her. It is against my vow to love any woman, otherwise than *par amours*,<sup>4</sup> as I will love thee. I am a Templar. Behold the cross of my holy order."

"Darest thou appeal to it," said Rebecca, "on an occasion like the present?"

<sup>1</sup> *DESPARDIEUX*. A French oath; "in God's name!"

<sup>2</sup> *MOST CHRISTIAN KING*. A title assumed by the Kings of France.

<sup>3</sup> *LANGUEDOC*. See note, page 242.

<sup>4</sup> *PAR AMOURS*. From which is derived our word *paramour*, an illicit love.

"And if I do so," said the Templar, "it concerns not thee, who art no believer in the blessed sign of our salvation."

"I believe as my fathers taught," said Rebecca; "and may God forgive my belief if erroneous! But you, Sir Knight, what is *yours*, when you appeal without scruple to that which you deem most holy, even while you are about to transgress the most solemn of your vows as a knight and as a man of religion?"

"It is gravely and well preached, O daughter of Sirach," answered the Templar; "but, gentle Ecclesiastica,<sup>1</sup> thy narrow Jewish prejudices make thee blind to our high privilege. Marriage were an enduring crime on the part of a Templar; but what lesser folly I may practise, I shall speedily be absolved from at the next preceptory<sup>2</sup> of our order. Not the wisest of monarchs, not his father, whose examples you must needs allow are weighty, claimed wider privileges than we poor soldiers of the Temple of Zion have won by our zeal in its defence. The protectors of Solomon's temple may claim license by the example of Solomon."

"If thou readest the Scripture," said the Jewess, "and the lives of the saints, only to justify thine own license and profligacy, thy crime is like that of him who extracts poison from the most healthful and necessary herbs."

The eyes of the Templar flashed fire at this reproach. "Hearken," he said, "Rebecca; I have hitherto spoken mildly to thee, but now my language shall be that of a conqueror. Thou art the captive of my bow and spear, subject to my will by the laws of all nations; nor will I abate an inch of my right, or abstain from taking by violence what thou refusest to entreaty or necessity."

<sup>1</sup> ECCLESIASTICA. Feminine form of *Ecclesiasticus*, the title of the Book of Wisdom, one of the sacred books of the Hebrews, not included in the Protestant Bible. It contains the Proverbs of Jesus the son of Sirach.

<sup>2</sup> PRECEPTORY. The organized assembly of the superiors of the order, who were called preceptors.

"Stand back," said Rebecca—"stand back, and hear me as thou offerest to commit a sin so deadly! My strength thou mayst indeed overpower, for God made women weak, I trusted their defence to man's generosity. But I will reclaim thy villainy, Templar, from one end of Europe to the other. I will owe to the superstition of thy brethren not that their compassion might refuse me. Each preceptory of each chapter of thy order, shall learn that, like a heretic, thou hast sinned with a Jewess. Those who tremble not at a crime will hold thee accursed for having so far dishonoured the cross thou wearest as to follow a daughter of her people."

"Thou art keen-witted, Jewess," replied the Templar, aware of the truth of what she spoke, and that the rules of his order condemned in the most positive manner, and under high penalties, such intrigues as he now prosecuted, and that in some instances even degradation had followed from it—"thou art sharp-witted," he said; "but loud must thy voice of complaint if it is heard beyond the iron walls of this castle; within these, murmurs, laments, appeals to justice, and screams for help die alike silent away. One thing only can save thee, Rebecca. Submit to thy fate, embrace our religion, and thou shalt go forth in such state as many a Norman lady shall yield as well in pomp as in duty to the favourite of the best lance among the defenders of the Temple."

"Submit to my fate!" said Rebecca; "and, sacred heaven! to what fate? Embrace thy religion! and what religion can it be that harbours such a villain? *Thou* the best lance of the Templars! Craven knight!—forsworn knight! I spit at thee and I defy thee. The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape to his daughter—even to this abyss of infamy!"

As she spoke, she threw open the latticed window which looked out to the bartizan, and in an instant after stood on the very edge of the *parapet*, with not the slightest screen between

her and the tremendous depth below. Unprepared for such a desperate effort, for she had hitherto stood perfectly motionless, Bois-Guilbert had neither time to intercept nor to stop her. As he offered to advance, she exclaimed, "Remain where thou art, proud Templar, or at thy chosen advance!—one foot nearer, and I plunge myself from the precipice; my body shall be crushed out of the very form of humanity upon the stones of that courtyard ere it become the victim of thy brutality!"

As she spoke this, she clasped her hands and extended them towards heaven, as if imploring mercy on her soul before she made the final plunge. The Templar hesitated and a resolution which had never yielded to pity or distress gave way to his admiration of her fortitude. "Come down," he said, "rash girl! I swear by earth, and sea, and sky, I will offer thee no offence."

"I will not trust thee, Templar," said Rebecca; "thou hast taught me better how to estimate the virtues of this order. The next preceptory would grant thee absolution for an oath the keeping of which concerned nought but the honour or the dishonour of a miserable Jewish maiden."

"You do me injustice," exclaimed the Templar, fervently; "I swear to you by the name which I bear—by the cross on my bosom—by the sword on my side—by the ancient crest<sup>1</sup> of my fathers do I swear, I will do thee no injury whatsoever! If not for thyself, yet for thy father's sake forbear! I will be his friend, and in this castle he will need a powerful one."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "I know it but too well. Dare I trust thee?"

"May my arms be reversed and my name dishonoured," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "if thou shalt have reason to complain of me! Many a law, many a commandment have I broken, but my word never."

"I will then trust thee," said Rebecca, "thus far", and

<sup>1</sup> CREST. Heraldic device or emblem of the house



stepped from the verge of the battlement, but remaining close by one of the embrasures, or *machi-* they were then called. "Here," she said, "I take

2. Remain where thou art, and if thou shalt at- diminish by one step the distance now between us, I see that the Jewish maiden will rather trust her God than her honour to the Templar!"

As Rebecca spoke thus, her high and firm resolve, corresponded so well with the expressive beauty of her countenance, gave to her looks, air, and manner a dignity seemed more than mortal. Her glance quailed not, her cheek blanched not, for the fear of a fate so instant and terrible; on the contrary, the thought that she had obeyed her command, and could escape at will from imprisonment, gave a yet deeper colour of carnation to her cheek, and a yet more brilliant fire to her eye. Bois-Guilbert, proud himself and high-spirited, thought he had never beheld beauty so animated and so commanding.

"There be peace between us, Rebecca," he said.

"Peace, if thou wilt," answered Rebecca—"peace; but space between."

"Thou needst no longer fear me," said Bois-Guilbert.

"I fear thee not," replied she, "thanks to him that has made this dizzy tower so high that nought could fall from it. Thanks to him, and to the God of Israel! I fear

"Thou dost me injustice," said the Templar; "by earth, and by sky, thou dost me injustice! I am not naturally so hard as thou have seen me—hard, selfish, and relentless. I am a man that taught me cruelty, and on woman there-fore exercised it; but not upon such as thou. Hear me, Rebecca. Never did knight take lance in his hand with more devoted to the lady of his love than Brian de Burke. She, the daughter of a petty baron, who possessed for all his domains but a ruinous tower and an un-fruitful vineyard, and some few leagues of the barren



Landes<sup>1</sup> of Bordeaux, her name was known wherever deeds of arms were done, known wider than that of many a lady that had a county for a dowry. "Yes," he continued, pacing up and down the little platform, with an animation in which he seemed to lose all consciousness of Rebecca's presence—"yes, my deeds, my danger, my blood made the name of Adelaide de Montemare known from the court of Castile to that of Byzantium. And how was I requited? When I returned with my dear-bought honours purchased by toil and blood, I found her wedded to a Gascon squire, whose name was never heard beyond the limits of his own paltry domain! Truly did I love her, and bitterly did I revenge me of her broken faith! But my vengeance has recoiled on myself. Since that day I have separated myself from life and its ties. My manhood must know no domestic home, must be soothed by no affectionate wife. My age must know no kindly hearth. My grave must be solitary, and my offspring must outlive me, to bear the ancient name of Boissart Guilbert. At the feet of my superior I have laid down the right of self-action—the privilege of independence. The Templar, a serf in all but the name, can possess neither lands nor goods, and lives, moves, and breathes but at the will and pleasure of another."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "what advantages could compensate for such an absolute sacrifice?"

"The power of vengeance, Rebecca," replied the Templar, "and the prospects of ambition."

"An evil recompense," said Rebecca, "for the surrender of the rights which are dearest to humanity."

"Say not so, maiden," answered the Templar; "revenge is a feast for the gods! And if they have reserved it, priests tell us, to themselves, it is because they hold it an enjoyment too precious for the possession of mere mortals. And ambition! it is a temptation which could disturb even

<sup>1</sup> LANDES. Tracts of barren waste and woodland which give the name to one of the districts or departments of southern France. The district is thinly peopled and is one of the dearest regions in Europe.

"Heaven itself." He paused a moment, and then Rebecca! she who could prefer death to dishonour in a proud and a powerful soul. Mine thou must start not," he added, "it must be with thine own and on thine own terms. Thou must consent to a me hopes more extended than can be viewed throne of a monarch! Hear me ere you answer, ere you refuse. The Templar loses, as thou hast social rights, his power of free agency, but he becomes a member and a limb of a mighty body, before which already tremble—even as the single drop of rain merges with the sea becomes an individual part of that ocean which undermines rocks and ingulphs royal thrones. Such a swelling flood is that powerful league. In my order I am no mean member, but already one of our chief commanders, and may well aspire one day to the station<sup>2</sup> of Grand Master. The poor soldiers of the world will not alone place their foot upon the necks of a pomp-sandall'd monk can do that. Our mailed warriors shall ascend their throne, our gauntlet shall wrench the scepter from their gripe. Not the reign of your vainly-expected Messiah offers such power to your dispersed tribes as ambition may aim at.<sup>3</sup> I have sought but a kindred share it, and I have found such in thee."

"Thou this to one of my people?" answered Rebecca. "Bethink thee——"

"Fear me not," said the Templar, "by urging the difference of our creeds; within our secret conclaves we hold every tale in derision. Think not we long remind thee of the idiotical folly of our founders, who sought every delight of life for the pleasure of dying martyr, by thirst, and by pestilence, and by the

<sup>2</sup> A Spanish word meaning "war-fleets." What is the history of the *Ala*?

<sup>3</sup> Baton; a staff of office.

<sup>4</sup> AMBITION, etc. What was the "ambition" of the Templar and

swords of savages, while they vainly strove to defend a barren desert, valuable only in the eyes of superstition. Our order soon adopted bolder and wider views, and found out a better indemnification for our sacrifices. Our immense possessions in every kingdom of Europe, our high military fame, which brings within our circle the flower of chivalry from every Christian clime—these are dedicated to ends of which our pious founders little dreamed, and which are equally concealed from such weak spirits as embrace our order on the ancient principles, and whose superstition makes them our passive tools. But I will not further withdraw the veil of our mysteries. That bugle-sound announces something which may require my presence. Thus on what I have said. Farewell! I do not say forgive me the violence I have threatened, for it was necessary to the display of thy character. Gold can be only known by the application of the touchstone. I will soon return, and hold further conference with thee."

He re-entered the turret-chamber, and descended the stair, leaving Rebecca scarcely more terrified at the prospect of the death to which she had been so lately exposed, than at the furious ambition of the bold bad man in whose power she found herself so unhappily placed. When she entered the turret-chamber, her first duty was to return thanks to the God of Jacob for the protection which He had afforded her, and to implore its continuance for her and for her father. Another name glided into her petition; it was that of the wounded Christian, whom fate had placed in the hands of bloodthirsty men, his avowed enemies. Her heart indeed checked her, as if, even in communing with the Deity in prayer, she mingled in her devotions the recollection of one with whose fate hers could have no alliance—Nazarene, and an enemy to her faith. But the petition was already breathed, nor could all the narrow prejudices of her sect induce Rebecca to wish it recalled.

## CHAPTER XXV

and cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life!  
*She Stoops to Conquer.*

When the Templar reached the hall of the castle, he found De Bracy already there. "Your love-suit," said De Bracy, "hath, I suppose, been disturbed, like mine, by this tedious summons. But you have come later and more bravely, and therefore I presume your interview has been more agreeable than mine."

"Has your suit, then, been unsuccessfully paid to the heiress?" said the Templar.

"The bones of Thomas à Becket," answered De Bracy, "the Lady Rowena must have heard that I cannot stand the sight of women's tears."

"Away!" said the Templar; "thou a leader of a Free Company, and regard a woman's tears! A few drops shed on the torch of love make the flame blaze the brighter."

"Pity for the few drops of thy sprinkling," replied De Bracy; "but this damsel hath wept enough to extinguish the torch-light. Never was such wringing of hands and overflowing of eyes, since the days of St Niobe,<sup>1</sup> of whom Prior Aymer told us. A water-fiend hath possessed the Saxon."

"A legion of fiends have occupied the bosom of the Jew," replied the Templar; "for I think no single one, not Pollicon<sup>2</sup> himself, could have inspired such indomit-

<sup>1</sup> Niobe. I wish the prior had also informed them when Niobe was probably during that enlightened period when

<sup>2</sup> Pan to Moses lent his pagan horn."—L. T. [Scott.]

<sup>3</sup> Pollicon. One of Satan's angels; he appears as one of the characters in *Pilgrim's Progress*.

able pride and resolution. But where is Front-de-Bœuf? That horn is sounded more and more clamorously."

"He is negotiating with the Jew, I suppose," replied De Bracy, coolly; "probably the howls of Isaac have drowned the blast of the bugle. Thou mayst know, by experience, Sir Brian, that a Jew parting with his treasures on such terms as our friend Front-de-Bœuf is like to offer will raise a clamour loud enough to be heard over twenty horns and trumpets to boot. But we will make the vassals call to arms."

They were soon after joined by Front-de-Bœuf, who had been disturbed in his tyrannic cruelty in the manner in which the reader is acquainted, and had only tarried to give some necessary directions. "Let us see the cause of this cursed clamour," said Front-de-Bœuf; "here is a letter, and if I mistake not, it is in Saxon."

He looked at it, turning it round and round as if he had really some hopes of coming at the meaning by moving the position of the paper, and then handed it to De Bracy.

"It may be magic spells for aught I know," said De Bracy, who possessed his full proportion of the ignorance which characterised the chivalry of the period. "Our clerk vainly attempted to teach me to write," he said, "but all his letters were formed like spear-heads and sword-blades, so the old shaveling gave up the task."

"Give it me," said the Templar. "We have that of a priestly character, that we have some knowledge to lighten our valour."

"Let us profit by your most reverend knowledge," then said De Bracy; "what says the scroll?"

"It is a formal letter of defiance," answered the Templar; "but, by our Lady of Bethlehem, if it be not a fool's jest, it is the most extraordinary cartel<sup>1</sup> that ever was drawn across the drawbridge of a baronial castle."

<sup>1</sup> CARTEL, A formal challenge.



"Jest!" said Front-de-Bœuf, "I would gladly know who jests with me in such a matter. Read it, Sir Brian." The Templar accordingly read it as follows:

"I, Wamba, the son of Witless, jester to a noble and freeborn man, Cedric of Rotherwood, called the Saxon: and I, Gurth, the son of Beowulph, the swineherd——"

"Thou art mad," said Front-de-Bœuf, interrupting the jester.

"By St. Luke, it is so set down," answered the Templar. Resuming his task, he went on—"I, Gurth, the son of Beowulph, swineherd unto the said Cedric, with the assistance of our allies and confederates, who make common cause with us in this our feud, namely, the good knight, Sir Robert Locksley, called Cleave-the-Wand, to you, Sir Brian Front-de-Bœuf, and your allies and accomplices whatsoever, to wit, that whereas you have, without cause or feud declared, wrongfully and by mastery seized upon the person of our lord and master the said Cedric; upon the person of a noble and freeborn damsel, the lady Rowena of Hargottstandstede; also upon the person of a noble and freeborn man, Athelstane of Coningsburgh; upon the persons of certain freeborn men, their *cnichts*; upon certain serfs, their born bondsmen; also upon a certain Jew, named Isaac of York, together with his daughter a Jewess, and certain horses and mules: which noble persons, with their *cnichts* and slaves, and also with the horses and mules, Jew and Jewess beforesaid, were all in the service of his Majesty, and travelling as liege subjects upon the king's highway; therefore we require and demand that the said noble persons, namely, Cedric of Rotherwood, Rowena of Hargottstandstede, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, their servants, *cnichts*, and followers, also the horses and mules, Jew and Jewess aforesaid, together with all lands and chattels to them pertaining, be, within an hour

after the delivery hereof, delivered to us, or to those whom we shall appoint to receive the same, and that unto us, and unharmed in body and goods. Failing of which, we do pronounce to you, that we hold ye as robbers and traitors, and will wager our bodies against ye in battle, siege, or otherwise, and do our utmost to your annoyance and destruction. Wherefore may God have you in His keeping. Signed by us upon the eve of St Withold's day, under the great trysting oak in the Harthill Walk, the above being written by a holy man, clerk to God, our Lady, and St Dunstan, in the chapel of Copmanhurst."

At the bottom of this document was scrawled, in the first place, a rude sketch of a cock's head and comb, with legend expressing this hieroglyphic to be the sign-manual of Wamba, son of Witless. Under this respectable emblem stood a cross, stated to be the mark of Gurth, the son of Beowulph. Then was written, in rough bold characters, the words *Le Noir Faincant*. And, to conclude the whole, an arrow, neatly enough drawn, was described as the mark of the yeoman Locksley.

The knights heard this uncommon document read from end to end, and then gazed upon each other in silent amazement, as being utterly at a loss to know what it could pretend. De Bracy was the first to break silence by an uncontrollable fit of laughter, wherein he was joined, though with more moderation, by the Templar. Front-de-Bœuf, on the contrary, seemed impatient of their ill-timed jocularities.

"I give you plain warning," he said, "fair sirs, that ye had better consult how to bear yourselves under these circumstances than give way to such misplaced merriment."

"Front-de-Bœuf has not recovered his temper since his late overthrow," said De Bracy to the Templar; "he is now at the very idea of a cartel, though it come but from a fox and a swineherd."

"By St. Michael," answered Front-de-Bœuf, "I warrant thou couldst stand the whole brunt of this adventure if

De Bracy. These fellows dared not have acted with inconceivable impudence, had they not been supported by strong bands. There are enough of outlaws in this country to resent my protecting the deer. I did but tie one outlaw, who was taken red-handed and in the fact, to the antlers of a wild stag, which gored him to death in five minutes, and I had as many arrows shot at me as there were bolts hurled against yonder target at Ashby. Here, fellow," he added, to one of his attendants, "hast thou sent out to enquire by what force this precious challenge is to be supported?"

"There are at least two hundred men assembled in the forest," answered the squire who was in attendance.

"Here is a proper matter!" said Front-de-Bœuf; "this business of lending you the use of my castle, that cannot manage your undertaking quietly, but you must bring this nest of hornets about my ears!"

"Of hornets!" said De Bracy; "of stingless drones rather; a band of lazy knaves, who take to the wood and prey the venison rather than labour for their maintenance."

"Stingless!" replied Front-de-Bœuf; "fork-headed fellows of a cloth-yard in length, and these shot within the breadth of a French crown,<sup>1</sup> are sting enough."

"For shame, Sir Knight!" said the Templar. "Let us summon our people and sally forth upon them. One knight and one man-at-arms, were enough for twenty such peasants."

"Enough, and too much," said De Bracy; "I should only be shamed to couch lance against them."

"True," answered Front-de-Bœuf; "were they black Moors, Sir Templar, or the craven peasants of France, most valiant De Bracy; but these are English yeomen over whom we shall have no advantage, save what we

<sup>1</sup> Crown. A French coin, so called because stamped with the device of a crown. Compare the English sovereign and the French louis d'or.

may derive from our arms and horses, which will avail us little in the glades of the forest. Sally, saidst thou? We have scarce men enough to defend the castle. The best of mine are at York; so is all your band, De Bracy; and we have scarcely twenty, besides the handful that were engaged in this mad business."

"Thou dost not fear," said the Templar, "that they can assemble in force sufficient to attempt the castle?"

"Not so, Sir Brian," answered Front-de-Bœuf. "These outlaws have indeed a daring captain; but without machines, scaling ladders, and experienced leaders, my castle may defy them."

"Send to thy neighbours," said the Templar; "let them assemble their people and come to the rescue of our knights, besieged by a jester and a swineherd in the baron's castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf!"

"You jest, Sir Knight," answered the baron; "but to whom should I send? Malvoisin is by this time at York with his retainers, and so are my other allies; and so should I have been, but for this infernal enterprise."

"Then send to York and recall our people," said De Bracy. "If they abide the shaking of my standard, or the sight of my Free Companions, I will give them credit for the boldest outlaws ever bent bow in greenwood."

"And who shall bear such a message?" said Front-de-Bœuf; "they will beset every path, and rip the errand out of his bosom. I have it," he added, after pausing for a moment. "Sir Templar, thou canst write as well as read, and if we can but find the writing materials of my champion, who died a twelvemonth since in the midst of his Christmas carousals——"

"So please ye," said the squire, who was still in attendance. "I think old Urfried has them somewhere in his keeping, for love of the confessor. He was the last man, I have heard her tell, who ever said aught to her which man ought in courtesy to address to maid or matron."



"Go, search them out, Engelred," said Front-de-Bœuf; "and then, Sir Templar, thou shalt return an answer to this challenge."

"I would rather do it at the sword's point than at that of the pen," said Bois-Guilbert; "but be it as you will."

He sat down accordingly, and indicted, in the French language, an epistle of the following tenor:

"Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, with his noble and worthy allies and confederates, receive no defiances at the hands of slaves, bondsmen, or fugitives. If the person calling himself the Black Knight have indeed a claim to the honors of chivalry, he ought to know that he stands degraded by his present association, and has no right to ask aid at the hands of good men of noble blood. Touching the prisoners we have made, we do in Christian charity desire you to send a man of religion to receive their confession and reconcile them with God; since it is our fixed intention to execute them this morning before noon, so that their heads, being placed on the battlements, shall show to men how lightly we esteem those who have bestirred themselves in their rescue. Wherefore, as above, we require you to send a priest to reconcile them to God, in doing which you shall render them the last earthly service."

This letter, being folded, was delivered to the squire, by him to the messenger who waited without, as the messenger to that which he had brought.

The yeoman, having thus accomplished his mission, returned to the headquarters of the allies, which were for the present established under a venerable oak-tree, about three bow-flights distant from the castle. Here Wamba and the others, with their allies the Black Knight and Locksley, the jovial hermit, awaited with impatience an answer to their summons. Around, and at a distance from them, were seen many a bold yeoman, whose silvan dress and weather-beaten countenances showed the ordinary nature of their occupation. More than two hundred had already



assembled, and others were fast coming in. Those whom they obeyed as leaders were only distinguished from the others by a feather in the cap, their dress, arms, and equipments being in all other respects the same.

Besides these bands, a less orderly and a worse-armed force, consisting of the Saxon inhabitants of the neighbouring township, as well as many bondsmen and servants from Cedric's extensive estate, had already arrived, for the purpose of assisting in his rescue. Few of these were armed otherwise than with such rustic weapons as necessity sometimes converts to military purposes. Boar-spears, scythes, flails, and the like, were their chief arms; for the Normans with the usual policy of conquerors, were jealous of permitting to the vanquished Saxons the possession or the use of swords and spears. These circumstances rendered the assistance of the Saxons far from being so formidable to the besieged as the strength of the men themselves, their superior numbers, and the animation inspired by a just cause might otherwise well have made them. It was to the leaders of this motley army that the letter of the Templar was now delivered.

Reference was at first made to the chaplain for an exposition of its contents.

"By the crook<sup>1</sup> of St. Dunstan," said that worthy ecclesiastic, "which hath brought more sheep within the sheepfold than the crook of e'er another saint in Paradise, I swear that I cannot expound unto you this jargon, which whether it be French or Arabic, is beyond my guess."

He then gave the letter to Gurth, who shook his head gruffly, and passed it to Wamba. The Jester looked at each of the four corners of the paper with such a grin of affected intelligence as a monkey is apt to assume upon similar occasions, then cut a caper, and gave the letter to Locksley.

"If the long letters were bows, and the short letters broad arrows, I might know something of the matter," said

<sup>1</sup> Crook. The bishop's official staff, shaped like a shepherd's crook.

ave yeoman; 'but as the matter stands, the meaning safe, for me, as the stag that's at twelve miles' distance."

"must be clerk, then," said the Black Knight; and taking the letter from Locksley, he first read it over to him, and then explained the meaning in Saxon to his companions.

"Execute the noble Cedric!" exclaimed Wamba; "by the honour thou must be mistaken, Sir Knight."

"Not I, my worthy friend," replied the knight, "I have read the words as they are here set down."

"Then, by St. Thomas of Canterbury," replied Gurth, "will have the castle, should we tear it down with our hands."

"We have nothing else to tear it with," replied Wamba; "mine are scarce fit to make mammocks<sup>1</sup> of freestone mortar."

"Tis but a contrivance to gain time," said Locksley; "dare not do a deed for which I could exact a fearful penalty."

"I would," said the Black Knight, "there were some one among us who could obtain admission into the castle, and ever how the case stands with the besieged. Methinks, we require a confessor to be sent, this holy hermit might exercise his pious vocation and procure us the information we desire."

"A plague on thee and thy advice!" said the pious hermit. "I tell thee, Sir Slothful Knight, that when I doff my frock, my priesthood, my sanctity, my very Latin, it goes off along with it, and when in my green jerkin I can slay twenty deer than confess one Christian."

"I fear," said the Black Knight—"I fear greatly there is none here that is qualified to take upon him, for the purpose of this same character of father confessor?"

All looked on each other, and were silent.

"I see," said Wamba, after a short pause, "that the fool must be still the fool, and put his neck in the venture which wise men shrink from. You must know, my dear cousins and countrymen, that I wore russet before I wore motley, and was bred to be a friar, until a brain-fever came upon me and left me just wit enough to be a fool. I trust with the assistance of the good hermit's frock, together with the priesthood, sanctity, and learning which are stitched into the cowl of it, I shall be found qualified to administer both worldly and ghostly comfort to our worthy master Cedric and his companions in adversity."

"Hath he sense enough, thinkst thou?" said the Black Knight, addressing Gurth.

"I know not," said Gurth; "but if he hath not, it will be the first time he hath wanted wit to turn his folly to account."

"On with the frock, then, good fellow," quoth the Black Knight, "and let thy master send us an account of the situation within the castle. Their numbers must be few, and it is five to one they may be accessible by a sudden and bold attack. Time wears—away with thee."

"And, in the mean time," said Locksley, "we will beset the place so closely that not so much as a fly shall carry news from thence. So that, my good friend," he continued, addressing Wamba, "thou mayst assure these tyrants that whatever violence they exercise on the persons of their prisoners shall be most severely repaid upon their own."

"*Pax vobiscum*,"<sup>1</sup> said Wamba, who was now muffled in his religious disguise.

And so saying, he imitated the solemn and stately deportment of a friar, and departed to execute his mission.

<sup>1</sup> *PAX VOBISCUM*. "Peace be with you!"

## CHAPTER XXVI

The hottest horse will oft be cool,  
The dullest will show fire;  
The friar will often play the fool,  
The fool will play the friar.

*Old Song.*

At the Jester, arrayed in the cowl and frock of the  
and having his knotted cord twisted round his mid-  
before the portal of the castle of Front-de-Bœuf,  
er demanded of him his name and errand.

"*vobiscum*," answered the Jester, "I am a poor  
of the Order of St. Francis,<sup>1</sup> who come hither to  
face to certain unhappy prisoners now secured with-  
castle."

"You art a bold friar," said the warder, "to come  
here, saving our own drunken confessor, a cock of  
er hath not crowed these twenty years."

"I pray thee, do mine errand to the lord of the  
answered the pretended friar; "trust me, it will  
acceptance with him, and the cock shall crow,  
whole castle shall hear him."

"Mercy," said the warder; "but if I come to shame  
ing my post upon thine errand, I will try whether  
grey gown be proof against a grey-goose shaft."

At this threat he left his turret, and carried to the

<sup>1</sup> ST. FRANCIS. Wamba does not pretend to be a monk, but a  
friar of the Franciscan Order named after St. Francis of Assisi,  
founded until 1210. These were the "Grey Friars," as they  
from the color of their gowns. There were three other orders of  
friars to be distinguished from the monks—who were established  
and priories)—these were the Dominicans or Black Friars,  
or White Friars, and the Augustinians, who had no distinc-

hall of the castle his unwonted intelligence, that a holy friar stood before the gate and demanded instant admission. With no small wonder he received his master's commands to admit the holy man immediately; and, having previously manned the entrance to guard against surprise, he obeyed, without further scruple, the commands which he had received. The hare-brained self-conceit which had emboldened Wamba to undertake this dangerous office was scarce sufficient to support him when he found himself in the presence of a man so dreadful, and so much dreaded as Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, and he brought out his "*Par robiscum*," to which he, in a good measure, trusted for supporting his character, with more anxiety and hesitation than had hitherto accompanied it. But Front-de-Bœuf was accustomed to see men of all ranks tremble in his presence, so that the timidity of the supposed father did not give him any cause of suspicion. "Who and whence art thou, priest?" said he.

"*Par robiscum*," reiterated the Jester; "I am a poor servant of St. Francis, who, travelling through this wilderness have fallen among thieves as Scripture hath it—*quidam viator incidit in latrones*<sup>1</sup>—which thieves have sent me to this castle in order to do my ghostly office on two persons condemned by your honourable justice."

"Ay, right," answered Front-de-Bœuf; "and canst thou tell me, holy father, the number of those banditti?"

"Gallant sir," answered the Jester, "*nomen illis legio*<sup>2</sup>—their name is legion."

"Tell me in plain terms what numbers there are, priest, thy cloak and cord will ill protect thee."

"Alas!" said the supposed friar, "*cor meum eructavit*<sup>3</sup>—that is to say, I was like to burst with fear! but I conceal

<sup>1</sup> QUIDAM VIATOR INCIDIT IN LATRONES. "A certain traveller fell among thieves." See *Luke* X. 30.

<sup>2</sup> NOMEN ILLIS LEGIO. See *Mark* V. 9.

<sup>3</sup> COR MEUM ERUCTAVIT. "My heart has thrown forth." (My heart finding a good matter.) See *Psalms* XLV. 1.



may be, what of yeomen, what of commons, at least five hundred men."

"What!" said the Templar, who came into the hall that moment, "muster the wasps so thick here? It is time to slay such a mischievous brood." Then taking Front-de-Bœuf aside, "Knowest thou the priest?"

"He is a stranger from a distant convent," said Front-de-Bœuf; "I know him not."

"Then trust him not with thy purpose in words," answered the Templar. "Let him carry a written order to Bracy's company of Free Companions, to repair instantly to their master's aid. In the mean time, and that the Jeweling may suspect nothing, permit him to go freely about his task of preparing these Saxon hogs for the slaughter-house."

"It shall be so," said Front-de-Bœuf. And he forthwith appointed a domestic to conduct Wamba to the apartment where Cedric and Athelstane were confined.

The impatience of Cedric had been rather enhanced and diminished by his confinement. He walked from one end of the hall to the other, with the attitude of one who advances to charge an enemy, or to storm the breach of a beleaguered place, sometimes ejaculating to himself, sometimes addressing Athelstane, who stoutly and stoically awaited the issue of the adventure, digesting, in the meanwhile, with great composure, the liberal meal which he had eaten at noon, and not greatly interesting himself about the duration of his captivity, which he concluded would, like all earthly evils, find an end in Heaven's good time.

"*Pax vobiscum*," said the Jester, entering the apartment: "the blessing of St. Dunstan, St. Denis, St. Duthoc, and all other saints whatsoever, be upon ye and about ye."

"Enter freely," answered Cedric to the supposed friar; "with what intent art thou come hither?"

"To bid you prepare yourselves for death," answered the Jester.

"It is impossible!" replied Cedric, starting. "Fear and wicked as they are, they dare not attempt such open gratuitous cruelty!"

"Alas!" said the Jester, "to restrain them by their sense of humanity is the same as to stop a runaway horse with a bridle of silk thread. Bethink thee, therefore, noble Cedric and you also, gallant Athelstane, what crimes you have committed in the flesh; for this very day will ye be called to answer at a higher tribunal."

"Hearest thou this, Athelstane?" said Cedric. "We must rouse up our hearts to this last action, since be it what it will, is we should die like men than live like slaves."

"I am ready," answered Athelstane, "to stand the worst of their malice, and shall walk to my death with as much composure as ever I did to my dinner."

"Let us then unto our holy gear,<sup>1</sup> father," said Cedric.

"Wait yet a moment, good uncle," said the Jester in his natural tone; "better look long before you leap in the dark."

"By my faith," said Cedric, "I should know that you would."

"It is that of your trusty slave and jester," answered Wamba, throwing back his cowl. "Had you taken a friend's advice formerly, you would not have been here at all. Take a fool's advice now, and you will not be here long."

"How mean'st thou, knave?" answered the Saxon.

"Even thus," replied Wamba; "take thou this frock and cord, which are all the orders<sup>2</sup> I ever had, and march quietly out of the castle, leaving me your cloak and girdle to take the long leap in thy stead."

"Leave thee in my stead!" said Cedric, astonished at the proposal; "why, they would hang thee, my poor knave."

"E'en let them do as they are permitted," said Wamba.

"I trust—no disparagement to your birth—that the son

<sup>1</sup> GEAR. Business.

<sup>2</sup> ORDERS. Degrees in holy office.

ainless may hang in a chain<sup>1</sup> with as much gravity as the chain hung upon his ancestor the alderman."

"Well, Wamba," answered Cedric, "for one thing will I grant thy request. And that is, if thou wilt make the exchange of garments with Lord Athelstane instead of me."

"No, by St. Dunstan," answered Wamba; "there were no other reason in that. Good right there is that the son of theainless should suffer to save the son of Hereward; but little freedom there were in his dying for the benefit of one whose name was strangers to his."

"Villain," said Cedric, "the fathers of Athelstane were monarchs of England!"

"They might be whomsoever they pleased," replied Wamba; "but my neck stands too straight upon my shoulders to have it twisted for their sake. Wherefore, good my master, either take my proffer yourself or suffer me to leave the dungeon as free as I entered."

"Let the old tree wither," continued Cedric, "so theately hope of the forest be preserved. Save the noble Athelstane, my trusty Wamba! it is the duty of each who has Saxon blood in his veins. Thou and I will abide together the utmost rage of our injurious oppressors, while free and safe, shall arouse the awakened spirits of our countrymen to avenge us."

"Not so, father Cedric," said Athelstane, grasping his head, for, when roused to think or act, his deeds and sentiments were not unbecoming his high race—"not so," he continued; "I would rather remain in this hall a week without food save the prisoner's stinted loaf, or drink save the prisoner's measure of water, than embrace the opportunity to escape which the slave's untaught kindness has conveyed for his master."

"You are called wise men, sirs," said the Jester, "and a crazed fool; but, uncle Cedric and cousin Athelstane, the fool shall decide this controversy for ye, and save ye."

<sup>1</sup>CHAIN. Badge of the alderman's official dignity.

the trouble of straining courtesies any farther. I am like John-a-Duck's mare, that will let no man mount her but John-a-Duck. I came to save my master, and if he will not consent, basta!<sup>1</sup> I can but go away home again. Kind service cannot be chucked from hand to hand like a shuttlecock or stool-ball. I'll hang for no man but my own born master."

"Go, then, noble Cedric," said Athelstane, "neglect not this opportunity. Your presence without may encourage friends to our rescue; your remaining here would ruin all."

"And is there any prospect, then, of rescue from without?" said Cedric, looking to the Jester.

"Prospect, indeed!" echoed Wamba; "let me tell you when you fill my cloak, you are wrapped in a general's cloak. Five hundred men are there without, and I was this morning one of their chief leaders. My fool's cap was a casque, and my bauble a truncheon. Well, we shall see what good they will make by exchanging a fool for a man. Truly, I fear they will lose in valour what they may gain in discretion. And so farewell, master, and be kind to poor Gurth and his dog Fangs; and let my cockscarf hang in the hall at Rotherwood, in memory that I flew away my life for my master, like a faithful—fool." The last word came out with a sort of double expression, between jest and earnest.

The tears stood in Cedric's eyes. "Thy memory shall be preserved," he said, "while fidelity and affection bear honour upon earth! But that I trust I shall find the means of saving Rowena, and thee, Athelstane, and thee also. Poor Wamba, thou shouldst not overbear me in this matter."

The exchange of dress was now accomplished, when sudden doubt struck Cedric.

<sup>1</sup> *BASTA.* An Italian word: "enough."

"I know no language," he said, "but my own, and a few bits of their mincing Norman. How shall I bear myself as a reverend brother?"

"The spell lies in two words," replied Wamba. "*Pax vobiscum* will answer all queries. If you go or come, eat or drink, bless or ban, *Pax vobiscum* carries you through it all. As useful to a friar as a broomstick to a witch, or a charm to a conjurer. Speak it but thus, in a deep grave tone—*Pax vobiscum*—it is irresistible. Watch and ward, knight and squire, foot and horse, it acts as a charm upon them. I think, if they bring me out to be hanged to-morrow, so much to be doubted they may, I will try its weight as the finisher of the sentence."

"If such prove the case," said his master, "my religious brethren are soon taken—*Pax vobiscum*. I trust I shall remember the password. Noble Athelstane, farewell; and good night, my poor boy, whose heart might make amends for a weaker head; I will save you, or return and die with you."

"The royal blood of our Saxon kings shall not be spilt from mine beats in my veins; nor shall one hair fall from the head of the kind knave who risked himself for his master. Cedric's peril can prevent it. Farewell."

"Farewell, noble Cedric," said Athelstane; "remember, it is the true part of a friar to accept refreshment, if you are offered any."

"Farewell, uncle," added Wamba; "and remember *Pax vobiscum*."

Thus exhorted, Cedric sallied forth upon his expedition; and it was not long ere he had occasion to try the force of that spell which his Jester had recommended as omnipotent.

In a low-arched and dusky passage, by which he endeavoured to work his way to the hall of the castle, he was interrupted by a female form.

"*Pax vobiscum!*" said the pseudo friar, and was endeavouring to hurry past, when a soft voice replied, "Et



*robis: quæso, domine reverendissime, pro miserie vestra.*"<sup>1</sup>

"I am somewhat deaf," replied Cedric, in good S and at the same time muttered to himself, "A curse on fool and his *Pax vobiscum!* I have lost my javelin at first cast."

It was, however, no unusual thing for a priest of days to be deaf of his Latin ear, and this the person now addressed Cedric knew full well.

"I pray you of dear love, reverend father," she said in his own language, "that you will deign to visit with ghostly comfort a wounded prisoner of this castle, and such compassion upon him and us as thy holy office teaches. Never shall good deed so highly advantage thy converse."

"Daughter," answered Cedric, much embarrassed, "time in this castle will not permit me to exercise the duties of mine office. I must presently forth: there is life and death upon my speed."

"Yet, father, let me entreat you by the vow you have taken on you," replied the suppliant, "not to leave me oppressed and endangered without counsel or succour."

"May the fiend fly away with me, and leave me in the power of the souls of Odin and of Thor!"<sup>2</sup> answered Cedric impatiently, and would probably have proceeded in the same tone of total departure from his spiritual charge, when the colloquy was interrupted by the harsh voice of Urfried, the old crone of the turret.

"How, minion," said she to the female speaker, "in the manner in which you requite the kindness which I have committed thee to leave thy prison-cell yonder? Puttest thou the reverend man to use ungracious language to free himself from the importunities of a Jewess?"

<sup>1</sup> *Et Vobis, etc.* "And with you. I pray, most reverend father, for you."

<sup>2</sup> *Min.* Hell

<sup>3</sup> *Min.* The Thunderer, son of Odin.

"Jewess!" said Cedric, availing himself of the information to get clear of their interruption. "Let me pass, and stop me not at your peril. I am fresh from my office, and would avoid pollution."

"Come this way, father," said the old hag, "thou art a prisoner in this castle, and canst not leave it without a word."

"Come thither, for I would speak with thee. And thou, daughter of an accursed race, go to the sick man's chamber, and tend him until my return; and woe betide thee if thou again quit it without my permission!"

Rebecca retreated. Her importunities had prevailed on Urfried to suffer her to quit the turret, and Urfried employed her services where she herself would most have paid them, by the bedside of the wounded knight. With an understanding awake to their dangerous position, and prompt to avail herself of each means of escape which occurred, Rebecca had hoped something from the presence of a man of religion, who, she learned from Cedric, had penetrated into this godless castle. She awaited the return of the supposed ecclesiastic, with the intention of addressing him, and interesting him in favour of the prisoners; with what imperfect success the reader is now just acquainted.

## CHAPTER XXVII

Fond wretch! and what canst thou relate,  
But deeds of sorrow, shame, and sin?  
Thy deeds are proved—thou know'st thy fate;  
But come, thy tale—begin begin.

But I have griefs of other kind,  
Troubles and sorrows more severe;  
Give me to ease my tortured mind,  
Lend to my woes a patient ear;  
And let me, if I may not find  
A friend to help—find one to hear.

CRABBE'S *Hall of Justice.*

When Urfried had with clamours and menaces driven Rebecca back to the apartment from which she had sallied, she proceeded to conduct the unwilling Cedric into a small apartment, the door of which she heedfully secured. Then, fetching from a cupboard a stoup of wine and two flagons, she placed them on the table, and said in a tone rather asserting a fact than asking a question, "Thou art Saxon father. Deny it not," she continued, observing that Cedric hastened not to reply; "the sounds of my native language are sweet to mine ears, though seldom heard save from the tongues of the wretched and degraded serfs on whom the proud Normans impose the meanest drudgery of this dwelling. Thou art a Saxon, father—a Saxon, and, save as thou art a servant of God, a freeman. Thine accents are sweet to mine ear."

"Do not Saxon priests visit this castle, then?" replied Cedric; "it were, methinks, their duty to comfort the outcast and oppressed children of the soil."

"They come not; or if they come, they better love to

at the boards of their conquerors," answered Urfried, "to hear the groans of their countrymen; so, at least, it speaks of them, of myself I can say little. This, for ten years, has opened to no priest save the debased Norman chaplain who partook the nightly revels of Mont-de-Bœuf, and he has been long gone to render an account of his stewardship. But thou art a Saxon—a Saxon, and I have one question to ask of thee."

"I am Saxon," answered Cedric, "but unworthy, surely of the name of priest. Let me begone on my way. I will return, or send one of our fathers more worthy for your confession."

"Stay yet a while," said Urfried; "the accents of the earth which thou hearest now will soon be choked with the earth, and I would not descend to it like the beast I lived. But wine must give me strength to tell the tale of my tale." She poured out a cup, and drank it with a frightful avidity, which seemed desirous of draining the last drop in the goblet. "It stupefies," she said, looking upwards as she finished her draught, "but it cannot cheer. Take it, father, if you would hear my tale without sinking down upon the pavement." Cedric would have avoided joining her in this ominous conviviality, but the sign she made to him expressed impatience and despair. He complied with her request, and answered her challenge with a large wine-cup; she then proceeded with her story, as if seduced by his complaisance.

"I was not born," she said, "father, the wretch that thou seest me. I was free, was happy, was honoured, loved, was beloved. I am now a slave, miserable and degraded, sport of my masters' passions while I had yet beauty, object of their contempt, scorn, and hatred, since it has faded away. Dost thou wonder, father, that I should hate them, and, above all, the race that has wrought this change in me? Can the wrinkled decrepit hag before thee, whose wrath must vent itself in impotent curses, forget she

was once the daughter of the noble thane of Torquilston before whose frown a thousand vassals trembled?"

"Thou the daughter of Torquil Wolfganger!" said Cedric, receding as he spoke; "thou—thou—the daughter of that noble Saxon, my father's friend and companion in arms!"

"Thy father's friend!" echoed Urfried; "then Cedric called the Saxon stands before me, for the noble Hereward of Rotherwood had but one son, whose name is well known among his countrymen. But if thou art Cedric of Rotherwood, why this religious dress? hast thou too despaired of saving thy country, and sought refuge from oppression in the shade of the convent?"

"It matters not who I am," said Cedric; "proceed, unhappy woman, with thy tale of horror and guilt! God there must be; there is guilt even in thy living to tell it."

"There is—there is," answered the wretched woman; "deep, black, damning guilt—guilt that lies like a load on my breast—guilt that all the penitential fires of hereafter cannot cleanse. Yes, in these halls, stained with the noble and pure blood of my father and my brethren—in these very halls, to have lived the paramour of their murderer, the slave at once and the partaker of his pleasures, was to render every breath which I drew of vital air a crime and a curse."

"Wretched woman!" exclaimed Cedric. "And while the friends of thy father—while each true Saxon heart, as he breathed a requiem for his soul, and those of his valiant sons, forgot not in their prayers the murdered Ulric—while all mourned and honoured the dead, thou hast lived to merit our hate and execration—lived to unite thyself with the vile tyrant who murdered thy nearest and dearest—who shed the blood of infancy rather than a male of the noble house of Torquil Wolfganger should survive—with him hast thou lived to unite thyself, and in the bonds of lawless love!"



"lawless bands, indeed, but not in those of love!" said the hag; "love will sooner visit the regions of doom than those unhallowed vaults. No; with that I cannot reproach myself: hatred to Front-de-Bœuf, a race governed my soul most deeply, even in the midst of his guilty endearments."

"You hated him, and yet you lived," replied Cedric; "was there no poniard—no knife—no bodkin! Well for thee, since thou didst prize such an existence, the secrets of a Norman castle are like those of the earth. For had I but dreamed of the daughter of Torquil in foul communion with the murderer of her father, a true Saxon had found thee out even in the midst of thy paramour!"

"Wouldst thou indeed have done this justice to the name of Torquil?" said Ulrica, for we may now lay aside her name of Urfried; "thou art then the true Saxon who speaks thee! for even within these accursed walls, as thou well sayest, guilt shrouds itself in inscrutable darkness—even there has the name of Cedric been sounded; wretched and degraded, have rejoiced to think that they had breathed an avenger of our unhappy nation. I have had my hours of vengeance. I have fomented quarrels of our foes, and heated drunken revelry into furious broil. I have seen their blood flow—I have heard their dying groans! Look on me, Cedric; are there still left on this foul and faded face some traces of the features of Torquil?"

"Think me not of them, Ulrica," replied Cedric, in a tone mixed with abhorrence; "these traces form such a ghastly countenance as arises from the grave of the dead when a wind animates the lifeless corpse."

"Is it so," answered Ulrica; "yet wore these fiendish features the mask of a spirit of light when they were able to terrify the elder Front-de-Bœuf and his son Reginald? The darkness of hell should hide what followed."

but revenge must lift the veil, and darkly intimate would raise the dead to speak aloud. Long had the smoldering fire of discord glowed between the tyrant father and his savage son; long had I nursed, in secret, the unextinguishable hatred; it blazed forth in an hour of drunken wassail at his own board fell my oppressor by the hand of his son: such are the secrets these vaults conceal! Render, ye accursed arches," she added, looking up toward the roof, "and bury in your fall all who are conscious of this hideous mystery!"

"And thou, creature of guilt and misery," said Cedric, "what became thy lot on the death of thy ravisher?"

"Guess it, but ask it not. Here—here I dwelt, till my premature age, has stamped its ghastly features on my countenance—scorned and insulted where I was once honored—and compelled to bound the revenge which had once been mine to the ample scope to the efforts of petty malice of a discomfited man, or the vain or unheeded curses of an impotent woman—condemned to hear from my lonely turret the sound of revelry in which I once partook, or the shrieks and groans of new victims of oppression."

"Ulrica," said Cedric, "with a heart which still, I regret the lost reward of thy crimes, as much as the punishment by which thou didst acquire that meed, how didst thou dare to address thee to one who wears this robe? Consider, unhappy woman, what could the sainted Edward himself do for thee, were he here in bodily presence? The royal Confessor was endowed by Heaven with power to cleanse the ulcers of the body; but only God Himself can cure the leprosy of the soul."

"Yet turn not from me, stern prophet of wrath," she exclaimed, "but tell me, if thou canst, in what shape

\* THE SAINTED EDWARD. Edward surnamed the Confessor was an Anglo-Saxon king of the old royal line. He was a weak and sensitive man, but the memory of his virtues made his reign remarkably popular. His traditions of the people and because of his monkish character and the terror he was canonized in 1161. by Pope Alexander III.

these new and awful feelings that burst on my soul—Why do deeds, long since done, rise before me in irresistible horrors? What fate is prepared beyond the grave for her to whom God has assigned on earth a lot of unspeakable wretchedness? Better had I turn to Hertha, and Zernebock, to Mista, and to Skogula, of our yet unbaptised ancestors, than endure the anticipations which have of late haunted my waking and my sleeping hours!”

“I am no priest,” said Cedric, turning with disgust at this miserable picture of guilt, wretchedness, and despair—“I am no priest, though I wear a priest’s gar-

ment or layman,” answered Ulrica, “thou art the first seen for twenty years by whom God was feared or regarded; and dost thou bid me despair?”

“Bid thee repent,” said Cedric. “Seek to prayer and good works, and mayest thou find acceptance! But I cannot, I can no longer abide with thee.”

“Stay yet a moment!” said Ulrica; “leave me not now, my father’s friend, lest the demon who has governed me should tempt me to avenge myself of thy hardness and scorn. Thinkest thou, if Front-de-Bœuf found the Saxon in his castle, in such a disguise, that thy life would be a long one? Already his eye has been upon me as a falcon on his prey.”

“And be it so,” said Cedric; “and let him tear me with his talons, ere my tongue say one word which my conscience doth not warrant. I will die a Saxon—true in word and deed. I bid thee avaunt! touch me not, stay me not! The sight of Front-de-Bœuf himself is less odious to me than thou, degraded and degenerate as thou art.”

“And so,” said Ulrica, no longer interrupting him; “go

*etc.* Woden was the Saxon form of Odin, Hertha was the earth-goddess of the Teutons; Mista and Skogula were Valkyries, daughters of Odin, and the spirits of warriors slain in battle to Valhalla, the abode of the dead.

thy way, and forget, in the insolence of thy superiority the wretch before thee is the daughter of thy father! Go thy way; if I am separated from mankind by my wrongs—separated from those whose aid I might most expect—not less will I be separated from them in revenge! No man shall aid me, but the ears of all men shall tingle to hear of the deed which I shall dare to do well! thy scorn has burst the last tie which seemed to unite me to my kind—a thought that my woes might excite the compassion of my people.”

“Ulrica,” said Cedric, softened by this appeal, “thou borne up and endured to live through so much pain and so much misery, and wilt thou now yield to weakness when thine eyes are opened to thy crimes, and repentance were thy fitter occupation?”

“Cedric,” answered Ulrica, “thou little knowest a human heart. To act as I have acted, to think as I have thought, requires the maddening love of pleasure, with the keen appetite of revenge, the proud consciousness of power—draughts too intoxicating for the human mind to bear, and yet retain the power to prevent. That power has long passed away. Age has no pleasures, wrinkles have no influence, revenge itself dies away in impotence. Then comes remorse, with all its vipers, mixed with regrets for the past and despair for the future! Then all other strong impulses have ceased, we become fiends in hell, who may feel remorse, but never repent. But thy words have awakened a new soul within me. What thou hast said, all is possible for those who dare. Thou hast shown me the means of revenge, and because I will embrace them. It has hitherto shared this bosom with other and with rival passions; henceforth it shall possess me wholly, and thou thyself shalt see whatever was the life of Ulrica, her death well become. Thou daughter of the noble Torquil. There is a force beleaguering this accursed castle; hasten to it.”

back, and when thou shalt see a red flag wave from the turret on the eastern angle of the donjon, press the bars hard: they will then have enough to do within, and thou may win the wall in spite both of bow and man.

"Begone, I pray thee; follow thine own fate, and leave me to mine."

Cedric would have inquired farther into the purpose which she thus darkly announced, but the stern voice of Front-de-Bœuf was heard exclaiming, "Where tarries this traitor priest? By the scallop-shell of Compostella,<sup>2</sup> I will be a martyr of him, if he loiters here to hatch treason against my domestics!"

"That a true prophet," said Ulrica, "is an evil counsel. But heed him not; out and to thy people. Cry defiance to the Saxon onslaught; and let them sing their war-song, *Ha Rou!*<sup>3</sup> if they will, vengeance shall bear a burden to it." She thus spoke, she vanished through a private door, and Reginald Front-de-Bœuf entered the apartment. Cedric, with some difficulty, compelled himself to make obeisance to the haughty Baron, who returned his courtesy with a slight inclination of the head.

"My penitents, father, have made a long shrift: it is the last for them, since it is the last they shall ever make. Have you prepared them for death?"

"I found them," said Cedric, in such French as he could command, "expecting the worst, from the moment they fell into whose power they had fallen."

"How now, Sir Friar," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "thy speech methinks, smacks of a Saxon tongue?"

"I was bred in the convent of St. Withold of Burton," answered Cedric.

<sup>1</sup> **TRONEL.** A war engine for hurling stones.

<sup>2</sup> **SCALLOP-SHELL.** As the palm-branch was the token of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, so too was the scallop-shell a pilgrim's badge, particularly those who returned from the shrine of St. James at Compostella, in Spain.

<sup>3</sup> **HA ROU!** A Norse viking, first Duke of Normandy. The "war-song" or battle-cry of the Normans at Hastings, *Ha Rou! Ha Rou!*



"Ay?" said the Baron; "it had been better for me to have been a Norman, and better for my purpose to have had no choice of messengers. That St. Withelm of Burton is a howlet's nest worth the harrying.<sup>1</sup> The day will soon come that the frock shall protect the Saxon as well as the mail-coat."

"God's will be done," said Cedric, in a voice tremulous with passion, which Front-de-Bœuf imputed to fear.

"I see," said he, "thou dreamest already that our at-arms are in thy refectory and thy ale-vaults. But thou wilt cast of thy holy office, and, come what list of us, thou shalt sleep as safe in thy cell as a snail within his shell of proof."

"Speak your commands," said Cedric, with suppressed emotion.

"Follow me through this passage, then, that I may not miss thee by the postern."

And as he strode on his way before the suppliant, Front-de-Bœuf thus schooled him in the part which he desired he should act.

"Thou seest, Sir Friar, yon herd of Saxon swine have dared to environ this castle of Torquilstone with them whatever thou hast a mind of the weakness of a fortalice,<sup>2</sup> or aught else that can detain them before twenty-four hours. Meantime bear thou this scroll soft—canst read, Sir Priest?"

"Not a jot I," answered Cedric, "save on my bible, and then I know the characters, because I have taken service by heart, praised be Our Lady and St. Withelm."

"The fitter messenger for my purpose. Carry the scroll to the castle of Philip de Malvoisin; say it comes from me, and is written by the Templar Brian de Guibert, and that I pray him to send it to York with the speed man and horse can make. Meanwhile, I

<sup>1</sup> HARRYING. From an Anglo-Saxon verb meaning *to strip to the bone*.

<sup>2</sup> FORTALICE. A small fort, an outwork.

thing, he shall find us whole and sound behind  
tent. Shame on it, that we should be compelled  
by a pack of runagates, who are wont to fly  
flash of our pennons and the tramp of our  
ay to thee, priest, contrive some cast of thine  
the knaves where they are, until our friends  
air lances. My vengeance is awake, and she is  
t slumbers not till she has been gorged."

patron saint," said Cedric, with deeper energy  
his character, "and by every saint who has  
ed in England, your commands shall be obeyed!  
shall stir from before these walls, if I have art  
ee to detain them there."

said Front-de-Bœuf, "thou changest thy tone,  
and speakest brief and bold, as if thy heart were  
ater of the Saxon herd; and yet thou art thyself  
to the swine?"

was no ready practiser of the art of dissimulation,  
at this moment have been much the better of a  
Wamba's more fertile brain. But necessity, ac-  
the ancient proverb, sharpens invention, and he  
something under his cowl concerning the men in  
log excommunicated outlaws both to church and

*seigneur,*" answered Front-de-Bœuf, "thou hast  
very truth: I forgot that the knaves can strip  
as well as if they had been born south of yonder

Was it not he of St. Ives whom they tied to  
and compelled to sing a mass while they were  
ails and his wallets? No, by Our Lady, that  
red by Gualtier of Middleton, one of our com-  
mens. But they were Saxons who robbed the  
Bees of cup, candlestick, and chalice, were

ere godless men," answered Cedric.

*they drank out all the good wine and ale that*

lay in store for many a secret carousal, when ye pretend ye are but busied with vigils and primes! Priest, thou art bound to revenge such sacrilege."

"I am indeed bound to vengeance," murmured Cedric. "St. Withold knows my heart."

Front-de-Bœuf, in the mean while, led the way to the postern, where, passing the moat on a single plank, they reached a small barbican, or exterior defence, which communicated with the open field by a well-fortified sally port.<sup>1</sup>

"Begone, then; and if thou wilt do mine errand, and thou return hither when it is done, thou shalt see such flesh cheap as ever was hog's in the shambles of Shetland. And, hark thee, thou seemest to be a jolly confessor, come hither after the onslaught, and thou shalt have as much Malvoisie<sup>2</sup> as would drench thy whole convent."

"Assuredly we shall meet again," answered Cedric.

"Something in hand the whilst," continued the Norman; and, as they parted at the postern door, he thrust in Cedric's reluctant hand a gold byzant, adding, "Remember, I will flay off both cowl and skin if thou failest in thy purpose."

"And full leave will I give thee to do both," answered Cedric, leaving the postern, and striding forth over the open field with a joyful step, "if, when we meet next, I desire not better at thine hand." Turning then back towards the castle, he threw the piece of gold towards the donor, claiming at the same time, "False Norman, thy money is thine with thee!"

Front-de-Bœuf heard the words imperfectly, but his action was suspicious. "Archers," he called to the wardens on the outward battlements, "send me an arrow through that monk's frock! Yet stay," he said, as his retainers

<sup>1</sup> SALLY PORT The postern gate of a fortification, whence were made by the besieged.

<sup>2</sup> MALVOISIE. Malmsey; a strong sweet wine.

her bows, "it avails not; we must thus far trust we have no better shift. I think he dares not be the worst I can but treat with these Saxon dogs as safe in kennel. Ho! Giles jailor, let them be of Rotherwood before me, and the other churl, son—him I mean of Coningsburgh—Athelstane what call they him? Their very names are an ore to a Norman knight's mouth, and have, as it were, the flavour of bacon. Give me a stoup of wine, as jolly as I said, that I may wash away the relish; place the tureen, and thither lead the prisoners."

Commands were obeyed; and, upon entering that apartment, hung with many spoils won by his own hand, and that of his father, he found a flagon of wine on a oaken table, and the two Saxon captives under the eye of four of his dependants. Front-de-Bœuf took a draught of wine, and then addressed his prisoners; under the influence of which Wamba drew the cap over his face, and, in the half-light of dress, the gloomy and broken light, and the imperfect acquaintance with the features of Cedric, and his Norman neighbours, and seldom stirred beyond his own domains, prevented him from discovering that the most important of his captives had made his escape.

"As of England," said Front-de-Bœuf, "how relish ye the entertainment at Torquilstone? Are ye yet aware of the *merquedy* and *outrécuidance*<sup>1</sup> merit, for scoffing at the punishment of a prince of the house of Anjou? I have forgotten how ye requited the unmerited hospitality of John? By God and St. Denis, an ye pay not ransom, I will hang ye up by the feet from the eaves of these windows, till the kites and hooded crows pick the skeletons of you! Speak out, ye Saxon dogs—for your worthless lives? How say you, you of

<sup>1</sup> *OUTRECUIDANCE*. Insolence and presumption {See

"Not a doit<sup>1</sup> I," answered poor Wamba: "and for hanging up by the feet, my brain has been topsy-turvy, they say, ever since the biggin<sup>2</sup> was bound first round my head so turning me upside down may peradventure restore it again."

"St. Genevieve!" said Front-de-Bœuf, "what have we got here?"

And with the back of his hand he struck Cedric's cap from the head of the Jester, and throwing open his collar, discovered the fatal badge of servitude, the silver collar round his neck.

"Giles—Clement—dogs and varlets!" exclaimed the furious Norman, "what have you brought me here?"

"I think I can tell you," said De Bracy, who just entered the apartment. "This is Cedric's clown, who fought a manful skirmish with Isaac of York about a question of precedence."

"I shall settle it for them both," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "they shall hang on the same gallows, unless his master and this boar of Coningsburgh will pay well for their lives. Their wealth is the least they can surrender; they must all carry off with them the swarms that are besetting the castle. They subscribe a surrender of their pretended immunities, and live under us as serfs and vassals; too happy if, in the new world that is about to begin, we leave them the breath of their nostrils. Go," said he to two of his attendants, "fetch me the right Cedric hither, and I pardon your error for once: the rather that you but mistook a fool for a Saracen franklin."

"Aye, but," said Wamba, "your chivalrous excellency will find there are more fools than franklins among us."

"What means the knave?" said Front-de-Bœuf, looking towards his followers, who, lingering and loth, faltered for their belief that, if this were not Cedric who was there in presence, they knew not what was become of him.

<sup>1</sup> DOIT. A Dutch coin worth a quarter of a cent also a Scotch coin of less value.

<sup>2</sup> Biggin. A child's cap.



"rats of Heaven!" exclaimed De Bracy, "he must have been in the monk's garments!"

"Hands of hell!" echoed Front-de-Bœuf, "it was then I took Rotherwood whom I ushered to the postern, and cut with my own hands! And thou," he said to De Bracy, "whose folly could overreach the wisdom of idiots more gross than thyself—I will give thee holy orders—thou shalt have thy crown for thee! Here, let them tear the crown from his head, and then pitch him headlong from the battlements. Thy trade is to jest, canst thou jest now?"

"I will deal with me better than your word, noble sir," whimpered forth poor Wamba, whose habits of humility were not to be overcome even by the immediate prospect of death; "if you give me the red cap you propose, I am a simple monk you will make a cardinal."

"A poor wretch," said De Bracy, "is resolved to die in his own way. Front-de-Bœuf, you shall not slay him. Give him the red cap to make sport for my Free Companions. How dost thou, knave? Wilt thou take heart of grace, and go to the wars with me?"

"I will, with my master's leave," said Wamba; "for, look you, I must not slip collar (and he touched that which he wore) without his permission."

"A Norman saw will soon cut a Saxon collar," said De Bracy.

"Noble sir," said Wamba, "and thence goes the saying."

Norman saw an English oak,  
On English neck a Norman yoke  
Norman spoon in English dish,  
And England ruled as Normans wish;  
Blythe world to England never will be more,  
Till England's rid of all the four."

"You doost well, De Bracy," said Front-de-Bœuf, "to be here listening to a fool's jargon, when destruction is at our doors! Seest thou not we are overreached, and that the only mode of communicating with our friends is by the sword?"

out has been disconcerted by this same motley gentleman thou art so fond to brother? What views have we to expect but instant storm?"

"To the battlements then," said De Bracy; "when didst thou ever see me the graver for the thoughts of battle? Call the Templar yonder, and let him fight but half so well for his life as he has done for his order. Make thou to the walls thyself with thy huge body. Let me do my poor endeavour in my own way, and I tell thee the Saxon outlaw may as well attempt to scale the clouds as the castle of Torquilstone; or, if you will treat with the banditti, why not employ the mediation of this worthy franklin, who seems in such deep contemplation of the wine-flagon? Here, Saxon," he continued, addressing Athelstane, and handing the cup to him, "rinse thy throat with that noble liquor, and rouse up thy soul to say what thou wilt do for thy liberty."

"What a man of mould may," answered Athelstane, "providing it be what a man of manhood ought. Dismiss me free, with my companions, and I will pay a ransom of a thousand marks."

"And wilt moreover assure us the retreat of that scum of mankind who are swarming around the castle, contrary to God's peace and the king's?" said Front-de-Bœuf.

"In so far as I can," answered Athelstane, "I will withdraw them; and I fear not but that my father Cedric will do his best to assist me."

"We are agreed then," said Front-de-Bœuf; "thou art to be set at freedom, and they are to be set at freedom, and peace is to be on both sides, for payment of a thousand marks. It is a trifling ransom, Saxon, and thou wilt owe gratitude to the moderation which accepts of it in exchange of your persons. But mark this extends not to the Jew Isaac."

"Nor to the Jew Isaac's daughter," said the Templar who had now joined them.

"Neither," said Front-de-Bœuf, "belong to this Saxon company."

"I were unworthy to be called Christian, if they did," cried Athelstane; "deal with the unbelievers as ye list."

"Neither does the ransom include the Lady Rowena," said De Bracy. "It shall never be said I was scared out of fair prize without striking a blow for it."

"Neither," said Front-de-Bœuf, "does our treaty refer to this wretched Jester, whom I retain, that I may make him an example to every knave who turns jest into earnest."

"The Lady Rowena," answered Athelstane, with the same steady countenance, "is my affianced bride. I will be drawn by wild horses before I consent to part with her. The slave Wamba has this day saved the life of my father Edric. I will lose mine ere a hair of his head be injured."

"Thy affianced bride! The Lady Rowena the affianced bride of a vassal like thee!" said De Bracy. "Saxon, thou hast boasted that the days of thy seven kingdoms are returned again. I tell thee, the princes of the house of Anjou confer their wards on men of such lineage as thine."

"My lineage, proud Norman," replied Athelstane, "is drawn from a source more pure and ancient than that of a vulgarly Frenchman, whose living is won by selling the blood of the thieves whom he assembles under his paltry standard. Kings were my ancestors, strong in war, and wise in council, who every day feasted in their hall more than hundreds than thou canst number individual followers; whose names have been sung by minstrels, and their laws recorded by Witenagemotes:<sup>1</sup> whose bones were interred under the prayers of saints, and over whose tombs minsters have been builded."

"Thou hast it, De Bracy," said Front-de-Bœuf, well pleased with the rebuff which his companion had received; "the Saxon hath hit thee fairly."

"As fairly as a captive can strike," said De Bracy, with parent carelessness; "for he whose hands are tied should

WITENAGEMOTES. The word means "assembly of the wise men," and was the name of the supreme council of the nation in Anglo-Saxon times.

have his tongue at freedom. But thy glibness of reply, comrade," rejoined he, speaking to Athelstane, "will not win the freedom of the Lady Rowena."

To this Athelstane, who had already made a longer speech than was his custom to do on any topic, however interesting, returned no answer. The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a menial, who announced that a monk demanded admittance at the postern gate.

"In the name of St. Bennet,<sup>1</sup> the prince of these bull-beggars,"<sup>2</sup> said Front-de-Bœuf, "have we a real monk this time, or another impostor? Search him, slaves; for an you suffer a second impostor to be palmed upon you, I will have your eyes torn out, and hot coals put into the sockets."

"Let me endure the extremity of your anger, my lord," said Giles, "if this be not a real shaveling. Your squire Jocelyn knows him well, and will vouch him to be Brother Ambrose, a monk in attendance upon the Prior of Jorvaulx."

"Admit him," said Front-de-Bœuf; "most likely he brings us news from his jovial master. Surely the devil keeps holiday, and the priests are relieved from duty, that they are strolling thus wildly through the country. Remove these prisoners; and, Saxon, think on what thou hast heard."

"I claim," said Athelstane, "an honourable imprisonment, with due care of my board and of my couch, as becomes my rank, and as is due to one who is in treaty for ransom. Moreover, I hold him that deems himself the best of you bound to answer to me with his body for this aggression on my freedom. This defiance hath already been sent thee by thy sewer; thou underliest it, and art bound to answer me. There lies my glove."

<sup>1</sup> ST BENNET St. Benedict, who founded the Order of the Benedictines.

<sup>2</sup> BULL-BEGGARS. Hobgoblins, bugbears. The word occurs in the phrase from the *Tatler*, No. 212: "This was certainly an ass in a harmless bull-beggar, who delights to frighten innocent people."

answer not the challenge of my prisoner," said Front-de-Bœuf, "nor shalt thou, Maurice de Bracy. Giles," he added, "hang the franklin's glove upon the tine of yon branched antlers; there shall it remain until he is a free man."

Should he then presume to demand it, or to affirm he was unlawfully made my prisoner, by the belt of St. Christopher, he will speak to one who hath never refused to fight a foe on foot or on horseback, alone or with his vassals, back!"

The Saxon prisoners were accordingly removed, just as he introduced the monk Ambrose, who appeared to be in great perturbation.

"This is the real *Deus robiscum*,"<sup>1</sup> said Wamba, as he addressed the reverend brother: "the others were but counter-*deus*."

"Holy Mother!" said the monk, as he addressed the assembled knights, "I am at last safe and in Christian keep-  
 ing."

"Safe thou art," replied De Bracy, "and for Christianity, thou art the stout Baron Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, whose abomination is a Jew; and the good Knight Templar, Sir de Bois-Guilbert, whose trade is to slay Saracens. If these are not good marks of Christianity, I know no other marks which they bear about them."

"Ye are friends and allies of our reverend father in God, the Prior of Jorvaulx," said the monk, without noticing any of De Bracy's reply: "ye owe him aid both by worldly faith and holy charity; for what saith the blessed Augustine, in his treatise *De Civitate Dei*——"<sup>2</sup>

"That saith the devil!" interrupted Front-de-Bœuf; "or what dost thou say, Sir Priest? We have little time to waste on texts from the holy fathers."

"*Sancta Maria*!"<sup>3</sup> ejaculated Father Ambrose, "how

<sup>1</sup> *Vobiscum* "God be with you."

<sup>2</sup> *CIVITATE DEI* "Concerning the city of God", the title of a treatise of Augustine. (354-430)

<sup>3</sup> *SANCTA MARIA*. "Holy Mary."



prompt to ire are these unhallowed laymen! But be it known to you, brave knights, that certain murderous caitiffs,<sup>1</sup> casting behind them fear of God and reverence of His church, and not regarding the bull of the holy see, *Si quis, suadente Diabolo*——”<sup>2</sup>

“Brother priest,” said the Templar, “all this we know or guess at; tell us plainly, is thy master, the Prior, made prisoner, and to whom?”

“Surely,” said Ambrose, “he is in the hands of the men of Belial,<sup>4</sup> infesters of these woods, and contemners of the holy text, ‘Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets nought of evil.’”<sup>5</sup>

“Here is a new argument for our swords, sirs,” said Front-de-Bœuf, turning to his companions; “and so, instead of reaching us any assistance, the Prior of Jorvaulx requests aid at our hands? A man is well helped of these lazy churchmen when he hath most to do! But speak our priest, and say at once what doth thy master expect from us?”

“So please you,” said Ambrose, “violent hands having been imposed on my reverend superior, contrary to the holy ordinance which I did already quote, and the men of Belial having rifled his mails and budgets, and stripped him of two hundred marks of pure refined gold, they do yet demand of him a large sum beside, ere they will suffer him to depart from their uncircumcised hands. Wherefore the reverend father in God prays you, as his dear friends, to rescue him either by paying down the ransom at which they hold him, or by force of arms, at your best discretion.”

<sup>1</sup> CAITIFFS. Wretches, through Norman French from Latin *captivus*, captive.

<sup>2</sup> THE BULL OF THE HOLY SEE. An edict of the Pope is furnished with a seal or *bulle* of the papal office, and the word, at first designating only the seal, has come to indicate the edict itself. Similarly the *see* (from Latin *sedes*, seat), meant originally the chair or throne of a bishop, then his diocese, and lastly the jurisdiction or authority of the papacy itself.

<sup>3</sup> *SI QVIS*, etc. “If any one persuaded by the devil.”

<sup>4</sup> BELIAL. Satan.

<sup>5</sup> TOUCH NOT, etc. See *Psalms* CV. 15.

"The foul fiend quell the Prior!" said Front-de-Bœuf; "morning's draught has been a deep one. When did thy hear of a Norman baron unbuckling his purse to a churchman, whose bags are ten times as weighty as And how can we do aught by valour to free him, he cooped up here by ten times our number, and expect an assault every moment?"

"And that was what I was about to tell you," said the "had your hastiness allowed me time. But, God me, I am old, and these foul onslaughts distract an man's brain. Nevertheless, it is of verity that they be a camp, and raise a bank against the walls of this

to the battlements!" cried De Bracy, "and let us mark these knaves do without"; and so saying, he opened a window which led to a sort of bartizan or projecting tower, and immediately called from thence to those in the tent; "St. Denis, but the old monk hath brought true! They bring forward mantelets and pavisses,<sup>1</sup> and others muster on the skirts of the wood like a dark before a hail-storm."

Reginald Front-de-Bœuf also looked out upon the field, immediately snatched his bugle; and after winding a loud blast, commanded his men to their posts on hills.

De Bracy, look to the eastern side where the walls are Noble Bois-Guilbert, thy trade hath well taught how to attack and defend, look thou to the western I myself will take post at the barbican. Yet, do not your exertions to any one spot, noble friends! We this day be everywhere, and multiply ourselves, were able, so as to carry by our presence succour and relief for the attack is hottest. Our numbers are few, but

<sup>1</sup> *Mantelets, etc.* Mantelets were temporary and movable defenses of planks, under cover of which the assailants advanced to the fortified places of old. Pavisses were a species of large shield, which covered the whole person, employed on the same occasions. [Scott.]

activity and courage may supply that defect, since we have only to do with rascal clowns."

"But, noble knights," exclaimed Father Ambrose amidst the bustle and confusion occasioned by the preparations for defence, "will none of ye hear the message of the reverend father in God, Aymer, Prior of Jorvaulx? I beseech thee to hear me, noble Sir Reginald!"

"Go patter thy petitions to Heaven," said the fierce Norman, "for we on earth have no time to listen to them. He there, Anselm! see that seething pitch and oil are ready to pour on the heads of these audacious traitors. Look that the cross-bowmen lack not bolts.<sup>1</sup> Fling abroad my banner with the old bull's head; the knaves shall soon find with whom they have to do this day!"

"But, noble sir," continued the monk, persevering in his endeavours to draw attention, "consider my vow of obedience, and let me discharge myself of my superior's errand."

"Away with this prating dotard," said Front-de-Bœuf, "lock him up in the chapel to tell his beads till the broil is over. It will be a new thing to the saints in Torquilston to hear aves and paters; they have not been so honoured of old, since they were cut out of stone."

"Blaspheme not the holy saints, Sir Reginald," said Bracy, "we shall have need of their aid to-day before your rascal rout disband."

"I expect little aid from their hand," said Front-de-Bœuf, "unless we were to hurl them from the battlements on the heads of the villains. There is a huge lumbering Christopher yonder, sufficient to bear a whole company of the earth."

The Templar had in the mean time been looking out on the proceedings of the besiegers, with rather more attention than the brutal Front-de-Bœuf or his giddy companion.

<sup>1</sup> **BOLTS.** The bolt was the arrow peculiarly fitted to the cross-bow, that of the long bow was called a shaft. Hence the English proverb, "either make a shaft or bolt of it," signifying a determination to make one or other of the thing spoken of. [Scott.]

"By the faith of mine order," he said, "these men appear with more touch of discipline than could have been had, however they come by it. See ye how dexterously they avail themselves of every cover which a tree or bush affords, and shun exposing themselves to the shot of our bows? I spy neither banner nor pennon among them, yet will I gage my golden chain that they are led on by some noble knight or gentleman, skilful in the practice of war."

"I espy him," said De Bracy; "I see the waving of a knight's crest, and the gleam of his armour. See yon tall man in the black mail, who is busied marshalling the farther end of the rascaille<sup>1</sup> yeomen; by St. Denis, I hold him to be the same whom we called *Le Noir Faineant*, who overthrew thee, Front-de-Bœuf, in the lists at Ashby."

"So much the better," said Front-de-Bœuf, "that he is here to give me my revenge. Some hilding<sup>2</sup> fellow must be, who dared not stay to assert his claim to the prize which chance had assigned him. I should indeed have sought for him where knights and nobles seek foes, and right glad am I he hath here shown himself against yon villain yeomanry."

The demonstrations of the enemy's immediate approach put an end to all farther discourse. Each knight repaired to his post, and at the head of the few followers whom they were to muster, and who were in numbers inadequate to defend the whole extent of the walls, they awaited with calm determination the threatened assault.

<sup>1</sup>RASCILLE. The French original of English "rascal"; the word means a coward, a refuse.

<sup>2</sup>HILDING. Cowardly.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

This wandering race, sever'd from other men,  
Boast yet their intercourse with human arts;  
The seas, the woods, the deserts, which they haunt,  
Find them acquainted with their secret treasures:  
And unregarded herbs, and flowers, and blossoms,  
Display undreamt-of powers when gather'd by them.

*The*

Our history must needs retrograde for the space of pages, to inform the reader of certain passages material to his understanding the rest of this important narrative. His own intelligence may indeed have easily anticipated that when Ivanhoe sunk down, and seemed abandoned by the world, it was the importunity of Rebecca which prevailed on her father to have the gallant young warrior transferred from the lists to the house which, for the time, he inhabited in the suburbs of Ashby.

It would not have been difficult to have persuaded him to this step in any other circumstances, for his disposition was kind and grateful. But he had also the prejudices and scrupulous timidity of his persecuted people, and those to be conquered.

"Holy Abraham!" he exclaimed, "he is a good man, and my heart bleeds to see the gore trickle down his embroidered hacqueton,<sup>1</sup> and his corslet of goodly mail; but to carry him to our house! damsel, hast thou well considered? He is a Christian, and by our law we may not traffic with the stranger and Gentile, save for the advantage of commerce."

"Speak not so, my dear father," replied Rebecca.

<sup>1</sup> HACQUETON An under-jacket of soft leather.



not indeed mix with them in banquet and in jollity; in wounds and in misery, the Gentile becometh the brother."

"Would I knew what the Rabbi Jacob Ben Tudela opine on it," replied Isaac; "nevertheless, the good must not bleed to death. Let Seth and Reuben bear to Ashby."

"Nay, let them place him in my litter," said Rebecca; "I mount one of the palfreys."

"That were to expose thee to the gaze of those dogs of Bel and of Edom," whispered Isaac, with a suspicious look towards the crowd of knights and squires. But Rebecca was already busied in carrying her charitable purpose effect, and listed not what he said, until Isaac, seizing the sleeve of her mantle, again exclaimed, in a hurried voice—"Beard of Aaron! what if the youth perish! If he be in our custody, shall we not be held guilty of his blood, if he be torn to pieces by the multitude?"

"He will not die, my father," said Rebecca, gently extricating herself from the grasp of Isaac—"he will not die if we abandon him; and if so, we are indeed answerable for his blood to God and to man."

"Nay," said Isaac, releasing his hold, "it grieveth me as much to see the drops of his blood as if they were so many bezants from mine own purse; and I well know that the sons of Miriam, daughter of the Rabbi Manasses of Tiberias, whose soul is in Paradise, have made thee skilful in the art of healing, and that thou knowest the craft of distilling and the force of elixirs. Therefore, do as thy mind shall direct thee: thou art a good damsel a blessing, and a joy, and a song of rejoicing unto me and unto my house, and unto the people of my fathers."

The apprehensions of Isaac, however, were not ill founded: and the generous and grateful benevolence of his daughter exposed her, on her return to Ashby, to the un-

hallowed gaze of Brian de Bois-Guilbert. The Templar twice passed and repassed them on the road, fixing his bold and ardent look on the beautiful Jewess; and we have already seen the consequences of the admiration which her charms excited, when accident threw her into the power of that unprincipled voluptuary.

Rebecca lost no time in causing the patient to be transported to their temporary dwelling, and proceeded with her own hands to examine and to bind up his wounds. The youngest reader of romances and romantic ballads may recollect how often the females, during the dark ages, as they are called, were initiated into the mysteries of surgery, and how frequently the gallant knight submitted the wounds of his person to her cure whose eyes had yet not deeply penetrated his heart.

But the Jews, both male and female, possessed and practised the medical science in all its branches, and the monarchs and powerful barons of the time frequently committed themselves to the charge of some experienced surgeon among this despised people when wounded or in sickness. The aid of the Jewish physicians was not the less eagerly sought after, though a general belief prevailed among the Christians that the Jewish rabbins were deeply acquainted with the occult sciences, and particularly with the cabalistical art, which had its name and origin in the studies of the sages of Israel. Neither did the rabbins disown such acquaintance with supernatural arts, which added nothing for what could add aught?—to the hatred with which the nation was regarded, while it diminished the contempt with which that malevolence was mingled. A Jewish magician might be the subject of equal abhorrence with a Jewish usurer, but he could not be equally despised. It is, besides, probable, considering the wonderful cures they are said to have performed, that the Jews possessed some secrets of healing art peculiar to themselves, and which, with

ve spirit arising out of their condition, they took care to conceal from the Christians amongst whom they dwelt.

The beautiful Rebecca had been heedfully brought up in the knowledge proper to her nation, which her apt and useful mind had retained, arranged, and enlarged, in the hope of a progress beyond her years, her sex, and even the place which she lived. Her knowledge of medicine and of the healing art had been acquired under an aged Jewess, the sister of one of their most celebrated doctors, who loved Rebecca as her own child, and was believed to have communicated to her secrets which had been left to herself by her father at the same time, and under the same circumstances. The fate of Miriam had indeed been to fall a sacrifice to the fanaticism of the times; but her secrets had been preserved in her apt pupil.

Rebecca, thus endowed with knowledge as with beauty, was universally revered and admired by her own tribe, who regarded her as one of those gifted women mentioned in the sacred history. Her father himself, out of respect for her talents, which involuntarily mingled itself with his unbounded affection, permitted the maiden a greater liberty than was usually indulged to those of her sex in the habits of her people, and was, as we have just seen, constantly guided by her opinion, even in preference to his

When Ivanhoe reached the habitation of Isaac, he was in a state of unconsciousness, owing to the profuse loss of blood which had taken place during his exertions in the

Rebecca examined the wound, and having applied to the vulnerary<sup>1</sup> remedies as her art prescribed, informed her father that if fever could be averted, of which the great danger rendered her little apprehensive, and if the healing power of Miriam retained its virtue, there was nothing to endanger his guest's life, and that he might with safety travel.

<sup>1</sup> VULNERARY. *Useful in healing wounds; Latin vulnus, a wound.*

to York with them on the ensuing day. Isaac looked little blank at this annunciation. His charity would willingly have stopped short at Ashby, or at most would have left the wounded Christian to be tended in the house where he was residing at present, with an assurance to the Hebrew to whom it belonged that all expenses should be duly discharged. To this, however, Rebecca opposed many reasons of which we shall only mention two that had peculiar weight with Isaac. The one was, that she would on no account put the phial of precious balsam into the hands of another physician even of her own tribe, lest that valuable mystery should be discovered; the other, that this wounded knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, was an intimate favourite of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and that, in case the monarch should return, Isaac, who had supplied his brother John with treasure to prosecute his rebellious purposes, would stand in no small need of a powerful protector who enjoyed Richard's favour.

"Thou art speaking but sooth, Rebecca," said Isaac, giving way to these weighty arguments: "it were an offending of Heaven to betray the secrets of the blessed Mariam to the good which Heaven giveth is not rashly to be squandered upon others, whether it be talents of gold and shekels of silver, or whether it be the secret mysteries of a wise physician: assuredly they should be preserved to those to whom Providence hath vouchsafed them. And him whom the Nazarenes of England call the Lion's Heart—assuredly were better for me to fall into the hands of a strong lion of Idumea than into his, if he shall have got assurance of dealing with his brother. Wherefore I will lend ear to thy counsel, and this youth shall journey with us unto York, and our house shall be as a home to him until his wound shall be healed. And if he of the Lion Heart shall return to the land, as is now noised abroad, then shall this Wilfred of Ivanhoe be unto me as a wall of defence, when the king's displeasure shall burn high against thy father. And



if not return, this Wilfred may natheless<sup>d</sup> repay us our wages when he shall gain treasure by the strength of his arm and of his sword, even as he did yesterday and this day also. For the youth is a good youth, and keepeth the law which he appointeth, and restoreth that which he borroweth, and succoureth the Israelite, even the child of my father's house, when he is encompassed by strong thieves and sons of Belial."

It was not until evening was nearly closed that Ivanhoe was restored to consciousness of his situation. He awoke in a broken slumber, under the confused impressions which are naturally attendant on the recovery from a state of insensibility. He was unable for some time to recall fully to memory the circumstances which had preceded his fall in the lists, or to make out any connected chain of events in which he had been engaged upon the yesterday. A sense of wounds and injury, joined to great weakness and exhaustion, was mingled with the recollection of blows dealt and received, of steeds rushing upon each other, overthrow and overthrown, of shouts and clashing of arms, and all the heavy tumult of a confused fight. An effort to draw back the curtain of his couch was in some degree successful, though rendered difficult by the pain of his wound.

To his great surprise, he found himself in a room magnificently furnished, but having cushions instead of chairs to rest upon, and in other respects partaking so much of an oriental costume that he began to doubt whether he had, during his sleep, been transported back again to the land of Palestine. The impression was increased when, the eastern drape being drawn aside, a female form, dressed in a rich and costly attire, which partook more of the Eastern taste than that of Europe, glided through the door which it concealed, and was followed by a swarthy domestic.

As the wounded knight was about to address this fair attendant, she imposed silence by placing her slender finger

NEVERTHELESS. Nevertheless.



upon her ruby lips, while the attendant, approaching him, proceeded to uncover Ivanhoe's side, and the lovely Jewess satisfied herself that the bandage was in its place, and the wound doing well. She performed her task with a graceful and dignified simplicity and modesty, which might, even in more civilised days, have served to redeem it from whatever might seem repugnant to female delicacy. The idea of a young and beautiful a person engaged in attendance on a sick-bed, or in dressing the wound of one of a different sex, was melted away and lost in that of a beneficent being contributing her effectual aid to relieve pain, and to avert the stroke of death. Rebecca's few and brief directions were given in the Hebrew language to the old domestic; and he who had been frequently her assistant in similar cases obeyed them without reply.

The accents of an unknown tongue, however harsh they might have sounded when uttered by another, had, coming from the beautiful Rebecca, the romantic and pleasing effect which fancy ascribes to the charms pronounced by some beneficent fairy, unintelligible, indeed, to the ear, but from the sweetness of utterance and benignity of aspect which accompanied them touching and affecting to the heart. Without making an attempt at further quest, Ivanhoe suffered them in silence to take the measures they thought most proper for his recovery; and it was not until those were completed, and this kind physician about to retire, that his curiosity could no longer be suppressed. "Gentle maiden," he began in the Arabian tongue, with which his Eastern travels had rendered him familiar, and which he thought most likely to be understood by the turbaned and capta<sup>n</sup>ed<sup>d</sup> damsel who stood before him, "I pray you, gentle maiden, of your courtesy——"

But here he was interrupted by his fair physician, whose smile which she could scarce suppress dimpling for an instant a face whose general expression was that of con-

\* CAPTANED. A *caftan* is a Persian or Turkish vest with long sleeves.

ive melancholy. "I am of England, Sir Knight, and speak the English tongue, although my dress and my lineage belong to another climate."

"Noble damsel——" again the Knight of Ivanhoe began, and again Rebecca hastened to interrupt him.

"Bestow not on me, Sir Knight," she said, "the epithet noble. It is well you should speedily know that your damsel is a poor Jewess, the daughter of that Isaac of whom you were so lately a good and kind lord. It becomes him and those of his household to render to such careful tendance as your present state necessarily demands."

I know not whether the fair Rowena would have been altogether satisfied with the species of emotion with which the devoted knight had hitherto gazed on the beautiful features, and fair form, and lustrous eyes of the lovely Rebecca, whose brilliancy was shaded, and, as it were, melted, by the fringe of her long silken eyelashes, and which the minstrel would have compared to the evening star darting rays through a bower of jessamine. But Ivanhoe was good a Catholic to retain the same class of feelings towards a Jewess. This Rebecca had foreseen, and for this purpose she had hastened to mention her father's name and lineage; yet for the fair and wise daughter of Isaac, not without a touch of female weakness, she could not sigh internally when the glance of respectful admiration, not altogether unmixed with tenderness, with which she had hitherto regarded his unknown benefactress, was exchanged at once for a manner cold, composed, and detached, and fraught with no deeper feeling than that which expressed a grateful sense of courtesy received from an unexpected quarter, and from one of an inferior race. It was not that Ivanhoe's former carriage expressed more than that general devotional homage which youth always pays to beauty; yet it was mortifying that one word should be used as a spell to remove poor Rebecca, who could not

supposed altogether ignorant of her title to such homage, into a degraded class, to whom it could not be honourably rendered.

But the gentleness and candour of Rebecca's nature imputed no fault to Ivanhoe for sharing in the universal prejudices of his age and religion. On the contrary, the fair Jewess, though sensible her patient now regarded her as one of a race of reprobation, with whom it was disgraced to hold any beyond the most necessary intercourse, ceased not to pay the same patient and devoted attention to his safety and convalescence. She informed him of the necessity they were under of removing to York, and of his father's resolution to transport him thither, and tend him in his own house until his health should be restored. Ivanhoe expressed great repugnance to this plan, which was grounded on unwillingness to give farther trouble to his benefactors.

"Was there not," he said, "in Ashby, or near it, some Saxon franklin, or even some wealthy peasant, who would endure the burden of a wounded countryman's residence with him until he should be again able to bear his armour? Was there no convent of Saxon endowment, where he could be received? Or could he not be transported as far as Burton, where he was sure to find hospitality with Waltham, the Abbot of St. Withold's, to whom he was related?"

"Any, the worst of these harbourages," said Rebecca with a melancholy smile, "would unquestionably be more fitting for your residence than the abode of a despised Jew yet, Sir Knight, unless you would dismiss your physician, you cannot change your lodging. Our nation, as you well know, can cure wounds, though we deal not in inflaming them; and in our own family, in particular, are secrets which have been handed down since the days of Solomon, and of which you have already experienced the advantage. No Nazarene—I crave your forgiveness, Sir Knight—

leech, within the four seas of Britain, could enable to bear your corslet within a month."

"How soon wilt *thou* enable me to brook it?" said impatiently.

"In eight days, if thou wilt be patient and conform to my directions," replied Rebecca.

"Our Blessed Lady," said Wilfred, "if it be not a sin to enter here, it is no time for me or any true knight to tarry; and if thou accomplish thy promise, maiden, I will give thee with my casque full of crowns, come by them."

"I will accomplish my promise," said Rebecca, "and I will bear thine armour on the eighth day from hence, wilt grant me but one boon in the stead of the silver thou hast promised me."

"It shall be within my power, and such as a true Christian may yield to one of thy people," replied Ivanhoe, "grant thy boon blythely and thankfully."

"I will," answered Rebecca, "I will but pray of thee to henceforward that a Jew may do good service to a Christian, without desiring other guerdon than the blessing of our Great Father who made both Jew and Gentile."

"I have no sin to doubt it, maiden," replied Ivanhoe; "and I trust myself on thy skill without further scruple or question, trusting you will enable me to bear my corslet on the eighth day. And now, my kind leech, let me inquire of thee what of the noble Saxon Cedric and his household? what of the lovely Lady——" He stopt, as if he had been about to speak Rowena's name in the house of a Jew; "I mean, who was named Queen of the tourna-

ment, who was selected by you, Sir Knight, to hold that high office with judgment which was admired as much as your skill," replied Rebecca.

The blood which Ivanhoe had lost did not prevent a further inquiry, and here in the sense of *merely*.



flush from crossing his cheek, feeling that he had cautiously betrayed his deep interest in Rowena by the awkward attempt he had made to conceal it.

"It was less of her I would speak," said he, "than of Prince John; and I would fain know somewhat of a faithful squire, and why he now attends me not?"

"Let me use my authority as a leech," answered Rebecca, "and enjoin you to keep silence, and avoid agitating reflections, whilst I apprise you of what you desire to know. Prince John hath broken off the tournament, and set forward in all haste towards York, with the nobles, knights and churchmen of his party, after collecting such sums as they could wring, by fair means or foul, from those who are esteemed the wealthy of the land. It is said he designs to assume his brother's crown."

"Not without a blow struck in its defence," said Ivanhoe, raising himself upon the couch, "if there were but one true subject in England. I will fight for Richard's title with the best of them—ay, one to two, in his just quarrel."

"But that you may be able to do so," said Rebecca, touching his shoulder with her hand, "you must now observe my directions, and remain quiet."

"True, maiden," said Ivanhoe, "as quiet as these disturbed times will permit. And of Cedric and his household?"

"His steward came but brief while since," said the Jewess, "panting with haste, to ask my father for certain monies, the price of wool the growth of Cedric's flocks, and from him I learned that Cedric and Athelstane of Coningsburgh had left Prince John's lodging in high displeasure, and were about to set forth on their return homeward."

"Went any lady with them to the banquet?" said Wilfred.

"The Lady Rowena," said Rebecca, answering the question with more precision than it had been asked—"the Lady Rowena went not to the Prince's feast, and, as the st-



ns, she is now on her journey back to Rother-  
her guardian Cedric. And touching your faith-  
Gurth——”

exclaimed the knight, “knowest thou his name?  
lost,” he immediately added, “and well thou  
it was from thy hand, and, as I am now con-  
thine own generosity of spirit, that he received  
ay a hundred zecchins.”

not of that,” said Rebecca, blushing deeply; “I  
ay it is for the tongue to betray what the heart  
ly conceal.”

his sum of gold,” said Ivanhoe, gravely, “my  
concerned in repaying it to your father.”

be as thou wilt,” said Rebecca, “when eight days  
d away; but think not, and speak not, now of  
may retard thy recovery.”

so, kind maiden,” said Ivanhoe; “I were most  
to dispute thy commands. But one word of the  
Gurth, and I have done with questioning thee.”

to tell thee, Sir Knight,” answered the Jewess,  
in custody by the order of Cedric.” And then

the distress which her communication gave to  
he instantly added: “But the steward Oswald

if nothing occurred to renew his master’s dis-  
against him, he was sure that Cedric would pardon

faithful serf, and one who stood high in favour,  
ed but committed this error out of the love which

Cedric’s son. And he said, moreover, that he  
parades, and especially Wamba, the Jester, were

warn Gurth to make his escape by the way, in  
his ire against him could not be mitigated.”

to God they may keep their purpose!” said Ivan-  
it seems as if I were destined to bring ruin on

hath shown kindness to me. My king, by  
honoured and distinguished thou seest that

most indebted to him is raising his arms to grasp

his crown; my regard hath brought restraint and trouble to the fairest of her sex; and now my father in his mood may slay this poor bondsman, but for his love and loyal service to me! Thou seest, maiden, what an ill-fated wretch thou dost labour to assist; be wise, and let me go, ere the misfortunes which track my footsteps like slot-hounds<sup>1</sup> shall involve thee also in their pursuit."

"Nay," said Rebecca, "thy weakness and thy grief, Sir Knight, make thee miscalculate the purposes of Heaven. Thou hast been restored to thy country when it most needed the assistance of a strong hand and a true heart, and thou hast humbled the pride of thine enemies and those of thy king, when their horn was most highly exalted; and for the evil which thou hast sustained, seest thou not that Heaven has raised thee a helper and a physician, even among the most despised of the land? Therefore, be of good courage and trust that thou art preserved for some marvel which thine arm shall work before this people. Adieu; and having taken the medicine which I shall send thee by the hand of Reuben, compose thyself again to rest, that thou mayest be the more able to endure the journey on the succeeding day."

Ivanhoe was convinced by the reasoning, and obeyed the directions, of Rebecca. The draught which Reuben administered was of a sedative and narcotic quality, and secured the patient sound and undisturbed slumbers. In the morning his kind physician found him entirely free from feverish symptoms, and fit to undergo the fatigue of a journey.

He was deposited in the horse-litter which had brought him from the lists, and every precaution taken for his travelling with ease. In one circumstance only even the attentions of Rebecca were unable to secure sufficient attention to the accommodation of the wounded knight. Issued like the enriched traveller of Juvenal's *Tenth Satire*, he

<sup>1</sup> SLOT-HOUNDS. Slow-hounds, already described. See note page 71.

the fear of robbery before his eyes, conscious that he was alike accounted fair game by the marauding Norman and by the Saxon outlaw. He therefore journeyed at a great rate, and made short halts and shorter rests, so that he passed by Cedric and Athelstane, who had taken the start of him, but who had been delayed by protracted feasting at the convent of St. Withold's. Such was the virtue of Miriam's balsam, or such the strength of Ivanhoe's constitution, that he did not sustain the hurried journey that inconvenience which his kind father had apprehended.

From another point of view, however, the Jew's haste was somewhat more than good speed. The rapidity with which he insisted on travelling bred several disputes between him and the party whom he had hired to attend him as a guard. These men were Saxons, and not free by example from the national love of ease and good living which the Normans stigmatised as laziness and gluttony. Taking Shylock's position,<sup>1</sup> they had accepted the employment in hopes of feeding upon the wealthy Jew, and were very much displeased when they found themselves hurried by the rapidity with which he insisted on their journeying. They remonstrated also upon the risk of damaging their horses by these forced marches. Finally, there broke out between Isaac and his satellites a deadly feud concerning the quantity of wine and ale to be allowed for consumption at each meal. And thus it happened, that when the hour of danger approached, and that which Isaac feared would surely to come upon him, he was deserted by the dissipated mercenaries, on whose protection he had relied, and was obliged to use the means necessary to secure their attach-

In this deplorable condition, the Jew, with his daughter and his wounded patient, were found by Cedric, as has already been related.

<sup>1</sup> SHYLOCK'S POSITION See *Merchant of Venice* 11.5.12.

But yet I'll go on hate, to feed upon  
The prodigal Christian."

ready been noticed, and soon afterwards fell into the hands of De Bracy and his confederates. Little notice was taken of the horse-litter, and it might have remained so but for the curiosity of De Bracy, who looked into it under the impression that it might contain the object of his surprise, for Rowena had not unveiled herself.

Bracy's astonishment was considerable when he discovered that the litter contained a wounded man, who, concealing himself to have fallen into the power of Saxon outlaws, whom his name might be a protection for himself and friends, frankly avowed himself to be Wilfred of Ivo.

The ideas of chivalrous honour, which, amidst the darkness and levity, never utterly abandoned De Bracy, inhibited him from doing the knight any injury in his defenceless condition, and equally interdicted his betraying him to Front-de-Bœuf, who would have had no scruple to put to death, under any circumstances, the rival claimant of the fief of Ivanhoe. On the other hand, to liberate him was preferred by the Lady Rowena, as the events of the tournament, and indeed Wilfred's previous banishment from his father's house, had made matter of notoriety, was far above the flight of De Bracy's generosity. A middle course betwixt good and evil was all which he found himself capable of adopting, and he commanded two of his squires to keep close by the litter, and to suffer no one to approach it. If questioned, they were directed by their master to say that the empty litter of the Lady Rowena was employed to transport one of their comrades who had been wounded in the scuffle. On arriving at Torquilston, the Knight Templar and the lord of that castle were intent upon their own schemes, the one on the Jew's curse, and the other on his daughter, De Bracy's squires conveyed Ivanhoe, still under the name of a wounded knight, to a distant apartment. This explanation was afterwards returned by these men to Front-de-Bœuf, when he

ened them why they did not make for the battlements on the alarm.

"A wounded companion!" he replied in great wrath and astonishment. "No wonder that churls and yeomen wax presumptuous as even to lay leaguer<sup>1</sup> before castles, and that clowns and swineherds send defiance to nobles, since men-at-arms have turned sick men's nurses, and Free Companies are grown keepers of dying folks' curtains, when the castle is about to be assailed. To the battlements, ye stinking villains!" he exclaimed, raising his stentorian<sup>2</sup> voice till the arches around rung again—"to the battlements, or I will splinter your bones with this truncheon!"

The men sulkily replied, "That they desired nothing better than to go to the battlements, providing Front-desueuf would bear them out with their master, who had commanded them to tend the dying man."

"The dying man, knaves!" rejoined the baron; "I promise thee, we shall all be dying men an we stand not to the more stoutly. But I will relieve the guard upon this stiff companion of yours. Here, Urfried—hag—fiend of Saxon witch—hearest me not? Tend me this bedridden fellow, since he must needs be tended, whilst these knaves take their weapons. Here be two arblasts,<sup>3</sup> comrades, with windlances and quarrells—to the barbican with you, and see ye drive each bolt through a Saxon brain."

The men, who, like most of their description, were fond of enterprise and detested inaction, went joyfully to the scene of danger as they were commanded, and thus the charge of Ivanhoe was transferred to Urfried, or Ulrica. But she, whose brain was burning with remembrance of injuries and with hopes of vengeance, was readily induced to devolve upon Rebecca the care of her patient.

<sup>1</sup> LEAGUER. Siege. Compare German *Lager*, a bed, and English, *lair*: *siege* is from Latin *sedeo* to sit, both words therefore are metaphorical.

<sup>2</sup> STENTORIAN. What is the origin of this word?

<sup>3</sup> ARBLASTS. The arblast was a cross-bow, the windlance the machine used in loading that weapon, and the quarrell, so called from its square and round-shaped head, was the bolt adapted to it. [Scott.]



## CHAPTER XXIX

Ascend the watch-tower yonder, valiant soldier,  
Look on the field, and say how goes the battle.  
SCHILLER'S *Maid of Orleans*.

A moment of peril is often also a moment of heartfelt kindness and affection. We are thrown off guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and by the intensity of those which, at more tranquil periods, prudence at least conceals, if it cannot altogether suppress them. In finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced, even at a time when all around her both was danger, if not despair. As she felt his pulse, inquired after his health, there was a softness in her tone and in her accents, implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. Her voice faltered and her hand trembled, as it was only the cold question of Ivanhoe, "Is it you, gentle maiden?" which recalled her to herself, and reminded her of the sensations which she felt were not and could not be mutual. A sigh escaped, but it was scarce audible; and the questions which she asked the knight concerning his state of health were put in the tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered her hastily that he was, in point of health, as well and better, than he could have expected. "Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me *dear* Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse, his hunting hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess!"

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner, and, if I judge aright of the loud coarse voice which even now despatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf. So, how will this end, or how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca, internally: "yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened after this brief self-accusation to give Ivanhoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf were commanders within the castle; that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not. He added, that there was a Christian priest within the castle who might be possessed of more information.

"A Christian priest!" said the knight, joyfully; "fetch him hither, Rebecca, if thou canst. Say a sick man desires a ghostly counsel—say what thou wilt, but bring him; something I must do or attempt, but how can I determine until I know how matters stand without?"

Rebecca, in compliance with the wishes of Ivanhoe, made that attempt to bring Cedric into the wounded knight's chamber which was defeated, as we have already seen, by the interference of Urfried, who had been also on the watch to intercept the supposed monk. Rebecca retired to communicate to Ivanhoe the result of her errand.

They had not much leisure to regret the failure of this source of intelligence, or to contrive by what means it might be supplied; for the noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations, which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamour. The heavy yet hasty step of the men-at-arms traversed the elements, or resounded on the narrow and winding pas-

sages and stairs which led to the various bartizan points of defence. The voices of the knights were animating their followers, or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armour, or the clamorous shouts of those who were addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them which Richard's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of peril. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her face, and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half-whispering to herself, half-speaking to her companion, the sacred words, "The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting!"

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime sage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with an ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself forward," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this game is like to go! If I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance! It is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless and motionless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Richard, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden; it may be that the battle is not battle."

"Thou knowest nought of it," said Wilfred, impatiently, "this dead pause only shows that the men are at the top of the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the distant muttering of the storm: it will burst anon in all its fury. Could I but reach yonder window!"

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt," replied his attendant. Observing his eagerness,

<sup>1</sup> SACRED TEXT. See Job XXXIX. 23.

itude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "Each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft——"

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm step she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca—dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is a maiden's pastime; do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient surcoat, and show as little of your person at the lattice as possible."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed, the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favourable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the work likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. This was an exterior fortification of no great height or length, intended to protect the postern-gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sallyport corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men

placed for the defence of this post, that the besiegers obtained apprehensions for its safety; and from the manner of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the work, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the woods seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from the shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," said Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to attempt to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed. Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a cross painted blue on the black shield."<sup>1</sup>

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure,"<sup>2</sup> said Ivanhoe. "I know not who may bear the device, but well I might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the device?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold at this station," said Rebecca; "but doubtless the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even there."

<sup>1</sup> SHIELD. See Appendix note F. [Scott]

<sup>2</sup> A FETTERLOCK etc. The fetterlock was an attachment for horses, and a shacklebolt was similar. The device of fetters and shacklebolts might appropriately enough serve the humor of the disguised knight, and transpire later on.



to advance—God of Zion protect us! What a dread-  
ful sight! Those who advance first bear huge shields and  
scales made of plank; the others follow, bending their  
bows as they come on. They raise their bows! God of  
heaven, forgive the creatures Thou hast made!”

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the  
signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill  
trumpet and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman  
trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the  
loud and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-  
drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the

English. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful  
scene, the assailants crying, “St. George for merry England!”  
the Normans answering them with loud cries of “*En  
Deu De Bracy! Beau-seant! Beau-seant! Front-de-  
Bœuf à la rescousse!*”<sup>2</sup> according to the war-cries of their  
great commanders.

It was not, however, by clamour that the contest was  
decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants  
met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the  
English. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes  
to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot, to use the  
appropriate phrase of the time, so “wholly together,” that  
not at which a defender could show the least part of  
reason escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy  
ravage, which continued as thick and sharp as hail,  
notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim,  
few by scores together against each embrasure and  
opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a  
defender either occasionally had post, or might be suspected  
to be stationed—by this sustained discharge, two or three  
of the English garrison were slain and several others wounded. But,  
being in their armour of proof, and in the cover which  
the situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf

<sup>1</sup> FRONT-DE-BŒUF. “Forward!”

<sup>2</sup> EN-DEU-DE-BRACY. “To the rescue!”

and his allies showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their long-bow slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles on both sides was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interest which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press on right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not!—he blenches not!" said Rebecca. "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the

the barrier of the barbican<sup>1</sup> They pull down the piles and  
ades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high  
plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over  
field of the slain. They have made a breach in the bar-  
—they rush in—they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf  
the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the

They throng again to the breach, and the pass is  
ted hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob!  
the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two  
as moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer  
dure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking  
ause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree  
ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.  
again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately  
imed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and  
Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid  
oar of their followers, who watch the progress of the

Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and  
the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and ex-  
ed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's  
tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then  
tly again shouted with joyful eagerness: "But no—  
no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on  
again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength  
in single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an  
from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow

<sup>1</sup>BARBICAN Every Gothic castle and city had beyond the outer-walls, a  
salon composed of passades, called the barriers, which were often the  
of severe skirmishes as these must necessarily be carried before the  
themselves could be approached. Many of those valiant feats of arms  
seen the chivalrous pages of Froissart took place at the barriers of  
places. [Scotl.]

on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!”

“Front-de-Bœuf?” exclaimed Ivanhoe.

“Front-de-Bœuf,” answered the Jewess. “His men to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar; their force compels the champion to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls.”

“The assailants have won the barriers, have they?” said Ivanhoe.

“They have—they have!” exclaimed Rebecca; “and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend the shoulders of each other; down go stones, beams, trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they fall the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their place in the assault. Great God! hast Thou given men this image that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!”

“Think not of that,” said Ivanhoe; “this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? who push their way?”

“The ladders are thrown down,” replied Rebecca, “and the soldiers lie grovelling under them like reptiles. The besieged have the better.”

“St. George strike for us!” exclaimed the knight; “the false yeomen give way?”

“No!” exclaimed Rebecca, “they bear themselves like yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe; the thundering blows which he deals may be heard above all the din and shouts of the assault. Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion; he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down feathers!”

“By St. John of Acre,” said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, “methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!”

“The postern gate shakes,” continued Rebecca.

—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the work is won. O God! they hurl the defenders from the elements—they throw them into the moat. O men, if ye indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!”

The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?” exclaimed Ivanhoe.

No,” replied Rebecca; “the Templar has destroyed the bridge on which they crossed; few of the defenders escaped; he hurled many of them into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more painful to look upon victory than upon battle.”

What do they now, maiden?” said Ivanhoe: “look forth again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed.”

It is over for the time,” answered Rebecca; “our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which we have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen’s shot that the garrison only bestow a few arrows on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them.”

Our friends,” said Wilfred, “will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained. No! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe is as a rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron. Singular,” he muttered to himself, “if there be two who can do a deed of such *derring-do*! A fetterlock, and a shacklebolt held sable—what may that mean? Seest thou nought, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?”

Nothing,” said the Jewess; “all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can distinguish him further; but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength in him; he seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the cham-



pion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie<sup>1</sup> him of the sin of bloodshed! It is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heel of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a battle surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprise, since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honour of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years of captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such quarrel as this!"

"Alas!" said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action—this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health. How couldst thou hope to fling wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting in the face of honour around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the *mêlée*<sup>2</sup> is the breath of our nostrils! We live not—we wish not to live—longer than while we are victorious and renowned. Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain glory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch? What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled?"

<sup>1</sup> ASSOILZIE. Absolve, forgive.

<sup>2</sup> MÊLÉE. Crowded and confused fighting.

travail and pain you have endured, of all the tears which  
deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong  
spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe. "Glory, maiden—  
glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

"Glory!" continued Rebecca; "alas! is the rusted mail  
which hangs as a hatchment<sup>1</sup> over the champion's dim and  
galdering tomb, is the defaced sculpture of the inscrip-  
tion which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the in-  
quiring pilgrim—are these sufficient rewards for the sacri-  
fice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that  
may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in  
the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love,  
family affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bar-  
tered, to become the hero of those ballads which vagabond  
travellers sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?"

"By the soul of Hereward!" replied the knight, impa-  
tiently. "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what.  
Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which  
distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle  
knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life  
far beneath the pitch of our honour, raises us victori-  
ous over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no  
thing but disgrace. 'Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to  
us are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom  
of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of  
valour which sanctions his flame. Chivalry! Why,  
then, she is the nurse of pure and high affection, the stay  
of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of  
the power of the tyrant. Nobility were but an empty name  
without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her  
courage and her sword."

"I am indeed," said Rebecca, "sprung from a race whose  
name was distinguished in the defence of their own land,

<sup>1</sup> HATCHMENT. A funeral decoration displaying the coat-of-arms of the deceased before the residence or over the hearth or tomb.

but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save in the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes Judah no longer, and her despised children are now but the unwilling victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight: until the God of Jacob shall raise up for His chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Maccabeus,<sup>1</sup> it ill beseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of peace or of war."

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, embittered perhaps by the fact that Ivanhoe considered her as one not entitled to interfere in a case of honour, and incapable of entertaining opposing sentiments of honour and generosity.

"How little he knows this bosom," she said, "to imagine that cowardice or meanness of soul must needs be its portion, because I have censured the fantastic chivalry of the times! Would to Heaven that the shedding of mine blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of my father! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor! Would that proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God's chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the noblest Nazarene maiden, that boasts her descent from the petty chieftain of the rude and frozen north!"

She then looked towards the couch of the wounded knight.

"He sleeps," she said; "nature exhausted by suffering and the waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look upon him, when he may be for the last time? When yet but a short space, and his fair features will be no longer animated by the bold

<sup>1</sup> *MACCABEUS*. A champion of the Hebrew nation (175-164 B.C.) and founder of a line of kings.

at spirit which forsakes them not even in sleep! the nostril shall be distended, the mouth agape, the face red and bloodshot; and when the proud and noble may be trodden on by the lowest caitiff of this accursed castle, yet stir not when the heel is lifted up against him. And my father!—oh, my father! evil is it with him, when his grey hairs are not remembered because of his golden locks of youth! What know I but that these are the messengers of Jehovah's wrath to the unfeeling child who thinks of a stranger's captivity before a captive? who forgets the desolation of Judah, and looks on the comeliness of a Gentile and a stranger? But I will tear this folly from my heart, though every fibre bleed and it away!"

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying, or endeavouring to fortify her mind not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within.

## CHAPTER XXX

Approach the chamber, look upon his bed,  
His is the passing of no peaceful ghost,  
Which, as the lark arises to the sky,  
'Mid morning's sweetest breeze and softest dew,  
Is wing'd to heaven by good men's sighs and tears,  
Anselm parts otherwise.

*Old F*

During the interval of quiet which followed the success of the besiegers, while the one party was preparing to pursue their advantage and the other to strengthen their means of defence, the Templar and De Bracy held council together in the hall of the castle.

"Where is Front-de-Bœuf?" said the latter, who superintended the defence of the fortress on the other side. "men say he hath been slain."

"He lives," said the Templar, coolly—"lives as you had he worn the bull's head of which he bears the crest, and ten plates of iron to fence it withal, he must have fallen down before yonder fatal axe. Yet a few hours, and Front-de-Bœuf is with his fathers—a powerful limb lopped off Prince John's enterprise."

"And a brave addition to the kingdom of Satan," said De Bracy; "this comes of reviling saints and angels, and ordering images of holy things and holy men to be broken down on the heads of these rascaille yeomen."

"Go to, thou art a fool," said the Templar; "thy superstition is upon a level with Front-de-Bœuf's want of belief. neither of you can render a reason for your belief or unbelief."

"*Benedicite,*<sup>1</sup> Sir Templar," replied De Bracy,

<sup>1</sup> *BENEDICITE.* "Bless you."



to keep better rule with your tongue when I am the  
owner of it. By the Mother of Heaven, I am a better Chris-  
tian man than thou and thy fellowship; for the *bruit*<sup>1</sup> goeth  
boldly out, that the most holy order of the Temple of  
Jerusalem nurseth not a few heretics within its bosom, and that  
Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert is of the number."

"Care not thou for such reports," said the Templar;  
"let us think of making good the castle. How fought  
the villain yeomen on thy side?"

"Like fiends incarnate," said De Bracy. "They  
ranged close up to the walls, headed, as I think, by the  
man who won the prize at the archery, for I knew his horn  
and baldric. And this is old Fitzurse's boasted policy, en-  
gaging these malapert<sup>2</sup> knaves to rebel against us! Had  
I been armed in proof, the villain had marked me down  
a times with as little remorse as if I had been a buck in  
the forest. He told every rivet on my armour with a cloth-yard  
mallet, that rapped against my ribs with as little compunc-  
tion as if my bones had been of iron. But that I wore a  
coat of Spanish mail under my plate-coat, I had been fairly  
killed."

"But you maintained your post?" said the Templar.  
"I lost the outwork on our part."

"That is a shrewd loss," said De Bracy; "the knaves will  
soon be over there to assault the castle more closely, and may,  
if well watched, gain some unguarded corner of a tower,  
some forgotten window, and so break in upon us. Our  
defenders are too few for the defence of every point, and the  
knights complain that they can nowhere show themselves, but  
they are the mark for as many arrows as a parish-butt<sup>3</sup> on  
any day even. Front-de-Bœuf is dying too, so we shall  
have no more aid from his bull's head and brutal  
strength. How think you, Sir Brian, were we not better

<sup>1</sup> *BRUIT*. Rumor.

<sup>2</sup> *MALPERT*. Impertinent.

<sup>3</sup> *BUTT*. A target for use in archery.

make a virtue of necessity, and compound with the rogue by delivering up our prisoners?"

"How!" exclaimed the Templar; "deliver up our prisoners, and stand an object alike of ridicule and execration as the doughty warriors who dared by a night-attack to possess themselves of the persons of a party of defenceless travellers, yet could not make good a strong castle against a vagabond troop of outlaws, led by swineherds, jesters, and the very refuse of mankind? Shame on thy counsel, Maurice De Bracy! The ruins of this castle shall bury both my body and my shame, ere I consent to such base and dishonourable composition."

"Let us to the walls, then," said De Bracy, carelessly; "that man never breathed, be he Turk or Templar, who held life at lighter rate than I do. But I trust there is no dishonour in wishing I had here some two scores of my gallant troop of Free Companions? Oh, my brave lance, if ye knew but how hard your captain were this day bested, how soon should I see my banner at the head of your clan of spears! And how short while would these rabble villain stand to endure your encounter!"

"Wish for whom thou wilt," said the Templar, "but let us make what defence we can with the soldiers who remain. They are chiefly Front-de-Bœuf's followers, hated by the English for a thousand acts of insolence and oppression."

"The better," said De Bracy; "the rugged slaves will defend themselves to the last drop of their blood, ere they encounter the revenge of the peasants without. Let us go, and be doing, then, Brian de Bois-Guilbert; and, live or die, thou shalt see Maurice de Bracy bear himself this day as a gentleman of blood and lineage."

"To the walls!" answered the Templar; and they both ascended the battlements to do all that skill could dictate and manhood accomplish, in defence of the place. They readily agreed that the point of greatest danger was the opposite to the outwork of which the assailants had

ed themselves. The castle, indeed, was divided from the barbican by the moat, and it was impossible that the sappers, could assail the postern door, with which the outwork corresponded, without surmounting that obstacle; but it was the opinion both of the Templar and De Bracy that the sappers, if governed by the same policy their leader had already displayed, would endeavour, by a formidable assault, to draw the chief part of the defenders' observation to this point, and take measures to avail themselves of every vigilance which might take place in the defence elsewhere. To guard against such an evil, their numbers only permitted the knights to place sentinels from space to space along the walls in communication with each other, who might give the alarm whenever danger was threatened. Meanwhile, they agreed that De Bracy should command the defence at the postern, and the Templar should keep near him a score of men or thereabouts as a body of reserve, ready to hasten to any other point which might be suddenly threatened. The loss of the barbican had also this fortunate effect, that, notwithstanding the superior height of the castle walls, the besieged could not see from within, with the same precision as before, the operations of the enemy; for some straggling underwood approached so near the sallyport of the outwork that the assailants might introduce into it whatever force they thought proper, not only under cover, but even without the knowledge of the defenders. Utterly uncertain, therefore, upon what point the storm was to burst, De Bracy and his companion were occupied in the necessity of providing against every possible contingency, and their followers, however brave, experienced a gloomy and anxious dejection of mind incident to men inclosed by an enemy, who possessed the power of choosing their time and mode of attack.

*Meanwhile, the lord of the beleaguered and endangered castle lay upon a bed of bodily pain and mental agony.*

had not the usual resource of bigots in that superstitious period, most of whom were wont to atone for the guilt they were guilty of by liberality to the church, and by this means their terrors by the idea of atonement and forgiveness; and although the refuge which superstitious men purchased was no more like to the peace of mind which flows on sincere repentance than the turbid stupor procured by opium resembles healthy and natural sleep, it was still a state of mind preferable to the agonies of an awakened remorse. But among the vices of Front-de-Bœuf, a hard and griping man, avarice was predominant. He preferred setting church and churchmen at defiance, and purchasing from them pardon and absolution at the price of treasure and of manors. Nor did the Templar, of another stamp, justly characterise his associate when he said Front-de-Bœuf could assign no cause for his heresy and contempt for the established faith; for the baron had often alleged that the church sold her wares too cheaply for the spiritual freedom which she put up to sale would be bought, like that of the chief captain of Jerusalem, "for a great sum,"<sup>1</sup> and Front-de-Bœuf preferred the purchase of virtue of the medicine to paying the expense of the physician.

But the moment had now arrived when earth's treasures were gliding from before his eyes, and the savage baron's heart, though hard as a nether stone, became appalled as he gazed forward into the wilderness of futurity. The fever of his body aided the intensity and agony of his mind, and his death-bed exhibition of the newly awakened feelings of horror combined with the fixed and inveterate obstinacy of his disposition, a fearful state of mind, only to be equalled in the tremendous regions where there are complaints without remorse without repentance, a dreadful sense of agony, and a presentiment that it cannot cease or be diminished!

<sup>1</sup> WITH A GREAT SUM. See Acts XXII. 29.



"Where be these dog-priests now," growled the baron, "set such price on their ghostly mummary?—where be the unshod Carmelites, for whom old Front-de-Bœuf had the convent of St. Anne, robbing his heir of many a rood of meadow, and many a fat field and close—where be the greedy hounds now? Swilling, I warrant me, ale, or playing their juggling tricks at the bedside of the miserly churl. Me, the heir of their founder—whom their foundation binds them to pray for—me—wretched villains as they are!—they suffer to die like the poor dog on yonder common, unshriven and unhousel." Tell the Templar to come hither; he is a priest, he may do something. But no! as well confess myself to evil as to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who recks neither of Heaven nor of Hell. I have heard old men talk of prayer—by their own voice—such need not to court or to flatter the false priest. But I—I dare not!"

"Hear, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," said a broken and hoarse voice close by his bedside, "to say there is that which is not?"

The evil conscience and the shaken nerves of Front-de-Bœuf, in this strange interruption to his soliloquy, were assailed by one of those demons who, as the superstition of times believed, beset the beds of dying men, to disturb their thoughts, and turn them from the meditations which concerned their eternal welfare. He shuddered and gathered himself together; but, instantly summoning up his resolution, he exclaimed, "Who is there? what art thou that darest to echo my words in a tone like that of the heaven? Come before my couch that I may see thee." "I am thine evil angel, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," replied the voice.

"Let me behold thee then in thy bodily shape, if thou art indeed a fiend," replied the dying knight; "think not I will blench from thee. By the eternal dungeon,

CHAP. XXV. etc. Without confession, absolution, and sacrament.



could I but grapple with these horrors that hover round me, as I have done with mortal dangers, Heaven or Hell should never say that I shrunk from the conflict!"

"Think on thy sins, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," said an almost unearthly voice—"on rebellion, on rapine, on murder! Who stirred up the licentious John to war against his grey-headed father—against his generous brother?"

"Be thou fiend, priest, or devil," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "thou liest in thy throat! Not I stirred John to rebellion, not I alone; there were fifty knights and barons, the flower of the midland counties, better men never laid lance in rest. And must I answer for the fault done by fifty? False fiend, I defy thee! Depart, and haunt my couch no more. Let me die in peace if thou be mortal; if thou be a demon, thy time is not yet come."

"In peace thou shalt NOT die," repeated the voice; "even in death shalt thou think on thy murders—on the groans which this castle has echoed—on the blood that is engrained in its floors!"

"Thou canst not shake me by thy petty malice," answered Front-de-Bœuf, with a ghastly and constrained laugh. "The infidel Jew—it was merit with Heaven to do with him as I did, else wherefore are men canonised who stain their hands in the blood of the Saracens? The Saxon powers whom I have slain—they were the foes of my country and of my lineage, and of my liege lord. Ho! ho! thou seest there is no crevice in my coat of plate. Art thou fled? art thou silenced?"

"No, foul parricide!" replied the voice; "think of thy father!—think of his death!—think of his banquet-room flooded with his gore, and that poured forth by the hand of a son!"

"Ha!" answered the Baron, after a long pause, "and thou knowest that, thou art indeed the Author of Evil, and as omniscient as the monks call thee! That secret I have locked in my own breast, and in that of one besides—"

ness, the partaker of my guilt. Go, leave me, fiend! Ask the Saxon witch Ulrica, who alone could tell thee the tale and I alone witnessed. Go, I say, to her, who bound the wounds, and straightened the corpse, and gave the slain man the outward show of one parted in time with the course of nature. Go to her; she was my tempter, the foul provoker, the more foul rewarder, of the deed; let her, as well as I, taste of the tortures which anticipate!"

"She already tastes them," said Ulrica, stepping before him; "she hath long drunken of this, and its bitterness is now sweetened to see that thou shalt partake it. Grind not thy teeth, Front-de-Bœuf—roll not thine eyes—clench not thy hand, nor shake it at me with that gesture of menace! The hand which, like that of the downed ancestor who gained thy name, could have smitten with one stroke the skull of a mountain-bull, is now weak and powerless as mine own!"

"Woe, murderous hag!" replied Front-de-Bœuf—"dear as the screech-owl! it is then thou who art come to exult in the ruins thou hast assisted to lay low?"

"Yes, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," answered she, "it is she—it is the daughter of the murdered Torquil Wolf—she—it is the sister of his slaughtered sons! it is she demands of thee, and of thy father's house, father and name, name and fame—all that she has lost by the name of Front-de-Bœuf! Think of my wrongs, Front-de-Bœuf, answer me if I speak not truth. Thou hast been my enemy, and I will be thine: I will dog thee till the very end of dissolution!"

"Unrestable fury!" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, "that mortal shalt thou never witness. Ho! Giles, Clement, and St. Maur and Stephen! seize this damned witch, drag her from the battlements headlong; she has betrayed us to the Saxon! Ho! St. Maur! Clement! false-knaves, where tarry ye?"

"Call on them again, valiant baron," said the hag with a smile of grisly mockery; "summon thy vassals to thee, doom them that loiter to the scourge and the dun. But know, mighty chief," she continued, suddenly changing her tone, "thou shalt have neither answer, nor aid, nor obedience at their hands. Listen to these horrid sounds for the din of the recommenced assault and defence rung fearfully loud from the battlements of the castle; that war-cry is the downfall of thy house. The cemented fabric of Front-de-Bœuf's power totters on its foundation, and before the foes he most despised! Saxon, Reginald!—the scorned Saxon assails thy castle. Why liest thou here, like a worn-out hind, when the storms thy place of strength?"

"Gods and fiends!" exclaimed the wounded baron. "Oh, for one moment's strength, to drag myself from this *mêlée*, and perish as becomes my name!"

"Think not of it, valiant warrior!" replied she; "thou shalt die no soldier's death, but perish like the fox in the den, when the peasants have set fire to the cover around him."

"Hateful hag! thou liest!" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf. "my followers bear them bravely—my walls are strong and high—my comrades in arms fear not a whole host of lions, were they headed by Hengist and Horsa! The cry of the Templar and of the Free Companions rises over the conflict. And by mine honour, when we kindle our blazing beacon for joy of our defence, it shall consume thy body and bones; and I shall live to hear thou art gone to feed the earthly fires to those of that Hell which never sent an incarnate fiend more utterly diabolical!"

"Hold thy belief," replied Ulrica, "till the proof be made of thee. But no!" she said, interrupting herself, "thou know even now the doom which all thy power, strength, and courage is unable to avoid, though it is prepared for thee by this feeble hand. Markest thou the smouldering suffocating vapour which already eddies in salt

ugh the chamber? Didst thou think it was but the  
sening of thy bursting eyes, the difficulty of thy cum-  
ed breathing? No! Front-de-Bœuf, there is another  
e. Rememberest thou the magazine of fuel that is  
ed beneath these apartments?"

"Woman!" he exclaimed with fury, "thou hast not set  
to it? By Heaven, thou hast, and the castle is in  
es!"

"They are fast rising at least," said Ulrica, with fright-  
composure; "and a signal shall soon wave to warn the  
egers to press hard upon those who would extinguish  
a. Farewell, Front-de-Bœuf! May Mista, Skogula, and  
nebock, gods of the ancient Saxons—fiends, as the  
ats now call them—supply the place of comforters at  
dying bed, which Ulrica now relinquishes! But know,  
will give thee comfort to know it, that Ulrica is bound  
the same dark coast with thyself, the companion of thy  
ishment as the companion of thy guilt. And now, par-  
de, farewell forever! May each stone of this vaulted  
find a tongue to echo that title into thine ear!"

So saying, she left the apartment; and Front-de-Bœuf  
d hear the crash of the ponderous key as she locked  
double-locked the door behind her, thus cutting off  
most slender chance of escape. In the extremity of  
ry, he shouted upon his servants and allies: "Stephen  
St. Maur! Clement and Giles! I burn here unaided!  
the rescue—to the rescue, brave Bois-Guilbert, valiant  
racy! It is Front-de-Bœuf who calls! It is your mas-  
ve traitor squires! Your ally—your brother in arms,  
arjured and faithless knights! All the curses due to  
ors upon your recreant heads, do you abandon me to  
h thus miserably! They hear me not—they cannot  
me—my voice is lost in the din of battle. The smoke  
thicker and thicker, the fire has caught upon the floor  
r. Oh, for one draught of the air of heaven, were I  
urchased by instant annihilation!" And in the m

frenzy of despair, the wretch now shouted with the shout of the fighters, now muttered curses on himself, on mankind, and on Heaven itself. "The red fire flashes through the thick smoke!" he exclaimed; "the demon marches against me under the banner of his own element. For spirit, avoid! I go not with thee without my comrades—all are thine that garrison these walls. Thinkest thou Front-de-Bœuf will be singled out to go alone? No; the infidel Templar, the licentious De Bracy, Ulrica, the murdering strumpet, the men who aided my enterprise, the dog Saxons and accursed Jews who are my prisoners—all, all shall attend me—a goodly fellowship as ever took the downward road. Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed in his frenzy till the vaulted roof rang again. "Who laughed there?" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, in altered mood, for the noise of the conflict did not prevent the echoes of his own merriment from returning upon his ear—"who laughed there? Ulrica, was it thou? Speak, witch, and I forgive thee; for only thou or the Fiend of Hell himself could have laughed at such a moment. Avaunt—avaunt——!"

But it were impious to trace any farther the picture of the blasphemer and parricide's death-bed.



## CHAPTER XXXI

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,  
Or close the wall up with our English dead.

And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture—let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding.

*King Henry V.*

Cedric, although not greatly confident in Ulrica's messenger, omitted not to communicate her promise to the Black Knight and Locksley. They were well pleased to find they had a friend within the place, who might, in the moment of need, be able to facilitate their entrance, and readily agreed with the Saxon that a storm, under whatever disadvantages, ought to be attempted, as the only means of rescuing the prisoners now in the hands of the cruel Frontenuef.

"The royal blood of Alfred is endangered," said Cedric.

"The honour of a noble lady is in peril," said the Black Knight.

"And, by the St. Christopher at my baldric," said the yeoman, "were there no other cause than the safety of that poor faithful knave, Wamba, I would jeopard a joint of a hair of his head were hurt."

"And so would I," said the Friar; "what sirs! I trust that a fool—I mean, d'ye see me, sirs, a fool that is not of his guild<sup>1</sup> and master of his craft, and can give as much relish and flavour to a cup of wine as ever a fitch<sup>2</sup> of a can—I say, brethren, such a fool shall never want a

*Knave of His Guild.* With all the liberties and privileges granted him.

*Fitch.* The side of a hog, cured.

wise clerk to pray for or fight for him at a strait, while can say a mass or flourish a partizan."

And with that he made his heavy halberd to play around his head as a shepherd boy flourishes his light crook.

"True, holy clerk," said the Black Knight—"true as St. Dunstan himself had said it. And now, good Locksley, were it not well that noble Cedric should assume the direction of this assault?"

"Not a jot I," returned Cedric; "I have never been wont to study either how to take or how to hold out those abuses of tyrannic power which the Normans have erected in this groaning land. I will fight among the foremost; but my honest neighbours well know I am not a trained soldier, nor the discipline of wars or the attack of strongholds."

"Since it stands thus with noble Cedric," said Locksley, "I am most willing to take on me the direction of the archery; and ye shall hang me up on my own trysting-tree, if the defenders be permitted to show themselves over the walls without being stuck with as many shafts as there are cloves in a gammon of bacon at Christmas."

"Well said, stout yeoman," answered the Black Knight, "and if I be thought worthy to have a charge in these matters, and can find among these brave men as many as are willing to follow a true English knight, for so I may surely call myself, I am ready, with such skill as my experience has taught me, to lead them to the attack of these walls."

The parts being thus distributed to the leaders, they commenced the first assault, of which the reader has already heard the issue.

When the barbican was carried, the Sable Knight gave notice of the happy event to Locksley, requesting him at the same time to keep such a strict observation on the castle as might prevent the defenders from combining their forces for a sudden sally, and recovering the outwork which they had lost. This the knight was chiefly desirous of avoiding, conscious that the men whom he led, being hasty and

and volunteers, imperfectly armed and unaccustomed discipline, must, upon any sudden attack, fight at great disadvantage with the veteran soldiers of the Norman hosts, who were well provided with arms both defensive and offensive; and who, to match the zeal and high spirit of the besiegers, had all the confidence which arises from strict discipline and the habitual use of weapons.

The knight employed the interval in causing to be constructed a sort of floating bridge, or long raft, by means of which he hoped to cross the moat in despite of the resistance of the enemy. This was the work of some time, which the leaders less regretted, as it gave Ulricha leisure to execute her plan of diversion in their favour, whatever that plan might be.

When the raft was completed, the Black Knight addressed the besiegers: "It avails not waiting here longer, friends; the sun is descending to the west, and I have upon my hands which will not permit me to tarry with another day. Besides, it will be a marvel if the horsemen come not upon us from York, unless we speedily accomplish our purpose. Wherefore, one of ye go to Locksley and bid him commence a discharge of arrows on the west side of the castle, and move forward as if about to assault it; and you, true English hearts, stand by me, and ready to thrust the raft endlong over the moat when the postern on our side is thrown open. Follow me across, and aid me to burst yon sallyport in the main body of the castle. As many of you as like not this service, are but ill armed to meet it, do you man the top of the work, draw your bowstrings to your ears, and mind you with your shot whatever shall appear to man the ramparts."

Noble Cedric, wilt thou take the direction of those who remain?"

"Not so, by the soul of Hereward!" said the Saxon; "I cannot; but may posterity curse me in my grave, if I am not with the foremost wherever thou shalt point."

the way. The quarrel is mine, and well it becomes me to be in the van of the battle."

"Yet, bethink thee, noble Saxon," said the knight, "thou hast neither hauberk, nor corselet, nor aught but the light helmet, target, and sword."

"The better!" answered Cedric; "I shall be the lighter to climb these walls. And forgive the boast, Sir Knight—thou shalt this day see the naked breast of a Saxon as boldly presented to the battle as ever ye beheld the steel corselet of a Norman."

"In the name of God, then," said the knight, "fling open the door, and launch the floating bridge."

The portal, which led from the inner wall of the barbican to the moat, and which corresponded with a sally port in the main wall of the castle, was now suddenly opened; the temporary bridge was then thrust forward, and soon flashed in the waters, extending its length between the castle and outwork, and forming a slippery and precarious passage for two men abreast to cross the moat. Well aware of the importance of taking the foe by surprise, the Black Knight, closely followed by Cedric, threw himself upon the bridge, and reached the opposite side. Here he began to thunder with his axe upon the gate of the castle, protected in part from the shot and stones cast by the defenders by the ruins of the former drawbridge, which the Templar had demolished in his retreat from the barbican, leaving the counterpoise<sup>1</sup> still attached to the upper part of the portal. The followers of the knight had no such shelter; two were instantly shot with cross-bow bolts, and two more fell in the moat; the others retreated back into the barbican.

The situation of Cedric and of the Black Knight was now truly dangerous, and would have been still more so had not the constancy of the archers in the barbican, who ceased not to shower their arrows upon the battlements, distracted the attention of those by whom they were manned, and thus

<sup>1</sup> COUNTERPOISE. The counterweight used in raising the drawbridge.



giving a respite to their two chiefs from the storm of which must otherwise have overwhelmed them. Their situation was eminently perilous, and was becoming so with every moment.

"Come on ye all!" cried De Bracy to the soldiers with him; "do ye call yourselves cross-bowmen, and let two dogs keep their station under the walls of the tower."

"Heave over the coping stones<sup>1</sup> from the battlement, never may not be. Get pickaxe and levers, and down that huge pinnacle!" pointing to a heavy piece of stone-work that projected from the parapet.

At this moment the besiegers caught sight of the red flag on the angle of the tower which Ulrica had described to Cedric. The stout yeoman Locksley was the first who perceived it, as he was hasting to the outwork, impatient of the progress of the assault.

"St. George!" he cried—"Merry St. George for England! To the charge, bold yeomen! why leave ye the good and noble Cedric to storm the pass alone? Make a priest, show thou canst fight for thy rosary—make a yeoman!—the castle is ours, we have friends within."

"See yonder flag, it is the appointed signal—The tower is ours! Think of honour—think of spoil! One and the place is ours!"

At that he bent his good bow, and sent a shaft right into the breast of one of the men-at-arms, who, under De Bracy's direction, was loosening a fragment from one of the battlements to precipitate on the heads of Cedric and the Black Knight. A second soldier caught from the side of the dying man the iron crow with which he had just had loosened the stone pinnacle, when, receiving an arrow through his head-piece, he dropped from the battlements into the moat a dead man. The men-at-arms were daunted, for no armour seemed proof against the shafts of this tremendous archer.

<sup>1</sup> COPING-STONES. The cap-stones, flat and heavy.



"Do you give ground, base knaves!" said De Bracy. "*Mount joye St. Denis!*<sup>1</sup> Give me the lever!"

And, snatching it up, he again assailed the lofty pinnacle, which was of weight enough, if thrown not only to have destroyed the remnant of the draw which sheltered the two foremost assailants, but also to sink the rude float of planks over which they had come. All saw the danger, and the boldest, even the stoutest himself, avoided setting foot on the raft. Thrice did Brian bend his shaft against De Bracy, and thrice the arrow bound back from the knight's armour of proof.

"Curse on thy Spanish steel-coat!" said Locksley. "English smith forged it, these arrows had gone through as if it had been silk or sendal." He then began to cry: "Comrades! friends! noble Cedric! bear back and to ruin fall."

His warning voice was unheard, for the din which the knight himself occasioned by his strokes upon the draw would have drowned twenty war-trumpets. The Frenchman Gurth indeed sprung forward on the planked bridge, to warn Cedric of his impending fate, or to share it with him; but his warning would have come too late; the massive plank already tottered, and De Bracy, who still heaved at the lever, would have accomplished it, had not the voice of the English plar sounded close in his ear:

"All is lost, De Bracy; the castle burns."

"Thou art mad to say so!" replied the knight.

"It is all in a light flame on the western side. I have striven in vain to extinguish it."

With the stern coolness which formed the basis of his character, Brian de Bois-Guilbert communicated his hideous intelligence, which was not so calmly received by his astonished comrade.

"Saints of Paradise!" said De Bracy; "what is it?"

<sup>1</sup> MOUNT JOYE ST DENIS. St Denis, the patron saint of France, is said to have suffered martyrdom on the hill in Paris, called Mont-joye.

"I vow to St. Nicholas of Limoges a candlestick of gold—"

"Swear thy vow," said the Templar, "and mark me. Lay my men down, as if to a sally; throw the postern gate

There are but two men who occupy the float, fling into the moat, and push across for the barbican. I charge from the main gate, and attack the barbican on the side; and if we can regain that post, be assured we defend ourselves until we are relieved, or at least till grant us fair quarter."

"Is well thought upon," said De Bracy; "I will play it. Templar, thou wilt not fail me?"

"Hand and glove, I will not!" said Bois-Guilbert. "But thee, in the name of God!"

De Bracy hastily drew his men together, and rushed to the postern gate, which he caused instantly to be opened. But scarce was this done ere the portentous form of the Black Knight forced his way inward in the midst of De Bracy and his followers. Two of the foremost fell, and the rest gave way notwithstanding all the leader's efforts to stop them.

"Fools!" said De Bracy, "will ye let *two* men win our pass for safety?"

"He is the devil!" said a veteran man-at-arms, bearing the blows of their sable antagonist.

"And if he be the devil," replied De Bracy, "would you cast him into the mouth of hell? The castle burns behind, villains!—let despair give you courage, or let me do it! I will cope with this champion myself."

As well and chivalrous did De Bracy that day maintain the fame he had acquired in the civil wars of that period. The vaulted passage to which the postern led was the entrance, and in which these two redoubted champions were now fighting hand to hand, rung with the furious blows which they dealt each other, De Bracy with his sword, the Black Knight with his ponderous axe. At

length the Norman received a blow which, though it was partly parried by his shield, for otherwise never would De Bracy have again moved limb, descended with such violence on his crest that he measured his on the paved floor.

"Yield thee, De Bracy," said the Black Champion, leaning over him, and holding against the bars of his helmet the fatal poniard with which the knights despatched their enemies, and which was called the dagger of mercy—thee, Maurice de Bracy, rescue or no rescue, or thou art a dead man."

"I will not yield," replied De Bracy, faintly, "to a known conqueror. Tell me thy name, or work thy purpose on me; it shall never be said that Maurice de Bracy was a prisoner to a nameless churl."

The Black Knight whispered something into the ear of the vanquished.

"I yield me to be true prisoner, rescue or no rescue," answered the Norman, exchanging his tone of stubborn determined obstinacy for one of deep though sullen submission.

"Go to the barbican," said the victor, in a commanding authority, "and there wait my further orders."

"Yet first let me say," said De Bracy, "what it is that I have thee to know. Wilfred of Ivanhoe is wounded and a prisoner, and will perish in the burning castle without help."

"Wilfred of Ivanhoe!" exclaimed the Black Knight, "prisoner, and perish! The life of every man in the castle shall answer it if a hair of his head be singed. Show him to his chamber!"

"Ascend yonder winding stair," said De Bracy; "go to his apartment. Wilt thou not accept my guidance?" he added, in a submissive voice.

"No. To the barbican, and there wait my orders. I trust thee not, De Bracy."

ring this combat and the brief conversation which Cedric, at the head of a body of men, among whom Richard was conspicuous, had pushed across the bridge as they saw the postern open, and drove back the disheartened and despairing followers of De Bracy, of whom some in the quarter, some offered vain resistance, and the greater number fled towards the courtyard. De Bracy himself arose from the ground, and cast a sorrowful glance after his conquerors.

"He trusts me not!" he repeated; "but have I deserved his trust?" He then lifted his sword from the floor, and cast his helmet in token of submission, and, going to the conqueror, gave up his sword to Locksley, whom he met by the way.

As the fire augmented, symptoms of it became soon apparent in the chamber where Ivanhoe was watched and guarded by the Jewess Rebecca. He had been awakened from his brief slumber by the noise of the battle; and his attendant, who had, at his anxious desire, again placed her at the window to watch and report to him the fate of the combat, was for some time prevented from observing either the increase of the smouldering and stifling vapour. At length the volumes of smoke which rolled into the apartment, and the cries for water, which were heard even above the noise of the battle, made them sensible of the progress of this danger.

"The castle burns," said Rebecca—"it burns! What can we do to save ourselves?"

"Fly, Rebecca, and save thine own life," said Ivanhoe, "no human aid can avail me."

"I will not fly," answered Rebecca: "we will be saved or perish together. And yet, great God! my father—my father—what will be his fate?"

At this moment the door of the apartment flew open, and a Templar presented himself—a ghastly figure, for his armour was broken and bloody, and the plume

was partly shorn away, partly burnt from his casque. "I have found thee," said he to Rebecca; "thou shalt have my word to share weal and woe with thee. There is but one path to safety: I have cut my way through all dangers to point it to thee; up, and instantly follow me."

"Alone," answered Rebecca, "I will not follow thee, if thou wert born of woman—if thou hast but a touch of human charity in thee—if thy heart be not hard as iron—save my aged father—save this weak knight!"

"A knight," answered the Templar, with his characteristic calmness—"a knight, Rebecca, must encounter fate, whether it meet him in the shape of sword or spear, and who recks how or where a Jew meets with his?"

"Savage warrior," said Rebecca, "rather will I perish in the flames than accept safety from thee!"

"Thou shalt not choose, Rebecca; once didst thou choose, but never mortal did so twice."

So saying, he seized on the terrified maiden, whirled her into the air with her shrieks, and bore her out of the room with his arms, in spite of her cries, and without regarding the threats and defiance which Ivanhoe thundered against him. "Hound of the Temple—stain to thine order—set on fire the damsel! Traitor of Bois-Guilbert, it is Ivanhoe who commands thee! Villain, I will have thy heart's blood!"

"I had not found thee, Wilfred," said the Black Knight, who at that instant entered the apartment, "but I have thee now. Shouts."

"If thou be'st true knight," said Wilfred, "thou shalt save me—pursue yon ravisher—save the Lady Rowena—the noble Cedric!"

\* FOLLOW ME. The author has some idea that this passage is from the appearance of Pl. Idaspes before the divine Mandana, when the city of Babylon is on fire and he proposes to carry her from the danger. The theft if there be one, would be rather too severely punished by the chance of searching for the original passage through the interminable labyrinth of the *Grand Cyrus*. [Scott]



"In their turn," answered he of the Fetterlock, "but he is first."

And seizing upon Ivanhoe, he bore him off with as much speed as the Templar had carried off Rebecca, rushed with him to the postern, and having there delivered his burden into the care of two yeomen, he again entered the castle to assist in the rescue of the other prisoners.

One turret was now in bright flames, which flashed out furiously from window and shot-hole. But in other parts the great thickness of the walls and the vaulted roofs of the apartments resisted the progress of the flames, and there the courage of man still triumphed, as the scarce more dreadful element held mastery elsewhere; for the besiegers pursued the defenders of the castle from chamber to chamber, and stained in their blood the vengeance which had long animated them against the soldiers of the tyrant Front-des-piees. Most of the garrison resisted to the uttermost; few asked quarter; none received it. The air was filled with groans and clashing of arms; the floors were slippery with the blood of despairing and expiring wretches.

Through this scene of confusion, Cedric rushed in quest of Rowena, while the faithful Gurth, following him closely through the *mêlée*, neglected his own safety while he strove to avert the blows that were aimed at his master. The Saxon was so fortunate as to reach his ward's apartment just as she had abandoned all hope of safety, and, with her arms clasped in agony to her bosom, sat in expectation of instant death. He committed her to the charge of Gurth, and conducted in safety to the barbican, the road to which was now cleared of the enemy, and not yet interrupted by flames. This accomplished, the loyal Cedric hastened in quest of his friend Athelstane, determined, at every risk to himself, to save that last scion of Saxon royalty. But Cedric penetrated as far as the old hall in which he had himself been a prisoner, the inventive genius of Wamba had

procured liberation for himself and his companion  
versity.

When the noise of the conflict announced that it  
the hottest, the Jester began to shout, with the  
power of his lungs, "St. George and the dragon! Be  
George for merry England! The castle is won!  
these sounds he rendered yet more fearful by  
against each other two or three pieces of rusty armour  
lay scattered around the hall.

A guard, which had been stationed in the outer  
room, and whose spirits were already in a state of  
took fright at Wamba's clamour, and, leaving the door  
behind them, ran to tell the Templar that foemen  
tered the old hall. Meantime the prisoners found  
culty in making their escape into the ante-room, an  
thence into the court of the castle, which was now  
scene of contest. Here sat the fierce Templar, mount  
horseback, surrounded by several of the garrison  
horse and foot, who had united their strength to that  
renowned leader, in order to secure the last chance of  
and retreat which remained to them. The drawbridge  
been lowered by his orders, but the passage was barred  
the archers, who had hitherto only annoyed the castle  
that side by their missiles, no sooner saw the flames  
out, and the bridge lowered, than they thronged  
entrance, as well to prevent the escape of the garrison  
secure their own share of booty ere the castle should  
burnt down. On the other hand, a party of the knights  
who had entered by the postern, were now issuing  
the courtyard, and attacking with fury the remaining  
defenders, who were thus assaulted on both sides at

Animated, however, by despair, and supported by  
ample of their indomitable leader, the remaining  
of the castle fought with the utmost valour; and, be-  
armed, succeeded more than once in driving back the  
sailants, though much inferior in number.

ed on horseback before one of the Templar's Saracens, was in the midst of the little party; and Bois-Guilbert, notwithstanding the confusion of the bloody fray, paid every attention to her safety. Repeatedly he was on her side, and, neglecting his own defence, held before her the defence of his triangular steel-plated shield; and anon springing from his position by her, he cried his war-cry, rushed forward, struck to earth the most forward of the assailants, and was on the same instant once more at her side, holding the rein.

Athelstane, who, as the reader knows, was slothful, but cowardly, beheld the female form whom the Templar protected thus sedulously, and doubted not that it was Rowena whom the knight was carrying off, in despite of all resistance which could be offered.

"By the soul of St. Edward," he said, "I will rescue her from yonder over-proud knight, and he shall die by my hand."

"Think what you do!" cried Wamba; "hasty hands are frog for fish; by my bauble,<sup>1</sup> yonder is none of my lady Rowena, see but her long dark locks! Nay, an ye will know black from white, ye may be leader, but I will be follower; no bones of mine shall be broken unless I know whom. And you without armour too! Bethink you, a bonnet never kept out steel blade. Nay, then, if wilful to water, wilful must drench.<sup>2</sup> *Deus vobiscum*, most worthy Athelstane!" he concluded, loosening the hold which he had hitherto kept upon the Saxon's tunic.

To snatch a mace from the pavement, on which it lay, the one whose dying grasp had just relinquished it, to don the Templar's band, and to strike in quick succession to the right and left, levelling a warrior at each blow, for Athelstane's great strength, now animated with mortal fury, but the work of a single moment; he was soon

<sup>1</sup> *Bauble.* The fool's baton or staff of office; it was ornamented with a ball at each end.

<sup>2</sup> *Drown.*

within two yards of Bois-Guilbert, whom he defied in the loudest tone.

"Turn, false-hearted Templar! let go her whom thou art unworthy to touch; turn, limb of a band of murdering and hypocritical robbers!"

"Dog!" said the Templar, grinding his teeth. "I will teach thee to blaspheme the holy order of the Temple of Zion"; and with these words, half-wheeling his steed, he made a *demi-courbette*<sup>1</sup> towards the Saxon, and rising in the stirrups, so as to take full advantage of the descent of the horse, he discharged a fearful blow upon the head of Athelstane.

Well said Wamba, that silken bonnet keeps out no sword-blade! So trenchant was the Templar's weapon, that it shored asunder, as it had been a willow twig, the tough and plated handle of the mace, which the ill-fated Saxon reared to parry the blow, and, descending on his head, levelled him with the earth.

"*Ha! Beau-seant!*" exclaimed Bois-Guilbert, "thus be to the maligners of the Temple knights!" Taking advantage of the dismay which was spread by the fall of Athelstane, and calling aloud, "Those who would save themselves follow me!" he pushed across the drawbridge, dispersing the archers who would have intercepted them. He was followed by his Saracens, and some five or six men-at-arms who had mounted their horses. The Templar's retreat was rendered perilous by the numbers of arrows shot off at him and his party; but this did not prevent him from galloping round to the barbican, of which, according to his previous plan, he supposed it possible De Bracy might have been in possession.

"De Bracy! De Bracy!" he shouted. "art thou there?"

"I am here," replied De Bracy, "but I am a prisoner."

"Can I rescue thee?" cried Bois-Guilbert.

"No," replied De Bracy; "I have rendered me, rescuer."

<sup>1</sup> *DEMI-COURBETTE.* He caused the horse to rear.

rescue. I will be true prisoner. Save thyself; there are  
wks abroad. Put the seas betwixt you and England; I  
will not say more."

"Well," answered the Templar, "an thou wilt tarry  
ere, remember I have redeemed word and glove. Be the  
wks where they will, methinks the walls of the precep-  
tary of Templestowe will be cover sufficient, and thither will  
I take heron to her haunt."

Having thus spoken, he galloped off with his followers.  
Those of the castle who had not gotten to horse still con-  
tinued to fight desperately with the besiegers, after the de-  
parture of the Templar, but rather in despair of quarter  
than that they entertained any hope of escape. The fire  
spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle, when  
Maud, who had first kindled it, appeared on a turret, in the  
character of one of the ancient furies, yelling forth a war-song,  
such as was of yore raised on the field of battle by the scalds<sup>1</sup>  
of the yet heathen Saxons. Her long dishevelled grey hair  
fell back from her uncovered head; the inebriating delight  
of gratified vengeance contended in her eyes with the fire  
of insanity; and she brandished the distaff which she held in  
her hand, as if she had been one of the Fatal Sisters<sup>2</sup> who  
doomed and abridge the thread of human life. Tradition has  
preserved some wild strophes of the barbarous hymn which  
she chanted wildly amid that scene of fire and of slaughter:

Not the bright steel,  
Nor of the White Dragon!  
Not the torch,  
Nor daughter of Hengist!  
Not the steel glimmers not for the carving of the banquet  
table hard, broad, and sharply pointed:  
Not the torch goeth not to the bridal chamber  
beams and glitters blue with sulphur.  
Not the steel, the raven croaks!  
Not the torch, Zernebock is yelling!  
Not the steel, sons of the Dragon!  
Not the torch, daughter of Hengist!

<sup>1</sup> SCALD. The Scandinavian word for poet.

<sup>2</sup> FATAL SISTERS. For a description of the Three Fates, see a manual



The black cloud is low over the thane's castle;  
 The eagle screams—he rides on its bosom.  
 Scream not, grey rider of the sable cloud,  
 Thy banquet is prepared!  
 The maidens of Valhalla look forth,  
 The race of Hengist will send them guests.  
 Shake your black tresses, maidens of Valhalla!  
 And strike your loud timbrels for joy!  
 Many a haughty step bends to your halls,  
 Many a helmed head.  
 Dark sits the evening upon the thane's castle.  
 The black clouds gather round;  
 Soon shall they be red as the blood of the valiant!  
 The destroyer of forests shall shake his red crest against  
 He, the bright consumer of palaces,  
 Broad waves he his blazing banner—  
 Red, wide, and dusky,  
 Over the strife of the valiant.  
 His joy is in the clashing swords and broken bucklers:  
 He loves to lick the hissing blood as it bursts warm  
 wound!

All must perish!  
 The sword cleaveth the helmet;  
 The strong armour is pierced by the lance;  
 Fire devoureth the dwelling of princes;  
 Engines break down the fences of the battle.  
 All must perish!  
 The race of Hengist is gone—  
 The name of Horsa is no more!  
 Shrink not then from your doom sons of the sword!  
 Let your blades drink blood like wine;  
 Feast ye in the banquet of slaughter,  
 By the light of the blazing halls!  
 Strong be your swords while your blood is warm,  
 And spare neither for pity nor fear,  
 For vengeance hath but an hour;  
 Strong hate itself shall expire!  
 I also must perish!

'CELTICA'S HYMN. It will readily occur to the antiquary that the  
 are intended to imitate the antique poetry of the Scalds—the minstrel  
 old Scandinavians—the race as the Laureate so happily terms them.

"Stern to inflict, and stubborn to endure  
 Who smiled in death."

The poetry of the Anglo-Saxons after their civilization and conversion  
 of a different and softer character—but in the circumstances of the  
 may be not unnaturally supposed to return to the wild strains which  
 their forefathers during the time of Paganism and untamed ferocity.  
 See note, page 84.

The towering flames had now surmounted every obstruction, and rose to the evening skies one huge and burning conflagration, seen far and wide through the adjacent country. Tower after tower crashed down, with blazing roof and battlements; and the combatants were driven from the courtyard. Vanquished, of whom very few remained, scattered and fled into the neighbouring wood. The victors, assembled in large bands, gazed with wonder, not unmixed with awe, upon the flames, in which their own ranks and arms appeared dusky red. The maniac figure of the Saxon Ulrica, for a long time visible on the lofty stand she had chosen, waving her arms abroad with wild exultation, as if she were empress of the conflagration which she had raised. At length, with a terrific crash, the whole turret gave way, and she perished in the flames which had consumed her. An awful pause of horror silenced each murmur of armed spectators, who, for the space of several minutes, did not a finger, save to sign the cross. The voice of Raley was then heard: "Shout, yeomen! the den of the devil is no more! Let each bring his spoil to our chosen place of rendezvous at the trysting-tree in the Harthill; for there at break of day will we make just partition among our own bands, together with our worthy allies in this great deed of vengeance."

## CHAPTER XXXII

Trust me, each state must have its policies:  
Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters;  
Even the wild outlaw, in his forest-walk,  
Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline;  
For not since Adam wore his verdant apron,  
Hath man with man in social union dwelt,  
But laws were made to draw that union closer.

*Old Pl*

The daylight had dawned upon the glades of the forest. The green boughs glittered with all their peewee dew. The hind led her fawn from the covert of high fern to the more open walks of the greenwood, and no hunter was there to watch or intercept the stately hart, as he came at the head of the antlered herd.

The outlaws were all assembled around the trysting place in the Harthill Walk, where they had spent the night refreshing themselves after the fatigues of the siege—with wine, some with slumber, many with hearing and counting the events of the day, and computing the hope of plunder which their success had placed at the disposal of their chief.

The spoils were indeed very large; for, notwithstanding that much was consumed, a great deal of plate, rich and splendid clothing had been secured by the exertions of the dauntless outlaws, who could be appalled by no danger when such rewards were in view. Yet so strict were the laws of their society, that no one ventured to appropriate any part of the booty, which was brought into one common mass, to be at the disposal of their leader.

The place of rendezvous was an aged oak; not, however, the same to which Locksley had conducted Gurth and

the earlier part of the story, but one which was the site of a silvan amphitheatre, within half a mile of the walled castle of Torquilstone. Here Locksley assumed his seat—a throne of turf erected under the twisted boughs of the huge oak, and the silvan followers were ranged around him. He assigned to the Black Knight a place at his right hand, and to Cedric a place upon his left.

"Pardon my freedom, noble sirs," he said, "but in these woods I am monarch: they are my kingdom; and these my subjects would reckon but little of my power, were I, in my own dominions, to yield place to mortal man. Now, sirs, who hath seen our chaplain? where is our curtal?"

A mass amongst Christian men best begins a busy day." No one had seen the clerk of Copmanhurst. "God's forbode!" said the outlaw chief, "I trust the priest hath but abidden by the wine-pot a thought too long. Who saw him since the castle was taken?"

"I quoth the Miller," marked him busy about the door of the cellar, swearing by each saint in the calendar he would give him the smack of Front-de-Bœuf's Gascoigne wine."

"Now, the saints, as many as there be of them," said the outlaw, "forefend, lest he has drunk too deep of the wine-pot and perished by the fall of the castle! Away, Miller! with you enow of men, seek the place where you last saw him, throw water from the moat on the scorching ruins; have them removed stone by stone ere I lose my curtal!"

The numbers who hastened to execute this duty, considered that an interesting division of spoil was about to take place, and showed how much the troop had at heart the safety of their spiritual father.

"Meanwhile, let us proceed," said Locksley; "for when the word of battle shall be sounded abroad, the bands of De Bracy, of Malvoisin, and other allies of Front-de-Bœuf, will

curtal. Tonsured docked. The term here used may possibly indicate that the priest had shortened the skirts of his gown.

A tear stood in the eye of the rough thane as he spoke—  
 a pang of feeling which even the death of Athelstane had  
 not attracted; but there was something in the half-instinctive  
 attachment of his clown that waked his nature more  
 than even grief itself.

"Nay," said the Jester, extricating himself from his  
 lord's caress, "if you pay my service with the water of  
 life, the Jester must weep for company, and then what  
 does of his vocation? But, uncle, if you would indeed  
 spare me, I pray you to pardon my playfellow Gurth, who  
 has a week from your service to bestow it on your son."

"Pardon him!" exclaimed Cedric; "I will both pardon  
 and reward him. Kneel down, Gurth." The swineherd  
 knelt in an instant at his master's feet. "THEOW AND ESNE<sup>1</sup>  
 thou no longer," said Cedric, touching him with a wand;  
 "FREE AND SACLESS<sup>2</sup> art thou in town and from town,  
 in forest as in the field. A hide<sup>3</sup> of land I give to thee in  
 the woods of Walbrugham, from me and mine to thee and  
 thine and for ever; and God's malison<sup>4</sup> on his head who  
 gainsays!"

No longer a serf but a freeman and a landholder, Gurth  
 sprang upon his feet, and twice bounded aloft to almost his  
 full height from the ground.

"A smith and a file," he cried, "to do away the collar  
 from the neck of a freeman! Noble master! doubled is my  
 strength by your gift, and doubly will I fight for you! There  
 is the spirit in my breast. I am a man changed to myself  
 all around. Ha, Fangs!" he continued, for that faithful  
 dog, seeing his master thus transported, began to jump  
 round him to express his sympathy, "knowest thou thy mas-  
 ter?"

"Ay," said Wamba, "Fangs and I still know thee, Gurth,

<sup>1</sup>THEOW AND ESNE Thrall and bondsmen.

<sup>2</sup>FREE AND SACLESS A lawful freeman. [Scott.]

<sup>3</sup>HIDE About 100 acres, or as much as could be tilled with one plow.

<sup>4</sup>MALISON A curse compare banison.



though we must needs abide by the collar; it is only likely to forget both us and thyself."

"I shall forget myself indeed ere I forget thee, trade," said Gurth; "and were freedom fit for thee, the master would not let thee want it."

"Nay," said Wamba, "never think I envy thee Gurth; the serf sits by the hall fire when the freeman goes forth to the field of battle. And what saith Alfric of Malmsbury—'Better a fool at a feast than a wise man at a fray.'"

The tramp of horses was now heard, and the Lady Rowena appeared, surrounded by several riders, and a stronger party of footmen, who joyfully shook hands with her and clashed their brown-bills for joy of her freedom. She herself, richly attired, and mounted on a dark chestnut palfrey, had recovered all the dignity of her manner, though an unwonted degree of paleness showed the sufferings she had undergone. Her lovely brow, though sorrowful, bore on it a cast of reviving hope for the future, as well as grateful thankfulness for the past deliverance. She knew that Ivanhoe was safe, and she knew that Athelstane was dead. The former assurance filled her with the sincerest delight; and if she did not absolutely rejoice in the latter, she might be pardoned for feeling the full value of being freed from further persecution on the only point in which she had ever been contradicted by her betrothed Cedric.

As Rowena bent her steed towards Locksley's tower, the bold yeoman, with all his followers, rose to receive her by a general instinct of courtesy. The blood rushed to her cheeks as, courteously waving her hand, and bending that her beautiful and loose tresses were for admiration, she mixed with the flowing mane of her palfrey, she uttered in few but apt words her obligations and her gratitude to Locksley and her other deliverers. "God bless them!"

she concluded—"God and Our Lady bless you and reward you for gallantly periling yourselves in the cause of oppressed! If any of you should hunger, remember Rowena has food; if you should thirst, she has many a butt of red wine and brown ale; and if the Normans drive ye from the walks, Rowena has forests of her own, where her gallant deliverers may range at full freedom, and never ranger whose arrow hath struck down the deer."

"Thanks, gentle lady," said Locksley—"thanks from my party and myself. But to have saved you requites itself. No walk the greenwood do many a wild deed, and the Lady Rowena's deliverance may be received as an atone-

ment. As the knight bowing from her palfrey, Rowena turned to depart, but pausing a moment, while Cedric, who was to attend her, was also taking his leave, she found herself unexpectedly close by the prisoner De Bracy. He stood under a tree in deep meditation, his arms crossed upon his breast, and Rowena was in hopes she might pass him unob-

noticed. He looked up, however, and, when aware of her presence, a deep flush of shame suffused his handsome countenance. He stood a moment most irresolute; then, stepping forward, took her palfrey by the rein and bent his head before her.

"Will the Lady Rowena deign to cast an eye on a captive knight—on a dishonoured soldier?"

"Sir Knight," answered Rowena, "in enterprises such as these, the real dishonour lies not in failure, but in suc-

cess. Conquest, lady, should soften the heart," answered De

Bracy—"let me but know that the Lady Rowena forgives the silence occasioned by an ill-fated passion, and she shall learn that De Bracy knows how to serve her in nobler ways."

"I forgive you, Sir Knight," said Rowena, "as a Christian

"That means," said Wamba, "that she does not forgive him at all."

"But I can never forgive the misery and desolation ye madness has occasioned," continued Rowena.

"Unloose your hold on the lady's rein," said Cedric coming up. "By the bright sun above us, but it were shame, I would pin thee to the earth with my javelin. But be well assured, thou shalt smart, Maurice de Bracy, for thy share in this foul deed."

"He threatens safely who threatens a prisoner," said Maurice de Bracy; "but when had a Saxon any touch of courtesy?"

Then retiring two steps backward, he permitted the lady to move on.

Cedric, ere they departed, expressed his peculiar gratitude to the Black Champion, and earnestly entreated him to accompany him to Rotherwood.

"I know," he said, "that ye errant knights desire to carry your fortunes on the point of your lance, and reckon of land or goods; but war is a changeful mistress, and home is sometimes desirable even to the champion whose trade is wandering. Thou hast earned one in the halls of Rotherwood, noble knight. Cedric has wealth enough to repair the injuries of fortune, and all he has is his own liver's. Come, therefore, to Rotherwood, not as a guest but as a son or brother."

"Cedric has already made me rich," said the Knight. "He has taught me the value of Saxon virtue. To Rotherwood will I come, brave Saxon, and that speedily; but, as no pressing matters of moment detain me from your hall, Peradventure, when I come hither, I will ask such a boon as will put even thy generosity to the test."

"It is granted ere spoken out," said Cedric, striking his ready hand into the gauntleted palm of the Black Knight. "It is granted already, were it to affect half my fortune."

"Gage not thy promise so lightly," said the Knight.

Wetterlock; "yet well I hope to gain the boon I shall ask. Inwhile, adieu."

"I have but to say," added the Saxon, "that, during the funeral rites of the noble Athelstane, I shall be an inhabitant of the halls of his castle of Coningsburgh. They will be open to all who choose to partake of the funeral banquet—and—I speak in name of the noble Edith, mother of the fallen prince—they will never be shut against him who died so bravely, though unsuccessfully, to save Athelstane from Norman chains and Norman steel."

"Ay, ay," said Wamba, who had resumed his attendance on his master, "rare feeding there will be; pity that the noble Athelstane cannot banquet at his own funeral. But," continued the Jester, lifting up his eyes gravely, "is he in Paradise, and doubtless does honour to the place."

"Peace, and move on," said Cedric, his anger at this unbecoming jest being checked by the recollection of Wamba's past services. Rowena waved a graceful adieu to him of Wetterlock, the Saxon bade God speed him, and on they rode through a wide glade of the forest.

They had scarce departed, ere a sudden procession issued from under the greenwood branches, swept slowly round the silvan amphitheatre, and took the same direction as Rowena and her followers. The priests of a neighbouring convent, in expectation of the ample donation, or "soul-money" which Cedric had propined,<sup>2</sup> attended upon the car which the body of Athelstane was laid, and sang hymns as it was sadly and slowly borne on the shoulders of his vassals to his castle of Coningsburgh, to be there deposited in the grave of Hengist, from whom the deceased derived his descent. Many of his vassals had assembled at the hour of his death, and followed the bier with all the external signs, at least, of dejection and sorrow. Again the outlaws

<sup>1</sup> SOUL-MONEY. See note, page 180.

<sup>2</sup> PROPINED. Promised.

arose, and paid the same rude and spontaneous homage to death which they had so lately rendered to beauty: the stately and mournful step of the priests brought back to their remembrance such of their comrades as had fallen in the yesterday's affray. But such recollections dwell not long with those who lead a life of danger and enterprise, and ere the sound of the death-hymn had died on the wind, the outlaws were again busied in the distribution of their spoil.

"Valiant knight," said Locksley to the Black Champion, "without whose good heart and mighty arm our enterprise must altogether have failed, will it please you to take from that mass of spoil whatever may best serve to pleasure you, and to remind you of this my trysting-tree?"

"I accept the offer," said the Knight, "as frankly as it is given; and I ask permission to dispose of Sir Maurice de Bracy at my own pleasure."

"He is thine already," said Locksley, "and well for thee, else the tyrant had graced the highest bough of this vale with as many of his Free Companions as we could gather hanging thick as acorns around him. But he is thy prisoner, and he is safe, though he had slain my father."

"De Bracy," said the Knight, "thou art free—depart. He whose prisoner thou art scorns to take mean revenge for what is past. But beware of the future, lest a worse thing befall thee. Maurice de Bracy, I say BEWARE!"

De Bracy bowed low and in silence, and was about to withdraw, when the yeomen burst at once into a shout of execration and derision. The proud knight instantly stopped, turned back, folded his arms, drew up his form to its full height, and exclaimed, "Peace, ye yelping curs' who open upon a cry which ye followed not when the stag was at bay. De Bracy scorns your censure as he would disdain your applause. To your brakes and caves, ye outlawed thieves! and be silent when aught knightly or noble is spoken within a league of your fox earths."



This ill-timed defiance might have procured for De Grey a volley of arrows, but for the hasty and imperative interference of the outlaw chief. Meanwhile, the knight caught a horse by the rein, for several which had been taken from the stables of Front-de-Bœuf stood accoutred around, and were a valuable part of the booty. He threw himself in the saddle, and galloped off through the wood.

When the bustle occasioned by this incident was somewhat composed, the chief outlaw took from his neck the rich chain and baldric which he had recently gained at the strife of archery near Ashby.

"Noble knight," he said to him of the Fetterlock, "if ye disdain not to grace by your acceptance a bugle which an English yeoman has once worn, thus I will pray you to take it as a memorial of your gallant bearing; and if ye have ought to do, and, as happeneth oft to a gallant knight, ye have to be hard bested in any forest between Trent and Trent, wind three mots<sup>1</sup> upon the horn thus, *Wa-sa-hoa'* and ye may well chance ye shall find helpers and rescue."

He then gave breath to the bugle, and winded once and again the call which he described, until the Knight had caught the notes.

"Gramercy for the gift, bold yeoman," said the Knight; "and better help than thine and thy rangers would I never have, were it at my utmost need." And then in his turn he sounded the call till all the greenwood rang.

"Well blown and clearly," said the yeoman; "beshrew me if thou knowest not as much of woodcraft as of war! Thou hast been a striker of deer in thy day, I warrant. Parades, mark these three mots, it is the call of the Knight of the Fetterlock; and he who hears it, and hastens not to be at him at his need, I will have him scourged out of our country with his own bowstring."

"Long live our leader!" shouted the yeomen, "and long

<sup>1</sup> Mots. The notes upon the bugle were anciently called mots, and are described in the old treatises on hunting, not by musical characters, but by words. [Scott.]

live the Black Knight of the Fetterlock! May he soon use our service to prove how readily it will be paid."

Locksley now proceeded to the distribution of the spoil which he performed with the most laudable impartiality. A tenth part of the whole was set apart for the church and for pious uses; a portion was next allotted to a sort of public treasury; a part was assigned to the widows and children of those who had fallen, or to be expended in masses for the souls of such as had left no surviving family. The rest was divided amongst the outlaws, according to their rank and merit; and the judgment of the chief, on all such doubtful questions as occurred, was delivered with great shrewdness and received with absolute submission. The Black Knight was not a little surprised to find that men in a state so lawless were nevertheless among themselves so regularly and equitably governed, and all that he observed added to his opinion of the justice and judgment of their leader.

When each had taken his own proportion of the booty and while the treasurer, accompanied by four tall yeomen, was transporting that belonging to the state to some place of concealment or of security, the portion devoted to the church still remained unappropriated.

"I would," said the leader, "we could hear tidings of our joyous chaplain; he was never wont to be absent when mass was to be blessed, or spoil to be parted; and it is his duty to take care of these the tithes of our successful enterprise. I may be the office has helped to cover some of his canonical irregularities. Also, I have a holy brother of his a prisoner at no great distance, and I would fain have the Friar to help me to deal with him in due sort. I greatly misdoubt the safety of the bluff priest."

"I were right sorry for that," said the Knight of the Fetterlock, "for I stand indebted to him for the joyous hospitality of a merry night in his cell. Let us to the ruins of the castle; it may be we shall there learn some tidings of him."

While they thus spoke, a loud shout among the yeomen announced the arrival of him for whom they feared, as they heard from the stentorian voice of the Friar himself, long ere they saw his burly person.

"Make room, my merry men!" he exclaimed—"room for a godly father and his prisoner. Cry welcome once again. I come, noble leader, like an eagle with my prey in clutch." And making his way through the ring, amidst laughter of all around, he appeared in majestic triumph, a huge partizan in one hand, and in the other a halter, one of which was fastened to the neck of the unfortunate Duke of York, who, bent down by sorrow and terror, was dragged on by the victorious priest, who shouted aloud, "Here is Allan-a-Dale, to chronicle me in a ballad, or if it be but a lay? By St. Hermangild, the jingling crowderer out of the way where there is an apt theme for exaltation!"

"Curtal priest," said the captain, "thou hast been at a mass this morning, as early as it is. In the name of St. Nicolas, whom hast thou got here?"

"A captive to my sword and to my lance, noble captain," said the Clerk of Copmanhurst—"to my bow and to my sword, I should rather say; and yet I have redeemed him by divinity from a worse captivity. Speak, Jew—have I ransomed thee from Sathanas?—have I not taught thee thy *credo*, thy *pater*, and thine *Ave Maria*? Did I not spend the whole night in drinking to thee, and in expounding of mysteries?"

"For the love of God!" ejaculated the poor Jew, "will not thou take me out of the keeping of this mad—I mean this man?"

"How's this, Jew?" said the Friar, with a menacing aspect. "dost thou recant, Jew? Bethink thee, if thou dost fall into thine infidelity, though thou art not so tender as a suckling pig—I would I had one to break my fast upon

—thou art not too tough to be roasted! Be come Isaac, and repeat the words after me. *Ave Maria!*

"Nay, we will have no profanation, mad priest Locksley; 'let us rather hear where you found this of thine.'"

"By St. Dunstan!" said the Friar, "I found him sought for better ware! I did step into the cellar what might be rescued there; for though a cup of wine, with spice, be an evening's draught for an en were waste, methought, to let so much good liquor at once; and I had caught up one runlet of sack coming to call more aid among these lazy knaves ever to seek when a good deed is to be done, wh avised of a strong door. 'Aha!' thought I, 'be choicest juice of all in this secret crypt; and the kler, being disturbed in his vocation, hath left the door' In therefore I went, and found just nough a commodity of rusted chains and this dog of a presently rendered himself my prisoner, rescue or I did but refresh myself after the fatigue of the ac the unbeliever with one humming cup of sack, and ceeding to lead forth my captive, when, crash after with wild thunder-dint and levin-fire,<sup>1</sup> down to masonry of another tower—marry beshrew their built it not the firmer!—and blocked up the pass roar of one falling tower followed another. I thought of life; and deeming it a dishonour to a profession to pass out of this world in company w I heaved up my halberd to beat his brains out; b pity on his grey hairs, and judged it better to lay partizan, and take up my spiritual weapon for h sion. And truly, by the blessing of St. Dunstan, has been sown in good soil; only that, with speak of mysteries through the whole night, and being ner fasting—for the few draughts of sack which I

<sup>1</sup> LEVIN-FIRE. Flash of lightning.

with were not worth marking—my head is well-  
served, I trow. But I was clean exhausted. Gilbert  
could know in what state they found me—quite and  
exhausted."

"can bear witness," said Gilbert; "for when we had  
away the ruin, and by St. Dunstan's help lighted  
the dungeon stair, we found the runlet of sack half-  
the Jew half-dead, and the Friar more than half-  
dead, as he calls it."

"Ye knaves! ye lie!" retorted the offended Friar; "it  
was your gormandising companions that drank up  
the sack, and called it your morning draught. I am a  
Friar, and I kept it not for the captain's own throat. But  
what of it? The Jew is converted, and understands all  
that I say to him, very nearly, if not altogether, as well as

"said the captain, "is this true? Hast thou re-  
ceived no unbelief?"

"I so find mercy in your eyes," said the Jew, "as I  
find one word which the reverend prelate spake to me  
that night. Alas! I was so distraught with agony,  
and grief, that had our holy father Abraham come  
to me, he had found but a deaf listener."

"A liest, Jew, and thou knowest thou dost," said the  
captain; "I will remind thee but of one word of our confer-  
ence, thou didst promise to give all thy substance to our  
order."

"I will keep me the promise, fair sirs," said Isaac, even more  
earnestly than before, "as no such sounds ever crossed my  
ears! I am an aged beggar'd man—I fear me a child-  
like truth on me, and let me go!"

"said the Friar, "if thou dost retract vows made  
in the name of holy church, thou must do penance."

"Alas!" he raised his halberd, and would have laid  
it lustily on the Jew's shoulders, had not the



Black Knight stopped the blow, and thereby transferred the holy clerk's resentment to himself.

"By St. Thomas of Kent," said he, "an I buckle to gear,<sup>1</sup> I will teach thee, sir lazy lover, to mell<sup>2</sup> with thine own matters, maugre thine iron case there!"

"Nay, be not wroth with me," said the Knight, "thou knowest I am thy sworn friend and comrade."

"I know no such thing," answered the Friar; "and do not meddle with thee for a meddling coxcomb!"

"Nay, but," said the Knight, who seemed to take a pleasure in provoking his quondam host, "hast thou forgotten how, that for my sake—for I say nothing of the temptation of the flagon and the pasty—thou didst break thy vow of fast and vigil?"

"Truly, friend," said the Friar, clenching his huge fist, "I will bestow a buffet on thee."

"I accept of no such presents," said the Knight; "I am content to take thy cuff<sup>3</sup> as a loan, but I will repay thee with usury as deep as ever thy prisoner there exacted in traffic."

"I will prove that presently," said the Friar.

"Hola!" cried the captain, "what art thou after, Friar—brawling beneath our trysting-tree?"

"No brawling," said the Knight; "it is but a friendly interchange of courtesy. Friar, strike an thou darest; I will stand thy blow, if thou wilt stand mine."

"Thou hast the advantage with that iron pot on thy head," said the churchman; "but have at thee. Down thine!"

<sup>1</sup> GEAR. Here, weapons

<sup>2</sup> MELL. Meddle.

<sup>3</sup> CUFF. The interchange of a cuff with the jolly priest is not exactly of character with Richard I. If romances read him aright. In the very earliest romance on the subject of his adventures in the Holy Land, and from thence, it is recorded how he exchanged a pugilistic farthing with a prisoner in Germany. His opponent was the son of a principal warder and was so imprudent as to give the challenge to the King's buffets. The King stood forth like a true man, and received a blow which staggered him. In requital having previously waxed his hand a little, he returned the blow to the ear with such interest as to kill his antagonist on the spot. In Ellis's *Specimens of English Romance*, that of *Contre-le-Loup*. *Specimens*

it, an thou wert Goliath of Gath in his brazen helmet." The Friar bared his brawny arm up to the elbow, and giving his full strength to the blow, gave the Knight a buffet that might have felled an ox. But his adversary stood firm as a rock. A loud shout was uttered by all the men around; for the clerk's cuff was proverbial amongst them, and there were few who, in jest or earnest, had not occasion to know its vigour. "Now, priest," said the Knight, pulling off his gauntlet, "if I had vantage on my hand, I will have none on my hand; stand fast as a true

*Genam meam dedi vapulatori*—<sup>1</sup> I have given my cheek to the smiter," said the priest; "an thou canst stir me from my spot, fellow, I will freely bestow on thee the Jew's ran-

So spoke the burly priest, assuming, on his part, high conceit. But who may resist his fate? The buffet of the Knight was given with such strength and good-will that the Jew's rolled head over heels upon the plain, to the great amusement of all the spectators. But he arose neither bruised nor crestfallen.

"Brother," said he to the Knight, "thou shouldst have used thy strength with more discretion. I had mumbled a lame mass an thou hadst broken my jaw, for the piper will be ill that wants the nether chops. Nevertheless, there is my hand, in friendly witness that I will exchange no more blows with thee, having been a loser by the barter. End now this unkindness. Let us put the Jew on ransom, since the Lord will not change his spots, and a Jew he will continue

The priest," said Clement,<sup>2</sup> "is not half so confident of the Jew's conversion since he received that buffet on the

Go to, knave, what pratest thou of conversions? What,

<sup>1</sup> *GENAM MEAM*, etc. See *Lamentations* III. 30

<sup>2</sup> *CLEMENT*. Does the author mean Gilbert? Clement was the name of the Jew's jailer

is there no respect?—all masters and no men? I tell thee fellow, I was somewhat totty<sup>1</sup> when I received the good knight's blow, or I had kept my ground under it. But thou gibest more of it, thou shalt learn I can give as well as take."

"Peace all!" said the captain. "And thou, Jew, this of thy ransom; thou needest not to be told that thy race is held to be accursed in all Christian communities, and tell me that we cannot endure thy presence among us. Turn therefore, of an offer, while I examine a prisoner of another cast."

"Were many of Front-de-Bœuf's men taken?" demanded the Black Knight.

"None of note enough to be put to ransom," answered the captain; "a set of hilding fellows there were, whom I dismissed to find them a new master; enough had been done for revenge and profit; the bunch of them were not worth a cardecu.<sup>2</sup> The prisoner I speak of is better booty—a poor monk riding to visit his leman,<sup>3</sup> and I may judge by his horse gear and wearing apparel. Here cometh the worthy prior as pert as a pyet."<sup>4</sup> And between two yeomen was brought before the silvan throne of the outlaw chief our old friend Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx.

<sup>1</sup> TOTTY. Dizzy, unsteady.

<sup>2</sup> CARDECU (*Quart D'ecu*). Quarter crown, worth about thirty cents.

<sup>3</sup> LEMAN. Mistress.

<sup>4</sup> PYET. Magpie.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

Flower of warriors,  
How is't with Titus Lartius?

*Marcus.* As with a man busied about decrees,  
Condemning some to death and some to exile,  
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the other.

*Coriolanus.*

The captive Abbot's features and manners exhibited a comical mixture of offended pride, and deranged folly and bodily terror.

"Why, how now, my masters?" said he, with a voice in which all three emotions were blended. "What order is among ye? Be ye Turks or Christians, that handle a churchman. Know ye what it is, *manus imponere in Dominum?*<sup>1</sup> Ye have plundered my mails, torn my coat of curious cut lace, which might have served a cardinal. Where in my place would have been at his *excommunication*,<sup>2</sup> but I am placable, and if ye order forth my keys, release my brethren, and restore my mails, tell me with all speed an hundred crowns to be expended in mass at the high altar of Jorvaulx Abbey, and make your monks eat no venison until next Pentecost, it may be you shall hear little more of this mad frolic."

"Holy Father," said the chief outlaw, "it grieves me to think that you have met with such usage from any of my followers as calls for your fatherly reprehension."

"Usage!" echoed the priest, encouraged by the mildness of the silvan leader; "it were usage fit for no hound and no bad race, much less for a Christian, far less for a monk, and least of all for the prior of the holy community of Jorvaulx, etc."

"To lay hands on the Lord's servants?"  
"COMMUNICABO Vos. "I will excommunicate you."

of Jorvaulx. Here is a profane and drunken man called Allan-a-Dale—*nebulo quidam*<sup>1</sup>—who has lashed me with corporal punishment—nay, with death itself, and I pay not down four hundred crowns of ransom to the boot of all the treasure he hath already robbed of—gold chains and gymmal<sup>2</sup> rings to an unknown value; besides what is broken and spoiled among rude hands, such as my pouncet-box<sup>3</sup> and silver tongs.”

“It is impossible that Allan-a-Dale can have treated a man of your reverend bearing,” replied the knight.

“It is true as the gospel of St. Nicodemus,”<sup>4</sup> said the Prior; “he swore, with many a cruel north-countenance, that he would hang me up on the highest tree in the wood.”

“Did he so in very deed? Nay, then, reverend Sir, I think you had better comply with his demand. Allan-a-Dale is the very man to abide by his word who has so pledged it.”<sup>5</sup>

“You do but jest with me,” said the astounded knight with a forced laugh; “and I love a good jest with a good heart. But, ha! ha! ha! when the mirth has lasted a livelong night, it is time to be grave in the morning.”

“And I am as grave as a father confessor,” replied the outlaw; “you must pay a round ransom, Sir Prior, or your convent is likely to be called to a new election; and your place will know you no more.”

“Are ye Christians,” said the Prior, “and hearken to such language to a churchman?”

<sup>1</sup> NEBULO QUIDAM. “A certain rogue.”

<sup>2</sup> GYMMAL RING. A double ring, the parts interlocking.

<sup>3</sup> POUNCET-BOX. Scent-box.

<sup>4</sup> ST. NICODEMUS. The “Gospel” referred to, is a work called *Evangelium secundum Nicodemum*, ascribed to the authorship of Nicodemus.

<sup>5</sup> HAS SO PLEDGED IT. A commissary is said to have received consolation from a certain Commander-in-Chief to whom he complained that a general officer had used some such threat toward him as that in the text. (Scott.)



"Christians! ay, marry are we, and have divinity  
ing us to boot," answered the outlaw. "Let our bux-  
chaplain stand forth, and expound to this reverend  
er the texts which concern this matter."

The Friar, half-drunk, half-sober, had huddled a  
s frock over his green cassock, and now summoning  
ther whatever scraps of learning he had acquired by  
in former days—"Holy father," said he, "*Deus*  
*et salvam benignitatem vestram*<sup>1</sup>—you are welcome  
he greenwood."

"What profane mummary is this?" said the Prior.  
end, if thou be'st indeed of the church, it were a  
or deed to show me how I may escape from these men's  
e than to stand ducking and grinning here like a  
is-dancer"<sup>2</sup>

"Truly, reverend father," said the Friar, "I know but  
mode in which thou mayst escape. This is St. An-  
s day with us; we are taking our tithes."

"But not of the church, then, I trust, my good  
ner?" said the Prior.

"Of church and lay," said the Friar; "and therefore,  
Prior, *facite vobis amicos de mammonne iniquitatis*<sup>3</sup>—  
e yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteous-  
for no other friendship is like to serve your turn."

"I love a jolly woodsman at heart," said the Prior,  
aising his tone; "come, ye must not deal too hard  
me. I can<sup>4</sup> well of woodcraft, and can wind a horn  
and lustily, and hollo till every oak rings again.  
e, ye must not deal too hard with me."

"Give him a horn," said the outlaw; "we will prove  
skill he boasts of."

<sup>1</sup>us, etc. "God preserve your reverence"

<sup>2</sup>WARRIS-DANCER. Originally from *moresque*, Moorish; the term was applied  
seasonal dancers and mirth makers.

<sup>3</sup>WISDOM, etc. See *Luke* xvi 9.

<sup>4</sup>CAN. I know. The idea of ability often presupposes the idea of knowl-  
-ence in Old English, as in modern German, the verbs are frequently  
-changed, e. g., *können* *ist* *Deutsch*

## IVANHOE

The Prior Aymer winded a blast accordingly. The captain shook his head.

"Sir Prior," he said, "thou blowest a merry note, but may not ransom thee; we cannot afford, as the legend saith, a good knight's shield hath it, to set thee free for aught. Moreover, I have found thee: thou art one of those who, with new French graces and tra-li-ras, disturb the ancient English bugle notes. Prior, that last flourish the recheat hath added fifty crowns to thy ransom, corrupting the true old manly blasts of venerie!"

"Well, friend," said the Abbot, peevishly, "thou art to please with thy woodcraft. I pray thee be more reformable in this matter of my ransom. At a word, since I must needs, for once, hold a candle to the world—what ransom am I to pay for walking on Watling Street without having fifty men at my back?"

"Were it not well," said the lieutenant of the tower, apart to the captain, "that the Prior should name the ransom, and the Jew name the Prior's?"

"Thou art a mad knave," said the captain, "thy plan transcends! Here, Jew, step forth. Look on the holy Father Aymer, Prior of the rich Abbey of Jorvaulx, and tell us at what ransom we should hold him, if thou knowest the income of his convent. I warrant thee

"Oh, assuredly," said Isaac. "I have trafficked with the good fathers, and bought wheat and barley, and the fat of the earth, and also much wool. Oh, it is a rich place, Jorvaulx, and they do live upon the fat, and drink the wines upon the lees, these good fathers of Jorvaulx, if an outcast like me had such a home to go to, I should have incomings by the year and by the month. I would give much gold and silver to redeem my captivity."

"Hound of a Jew!" exclaimed the Prior.

\* VENERIE. Hunting, from Latin *venari*, to hunt.

\* ABBEY-STEDD. Stedd, or stead, means place, compare *Abbeyside*, etc.

"is better than thy own cursed self that our holy house is indebted for the finishing of our chancel——"

"And for the storing of your cellars in the last season the due allowance of Gascon wine," interrupted the "but that—that is small matters."

"Hear the infidel dog!" said the churchman; "he speaks as if our holy community did come under debts for wines we have a license to drink *propter necessitatem et regis depellendum*.<sup>1</sup> The circumcised villain blasphemeth the holy church, and Christian men listen and reprove him not!"

"All this helps nothing," said the leader. "Isaac, since what he may pay, without slaying both hide and hair."

"An six hundred crowns," said Isaac, "the good Prior will pay to your honoured valours, and never sit less in his stall."

"Six hundred crowns," said the leader, gravely; "I am contented—thou hast well spoken, Isaac—six hundred crowns. It is a sentence, Sir Prior."

"A sentence!—a sentence!" exclaimed the band; "amon had not done it better."

"Thou hearest thy doom, Prior," said the leader.

"Ye are mad, my masters," said the Prior; "where to find such a sum? If I sell the very pyx<sup>2</sup> and vesticks on the altar at Jorvaulx, I shall scarce raise half; and it will be necessary for that purpose that I leave Jorvaulx myself; ye may retain as borrows<sup>3</sup> my priests."

"That will be but blind trust," said the outlaw; "we retain thee, Prior, and send them to fetch thy ransom."

"Thou shalt not want a cup of wine and a collop<sup>4</sup> of

<sup>1</sup>ETER, etc. "In case of necessity and to keep out the cold."

<sup>2</sup>A box; the depository of the Host, or consecrated wafer used at the Mass.

<sup>3</sup>BORROWS. Borghs, or borrows, signifies pledges. Hence our word is used because we pledge ourselves to restore what is lent. {Scot.}

<sup>4</sup>COLLOP. Slice.

venison the while; and if thou lovest woodcraft, thou shalt see such as your north country never witnessed."

"Or, if so please you," said Isaac, willing to curry favour with the outlaws, "I can send to York for the hundred crowns, out of certain monies in my hands, if it be that the most reverend Prior present will grant me quittance."

"He shall grant thee whatever thou dost list, Isaac," said the captain; "and thou shalt lay down the redemption money for Prior Aymer as well as for thyself."

"For myself! ah, courageous sirs," said the Jew, "I am a broken and impoverished man; a beggar's staff may be my portion through life, supposing I were to pay fifty crowns."

"The Prior shall judge of that matter," replied the captain. "How say you, Father Aymer? Can the Jew afford a good ransom?"

"Can he afford a ransom?" answered the Prior. "Is he not Isaac of York, rich enough to redeem the captivity of the ten tribes of Israel who were led into Assyrian bondage? I have seen but little of him myself, but our clerk and treasurer have dealt largely with him. My report says that his house at York is so full of gold and silver as is a shame in any Christian land. Marvel it is not all living Christian hearts that such gnawing ulcers should be suffered to eat into the bowels of the state and even of the holy church herself, with foul usuries and exactions."

"Hold, father," said the Jew, "mitigate and assuage your choler. I pray of your reverence to remember that I force my monies upon no one. But when churchman and layman, prince and prior, knight and priest, come knocking at Isaac's door, they borrow not his shekels with thanksgiving on their lips. It is then, 'Friend Isaac, will you please us in this matter, and our day shall be truly kept, so God will?'—and 'Kind Isaac, if ever you served man, show

myself a friend in this need!" And when the day comes, I ask my own, then what hear I but 'Damned Jew,' 'The curse of Egypt on your tribe,' and all that may stir up the rude and uncivil populace against poor strangers!"

"Prior," said the captain, "Jew though he be, he hath spoken well. Do thou, therefore, name his ransom, and name thine, without farther rude terms."

"None but *latro famosus*<sup>1</sup>—the interpretation whereof," said the Prior, "will I give at some other time and would place a Christian prelate and an unbaptized upon the same bench. But since ye require me to put price upon this caitiff, I tell you openly that ye will wrong yourselves if you take from him a penny under a thousand crowns."<sup>2</sup>

"A sentence!—a sentence!" exclaimed the chief outlaw.

"A sentence!—a sentence!" shouted his assessors; "this Christian has shown his good nurture, and dealt with more generously than the Jew."

"The God of my fathers help me!" said the Jew; "will ye bear to the ground an impoverished creature? I am this day childless, and will ye deprive me of the means of livelihood?"

"Thou wilt have the less to provide for, Jew, if thou art childless," said Aymer.

"Alas! my lord," said Isaac, "your law permits you to know how the child of our bosom is entwined with the strings of our heart. O Rebecca! daughter of my beloved Rachael! were each leaf on that tree a zecchin, and each zecchin mine own, all that mass of wealth would I give to know whether thou art alive, and escaped the hands of the Nazarene!"

"Was not thy daughter dark-haired?" said one of the

<sup>1</sup> LATRO FAMOSUS. "A noted robber."

<sup>2</sup> THOUSAND CROWNS. Compare the ransom fixed by Prior Aymer with the Jew's demands of Isaac.



outlaws; "and wore she not a veil of twisted sendal, bordered with silver?"

"She did!—she did!" said the old man, trembling with eagerness, as formerly with fear. "The blessing of Jacob be upon thee! canst thou tell me aught of her safety?"

"It was she, then," said the yeoman, "who was carried off by the proud Templar, when he broke through our ranks on yestereven. I had drawn my bow to send an arrow after him, but spared him even for the sake of the damsel who I feared might take harm from the arrow."

"Oh," answered the Jew, "I would to God thou hadst shot, though the arrow had pierced her bosom! Better the tomb of her fathers than the dishonourable couch of the licentious and savage Templar. Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory hath departed from my house!"

"Friends," said the chief, looking round, "the old man is but a Jew, natheless his grief touches me. Deal uprightly with us, Isaac: will paying this ransom of a thousand crowns leave thee altogether penniless?"

Isaac, recalled to think of his worldly goods, the loss of which, by dint of inveterate habit, contended even with his parental affection, grew pale, stammered, and could not deny there might be some small surplus.

"Well, go to, what though there be," said the outlaw, "we will not reckon with thee too closely. Without treasure thou mayst as well hope to redeem thy child from the clutches of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert as to shoot a star royal with a headless shaft. We will take thee at the same ransom with Prior Aymer, or rather at one hundred crowns lower, which hundred crowns shall be mine own peculiar loss, and not light upon this worshipful community; so we shall avoid the heinous offence of rating a Jew merchant as high as a Christian prelate, and thou wilt have [five] hundred crowns remaining to treat for thy daughter's ransom. Templars love the glitter of silver."

kels as well as the sparkle of black eyes. Hasten to take thy crown's chink in the ear of De Bois-Guilbert, or worse comes of it. Thou wilt find him, as our scouts have brought notice, at the next preceptory house of his order. Said I well, my merry mates?"

The yeomen expressed their wonted acquiescence in their leader's opinion; and Isaac, relieved of one-half of his apprehensions, by learning that his daughter lived, and that possibly he might be ransomed, threw himself at the feet of the generous outlaw, and, rubbing his beard against his knees, sought to kiss the hem of his green cassock. The outlaw drew himself back, and extricated himself from the Jew's grasp, not without some marks of contempt.

"Nay, beshrew thee, man, up with thee! I am English-born, and love no such Eastern prostrations. Kneel to God, and not to a poor sinner like me."

"Ay, Jew," said Prior Aymer, "kneel to God, as repented in the servant of His altar, and who knows, with sincere repentance and due gifts to the shrine of St. Gilbert, what grace thou mayst acquire for thyself and thy daughter Rebecca? I grieve for the maiden, for she is of fair and comely countenance: I beheld her in the lists of theaby. Also Brian de Bois-Guilbert is one with whom thou may do much: bethink thee how thou mayst deserve my good word with him."

"Alas! alas!" said the Jew, "on every hand the spoilers are against me: I am given as a prey unto the Assyrian, and as a prey unto him of Egypt."

"And what else should be the lot of thy accursed race?" answered the Prior: "for what saith Holy Writ, *verbum domini projecerunt, et sapientia est nulla in eis*—they have cast forth the Word of the Lord and there is no wisdom in them—*propterea dabo mulieres eorum extraneis*—I will give their women to strangers, that is to the Jew, as in the present matter—*et thesauros eorum*

*hereditibus alienis*—and their treasures to others,<sup>1</sup> as in the present case to these honest gentlemen.”

Isaac groaned deeply, and began to wring his hands and to relapse into his state of desolation and despair. But the leader of the yeomen led him aside.

“Advise thee well, Isaac,” said Locksley, “what thou wilt do in this matter; my counsel to thee is to make a friend of this churchman. He is vain, Isaac, and he is covetous; at least he needs money to supply his profusion. Thou canst easily gratify his greed; for think not that I am blinded by thy pretexts of poverty. I am intimately acquainted, Isaac, with the very iron chest in which thou dost keep thy money-bags. What! know I not the great stone beneath the appletree, that leads into the vaulted chamber under thy garden at York?” The Jew grew pale as death. “But fear nothing from me,” continued the yeoman, “for we are of old acquainted. Dost thou not remember the sick yeoman whom thy fair daughter Rebecca redeemed from the gyves at York, and kept long in thy house till his health was restored, when thou didst dismiss him recovered, and with a piece of money? I never as thou art, thou didst never place coin at better interest than that poor silver mark, for it has this day saved thee five hundred crowns.”

“And thou art he whom we called Diccon Bend-the-Bow?” said Isaac; “I thought ever I knew the accent of thy voice.”

“I am Bend-the-Bow,” said the captain, “and Locksley, and have a good name besides all these.”

“But thou art mistaken, good Bend-the-Bow, concerning that same vaulted apartment. So help me Heaven, there is nought in it but some merchandises which I will gladly part with to you—one hundred yards of Lincoln green to make doublets to thy men, and a hundred staves of Spanish yew to make bows, and one hundred silk

<sup>1</sup> VERBUM DOMINI, &c. See Jeremiah VIII. 10.

ings, tough, round, and sound—these will I send for thy good will, honest Diccon, an thou wilt keep about the vault, my good Diccon."

"Silent as a dormouse," said the outlaw; "and never me but I am grieved for thy daughter. But I may help it. The Templar's lances are too strong for my strength in the open field; they would scatter us like dust. I but known it was Rebecca when she was borne off, something might have been done; but now thou must proceed by policy. Come, shall I treat for thee with the Prior?"

"In God's name, Diccon, an thou canst, aid me to recover the child of my bosom!"

"Do not thou interrupt me with thine ill-timed avowal," said the outlaw, "and I will deal with him in thy stead."

He then turned from the Jew, who followed him, how closely as his shadow.

"Prior Aymer," said the captain, "come apart with me under this tree. Men say thou dost love wine and a smile better than beseems thy order, Sir Priest; but that I have nought to do. I have heard, too, thou have a brace of good dogs and a fleet horse, and it may be that, loving things which are costly to come by, thou hatest not a purse of gold. But I have never heard thou didst love oppression or cruelty. Now, here is I am willing to give thee the means of pleasure and passion in a bag containing one hundred marks of silver, if thy intercession with thine ally the Templar shall avail to recover the freedom of his daughter."

"In safety and honour, as when taken from me," said the Prior, "otherwise it is no bargain."

"Peace, Isaac," said the outlaw, "or I give up thine offer. What say you to this my purpose, Prior?"

"The matter," quoth the Prior, "is of a mixed condi-

tion; for, if I do a good deed on the one hand, yet, on the other, it goeth to the vantage of a Jew, and in so much against my conscience. Yet, if the Israelite will advantage the church by giving me somewhat over to the holding of our dortour,<sup>1</sup> I will take it on my conscience to aid him in the matter of his daughter."

"For a score of marks to the dortour," said the outlaw—"Be still, I say, Isaac!—or for a brace of silver candlesticks to the altar, we will not stand with you."

"Nay, but, good Diccon Bend-the-Bow," said Isaac, endeavouring to interpose.

"Good Jew—good beast—good earthworm!" said the yeoman, losing patience; "an thou dost go on to put thy filthy lucre in the balance with thy daughter's life and honour, by Heaven, I will strip thee of every maravedi<sup>2</sup> thou hast in the world before three days are out!"

Isaac shrunk together, and was silent.

"And what pledge am I to have for all this?" said the Prior.

"When Isaac returns successful through your mediation," said the outlaw, "I swear by St. Hubert, I will see that he pays thee the money in good silver, or I will reckon with him for it in such sort, he had better have paid twenty such sums."

"Well then, Jew," said Aymer, "since I must needs meddle in this matter, let me have the use of thy writing tablets—though, hold—rather than use thy pen, I would fast for twenty-four hours, and where shall I find one?"

"If your holy scruples can dispense with using the Jew's tablets, for the pen I can find a remedy," said the yeoman; and, bending his bow, he aimed his shaft at the wild goose which was soaring over their heads, the advance guard of a phalanx of his tribe, which were winging the

<sup>1</sup> DORTOUR. Or dormitory. [Scott.]

<sup>2</sup> MARAVEDI. A Spanish coin worth about half a cent.



distant and solitary fens of Holderness. The outlaw, uttering down, transfixing with the arrow.

Prior," said the captain, "are quills enough to the monks of Jorvaulx for the next hundred years take not to writing chronicles."

He sat down, and at great leisure indited an *Itinéraire* de Bois-Guilbert, and having carefully written the tablets, delivered them to the Jew, saying: "Be thy safe-conduct to the preceptory of Temple, as I think, is most likely to accomplish the ransom of thy daughter, if it be well backed with proffers of gold and commodity at thine own hand; for, trust me, a good knight Bois-Guilbert is of their confraternity for nought for nought."

Prior," said the outlaw, "I will detain thee no longer than to give the Jew a quittance for the six pounds at which thy ransom is fixed—I accept of thy paymaster; and if I hear that ye boggle at the sum in his accounts the sum so paid by him, St. Dunstons, or I burn not the abbey over thine head, but hang ten years the sooner!"

Much worse grace than that wherewith he had written the letter to Bois-Guilbert, the Prior wrote an answer discharging Isaac of York of six hundred pounds advanced to him in his need for acquittal of his father, and faithfully promising to hold true compt with the sum.

Now," said Prior Aymer, "I will pray you of the use of my mules and palfreys, and the freedom of my brethren attending upon me, and also of the use of my arms, jewels, and fair vestures of which I have abundance, having now satisfied you for my ransom as you desired."

"I beg your brethren, Sir Prior," said Locksley, "if they have present freedom, it were unjust to detain them; and if your horses and mules, they shall also be free."

restored, with such spending money as may enable you to reach York, for it were cruel to deprive you of the means of journeying. But as concerning rings, jewels, chains, and what else, you must understand that we are men of tender consciences, and will not yield to a venerable man like yourself, who should be dead to the vanities of this life, the strong temptation to break the rule of his foundation, by wearing rings, chains, or other vain gauds."

"Think what you do, my masters," said the Prior, "as you put your hand on the church's patrimony. These things are *inter res sacras*,<sup>1</sup> and I wot not what judgment might ensue were they to be handled by laical hands."

"I will take care of that, reverend Prior," said the hermit of Copmanhurst; "for I will wear them myself."

"Friend, or brother," said the Prior, in answer to the resolution of his doubts, "if thou hast really taken religious orders, I pray thee to look how thou wilt answer to the official for the share thou hast taken in this day's work."

"Friend Prior," returned the hermit, "you are well known that I belong to a little diocese where I am my own diocesan and care as little for the Bishop of York as I do for the Abbot of Jorvaulx, the Prior, and all the convent."

"Thou art utterly irregular," said the Prior—"of those disorderly men who, taking on them the sacred character without due cause, profane the holy rites, and endanger the souls of those who take counsel at their hands. *lapides pro pane condonantes iis*,<sup>2</sup> giving them stones instead of bread, as the Vulgate hath it."

"Nay," said the Friar, "an my brain-pan could have been broken by Latin, it had not held so long together. I say, that easing a world of such misproud priests as thou art of their jewels and their gimeracks is a lawful spoil of the Egyptians."

<sup>1</sup> *INTER RES SACRAS.* "Among sacred things."

<sup>2</sup> *LAPIDES, etc.* See Luke XI. 11.

"Thou be'st a hedge-priest,"<sup>1</sup> said the Prior, in great anger, "excommunicabo vos."

"Thou be'st thyself more like a thief and a heretic," said the Friar, equally indignant; "I will pouch up no affront before my parishioners as thou thinkest it shame to put upon me, although I be a reverend clerk to thee. *Ossa ejus perfringam*,<sup>2</sup> I will break his bones, as the Vulgate hath it."

"Hola!" cried the captain, "come the reverend brethren to such terms? Keep thine assurance of peace, Friar. For thou hast not made thy peace perfect with God, nor with the Friar no further. Hermit, let the reverend clerk depart in peace, as a ransomed man."

The yeomen separated the incensed priests, who continued to raise their voices, vituperating each other in bad Latin, which the Prior delivered the more fluently, and the Hermit with the greater vehemence. The Prior at length collected himself sufficiently to be aware that he was compromising his dignity by squabbling with such a clerk as the outlaw's chaplain, and being joined by his attendants, rode off with considerably less pomp, and in much more apostolical condition, so far as worldly matters were concerned, than he had exhibited before this encounter.

It remained that the Jew should produce some security for the ransom which he was to pay on the Prior's account, as well as upon his own. He gave, accordingly, an order sealed with his signet, to a brother of his tribe at London, requiring him to pay to the bearer the sum of a hundred [eleven hundred] crowns, and to deliver certain wares and commodities specified in the note.

"My brother Sheva," he said, groaning deeply, "hath the key of my warehouses."

<sup>1</sup> HEDGE-PRIEST. See Appendix, Note G. [Scott]  
<sup>2</sup> I will break his bones, etc. See Isaiah XXXVIII 13.

"And of the vaulted chamber," whispered Locksley.

"No, no—may Heaven forefend!" said Isaac; "evil be the hour that let any one whomsoever into that secret!"

"It is safe with me," said the outlaw, "so be that thy scroll produce the sum therein nominated and down. But what now, Isaac? art dead? art stupefied? hath the payment of a thousand crowns put thy daughter's peril out of thy mind?"

The Jew started to his feet: "No, Diccon, no; I am presently set forth. Farewell, thou whom I may not call good, and dare not, and will not, call evil."

Yet, ere Isaac departed, the outlaw chief bestowed on him this parting advice: "Be liberal of thine on Isaac, and spare not thy purse for thy daughter's sake. Credit me, that the gold thou shalt spare in her cause hereafter give thee as much agony as if it were poured molten down thy throat."

Isaac acquiesced with a deep groan, and set forth on his journey, accompanied by two tall foresters, who were to be his guides, and at the same time his guards, through the forest-wood.

The Black Knight, who had seen with no small interest these various proceedings, now took his leave of the outlaw in turn; nor could he avoid expressing his surprise at having witnessed so much of civil policy amongst persons cast out from all the ordinary protection and influence of the laws.

"Good fruit, Sir Knight," said the yeoman, "sometimes grow on a sorry tree; and evil times are not always productive of evil alone and unmixed. And of those who are drawn into this lawless state, there are doubtless, numbers who wish to exercise its licence with some moderation, and some who regret, it may be, that they are obliged to follow such a trade at all."

"And to one of those," said the Knight, "I am, I presume, speaking?"

Sir Knight," said the outlaw, "we have each our se-

You are welcome to form your judgment of me, I may use my conjectures touching you, though ever of our shafts may hit the mark they are shot at. As I do not pray to be admitted into your mystery, be offended that I preserve my own."

I crave pardon, brave outlaw," said the Knight, "your reproof is just. But it may be we shall meet hereafter with less of concealment on either side. Meanwhile our art friends, do we not?"

There is my hand upon it," said Locksley; "and I call it the hand of a true Englishman, though an outlaw for the present."

And there is mine in return," said the Knight, "and I find it honoured by being clasped with yours. For he who does good, having the unlimited power to do evil, deserves praise not only for the good which he performs, but for the evil which he forbears. Fare thee well, gallant outlaw!"

Thus parted that fair fellowship; and he of the Forest, mounting upon his strong war-horse, rode off through the forest.<sup>1</sup>

**NOTE.** Tennyson's picturesque drama, *The Foresters*, deals with the life of Robin Hood and his companions, introducing also Prince John and his brother Richard. —



## CHAPTER XXXIV

*King John.* I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
He is a very serpent in my way;  
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?  
*King John.*

There was brave feasting in the Castle of York which Prince John had invited those nobles, prelates, leaders by whose assistance he hoped to carry through ambitious projects upon his brother's throne. Was Fitzurse, his able and politic agent, was at secret among them, tempering all to that pitch of courage was necessary in making an open declaration of the pose. But their enterprise was delayed by the of more than one main limb of the confederate stubborn and daring, though brutal, courage of Beauf; the buoyant spirits and bold bearing of the sagacity, martial experience, and renowned Brian de Bois-Guilbert, were important to the their conspiracy; and, while cursing in secret necessary and unmeaning absence, neither John's adviser dared to proceed without them. Is also seemed to have vanished, and with him certain sums of money, making up the subsidy Prince John had contracted with that Isambard brethren. This deficiency was likely to prove an emergency so critical.

It was on the morning after the fall of that a confused report began to spread about York that De Bracy and Bois-Guilbert

the Front-de-Bœuf, had been taken or slain. Waldemar brought the rumour to Prince John, announcing, he feared its truth the more that they had set out a small attendance, for the purpose of committing an act on the Saxon Cedric and his attendants. At any time the Prince would have treated this deed of violence as a good jest; but now that it interfered with and defied his own plans, he exclaimed against the perpetrators, and spoke of the broken laws, and the infringement of public order and of private property, in a tone which might have become King Alfred.

"The unprincipled marauders!" he said; "were I ever some monarch of England, I would hang such transgressors over the drawbridges of their own castles."

"But to become monarch of England," said his Abithophooly, "it is necessary not only that your Grace should endure the transgressions of these unprincipled marauders, but that you should afford them your protection notwithstanding your laudable zeal for the laws they break, and the habit of infringing. We shall be finely helped, if these churl Saxons should have realised your Grace's vision of converting feudal drawbridges into gibbets; and yonder old-spirited Cedric seemeth one to whom such an operation might occur. Your Grace is well aware, it is dangerous to stir without Front-de-Bœuf, De Bracy, and the Templar; and yet we have gone too far to turn back with safety."

Prince John struck his forehead with impatience, and began to stride up and down the apartment.

"The villains," he said—"the base, treacherous villains, who put me at this pinch!"

"Nay, say rather the feather-pated, giddy madmen," said Waldemar, "who must be toying with follies when business was in hand."

ABITHOPHEL. Abithophel was the counselor of King David, but followed him in his rebellion to his own destruction. See 2 Samuel XV. 31. XCV. 1. Dryden's satire, *Abolom and Achitophel*.

## IVANHOE

"What is to be done?" said the Prince, stopping short before Waldemar.

"I know nothing which can be done," answered the Chancellor, "save that which I have already taken order for. I came not to bewail this evil chance with your Grace until I had done my best to remedy it."

"Thou art ever my better angel, Waldemar," said the Prince; "and when I have such a chancellor to advise withal, the reign of John will be renowned in our annals. What hast thou commanded?"

"I have ordered Louis Winkelbrand, De Bracy's lieutenant, to cause his trumpet sound to horse, and to hoist his banner and to set presently forth towards the camp of Front-de-Bœuf, to do what yet may be done for succour of our friends."

Prince John's face flushed with the pride of a child who has undergone what it conceives to be an injury.

"By the face of God!" he said, "Waldemar Fitzurse, how much hast thou taken upon thee! and over-malapert wert to cause trumpet to blow, or banner to be raised in a town where ourselves were in presence, without our command."

"I crave your Grace's pardon," said Fitzurse, "cursing the idle vanity of his patron; 'but when pressed, and even the loss of minutes might be judged it best to take this much burden upon me, rather of such importance to your Grace's interest.'"

"Thou art pardoned, Fitzurse," said the Prince, "thy purpose hath atoned for thy hasty rashness. Whom have we here? De Bracy himself, by the name in strange guise doth he come before us?"

It was indeed De Bracy, "bloody with spear and red with speed." His armour bore all the marks of an obstinate fray, being broken, defaced, and stained with blood in many places, and covered with clay.

WITH STRENGTH, etc. See Shakespeare's

rest to the spur. Undoing his helmet, he placed it on the table, and stood a moment as if to collect himself before he told his news.

"De Bracy," said Prince John, "what means this? I charge thee! Are the Saxons in rebellion?"

"Speak, De Bracy," said Fitzurse, almost in the same tone with his master, "thou wert wont to be a man. Where is the Templar? where Front-de-Bœuf?"

"The Templar is fled," said De Bracy; "Front-de-Bœuf will never see more. He has found a red grave among the blazing rafters of his own castle, and I alone am left to tell you."

"Cold news," said Waldemar, "to us, though you speak of death and conflagration."

"The worst news is not yet said," answered De Bracy; coming up to Prince John, he uttered in a low and pathetic tone: "Richard is in England; I have seen and spoken with him."

Prince John turned pale, tottered, and caught at the end of an oaken bench to support himself, much like to a man who receives an arrow in his bosom.

"Thou ravest, De Bracy," said Fitzurse, "it cannot be."

"It is as true as truth itself," said De Bracy; "I was his prisoner, and spoke with him."

"With Richard Plantagenet, sayest thou?" continued Waldemar.

"With Richard Plantagenet," replied De Bracy—"with Richard Cœur-de-Lion—with Richard of England."

"And thou wert his prisoner?" said Waldemar; "he is not at the head of a power?"

"No; only a few outlawed yeomen were around him, and to these his person is unknown. I heard him say he meant to depart from them. He joined them only to lead at the storming of Torquilstone."

"Nay," said Fitzurse, "such is indeed the fashion of a true knight-errant he, and will wander in

adventure, trusting the prowess of his single arm, his Sir Guy or Sir Bevis,<sup>1</sup> while the weighty affairs of kingdom slumber, and his own safety is endangered. What dost thou propose to do, De Bracy?"

"I? I offered Richard the service of my Free Lance, and he refused them. I will lead them to Hull, sea-shipping, and embark for Flanders; thanks to the busy times, a man of action will always find employment. And thou, Waldemar, wilt thou take lance and shield, and down thy policies, and wend along with me, and share the fate which God sends us?"

"I am too old, Maurice, and I have a daughter," answered Waldemar.

"Give her to me, Fitzurse, and I will maintain her fits her rank, with the help of lance and stirrup," said De Bracy.

"Not so," answered Fitzurse; "I will take sanctuary in this church of St. Peter; the Archbishop is my brother."

During this discourse, Prince John had gradually wakened from the stupor into which he had been thrown by the unexpected intelligence, and had been attentive to the conversation which passed betwixt his followers. "They will fall off from me," he said to himself: "they hold no more by me than a withered leaf by the bough when a storm blows on it! Hell and fiends! can I shape no mean for myself when I am deserted by these cravens?" He perceived, and there was an expression of diabolical passion in his constrained laugh with which he at length broke off their conversation.

"Ha, ha, ha! my good lords, by the light of Our Lady's brow, I held ye sage men, bold men, ready-witted men."

<sup>1</sup> SIR GUY OR SIR BEVIS. Guy of Warwick and Bevis of Hampton, the two early English romances.

<sup>2</sup> SANCTUARY. York Cathedral was one of the sacred places which possessed the privilege of granting immunity to those who demanded the protection from the law. At this time the Archbishop of York was Geoffrey, half-brother of Richard and John.



things which are costly to come by; yet ye throw health, honour, pleasure, all that our noble game is to you, at the moment it might be won by one bold

"Understand you not," said De Bracy. "As soon as his return is blown abroad, he will be at the head of us, and all is then over with us. I would counsel the lord, either to fly to France or take the protection of the Queen Mother."<sup>1</sup>

"I ask no safety for myself," said Prince John, haughtily, "but I could secure by a word spoken to my brother, though you, De Bracy, and you, Waldemar Fitzurse, ready to abandon me, I should not greatly delight to see heads blackening on Clifford's gate yonder. But thou, Waldemar, that the wily Archbishop will have thee to be taken from the very horns of the devil, could it make his peace with King Richard? And thou, De Bracy, that Robert Estoteville lies before him and Hull with all his forces, and that the Earl of Salisbury is gathering his followers? If we had reason to fear ourselves even before Richard's return, trowest thou any doubt now which party their leaders will take? No, Estoteville alone has strength enough to drive the Free Lances into the Humber." Waldemar Fitzurse and De Bracy looked in each other's faces with blank amazement.

"There is but one road to safety," continued the king, and his brow grew black as midnight: "this object of our terror journeys alone; he must be met withal."

"By me," said De Bracy, hastily; "I was his prisoner, and he took me to mercy. I will not harm a feather of his crest."

"I spoke of harming him?" said Prince John, with a bitter laugh; "the knave will say next that I meant to slay him! No—a prison were better; and whether in Britain or Austria, what matters it? Things

<sup>1</sup> *NOTES.* Eleanor, the widow of Henry II.

will be but as they were when we commenced our prise. It was founded on the hope that Richard remain a captive in Germany. Our uncle Robert<sup>1</sup> died in the castle of Cardiff."

"Ay, but," said Waldemar, "your sire Henry is firm in his seat than your Grace can. I say the best is that which is made by the sexton: no dungeoned church-vault! I have said my say."

"Prison or tomb," said De Bracy, "I wash my hands of the whole matter."

"Villain!" said Prince John, "thou wouldst wray our counsel?"

"Counsel was never bewrayed by me," said De Bracy haughtily, "nor must the name of villain be coupled with mine!"

"Peace, Sir Knight!" said Waldemar; "and you, my lord, forgive the scruples of valiant De Bracy; I shall soon remove them."

"That passes your eloquence, Fitzurse," replied the knight.

"Why, good Sir Maurice," rejoined the wily priest, "start not aside like a scared steed, without, at least, considering the object of your terror. This Richard is dead since, and it would have been thy dearest wish to have met him hand to hand in the ranks of battle; a hundred times I have heard thee wish it."

"Ay," said De Bracy, "but that was, as thou sayest, hand to hand, and in the ranks of battle! Thou heardest me breathe a thought of assaulting him alone in a forest."

"Thou art no good knight if thou dost scruple," said Waldemar. "Was it in battle that Lancelot and Sir Tristram<sup>2</sup> won renown? or was it not by en-

<sup>1</sup> ROBERT. The eldest son of William I., was kept a prisoner of death, by his brother, Henry I., the grandfather, not the "sire," of Richard.

<sup>2</sup> LANCELOT DE LAC AND SIR TRISTRAM. Two famous knights of Arthur's Round Table. See Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

"gantic knights under the shade of deep and unknown  
as?"

"Ay, but I promise you," said De Bracy, "that neither  
Ham nor Lancelot would have been match, hand to  
for Richard Plantagenet, and I think it was not their  
to take odds against a single man."

"Thou art mad, De Bracy: what is it we propose to thee,  
led and retained captain of Free Companions, whose  
as are purchased for Prince John's service? Thou art  
sed of our enemy, and then thou scruplest, though  
patron's fortunes, those of thy comrades, thine own,  
the life and honour of every one amongst us, be at  
?"

"I tell you," said De Bracy, sullenly, "that he gave me  
life. True, he sent me from his presence, and refused  
homage, so far I owe him neither favour nor allegiance;  
I will not lift hand against him."

"It needs not; send Louis Winkelbrand and a score of  
ances."

"Ye have sufficient ruffians of your own," said De  
; "not one of mine shall budge on such an errand."

"Art thou so obstinate, De Bracy?" said Prince John;  
wilt thou forsake me, after so many protestations of  
for my service?"

"I mean it not," said De Bracy; "I will abide by you in  
it that becomes a knight, whether in the lists or in  
camp; but this highway practice comes not within my

"Come hither, Waldemar," said Prince John. "An un-  
y prince am I. My father, King Henry, had faithful  
ants. He had but to say that he was plagued with a  
que priest, and the blood of Thomas à Becket, saint  
h he was, stained the steps of his own altar. Tracy,  
ille, Brito,<sup>1</sup> loyal and daring subjects, your names,

ACT, etc. Reginald Fitzurse, William de Tracy, Hugh de Morville,  
thard Brito were the gentlemen of Henry the Second's household, who  
ed by some passionate expressions of their sovereign, slew the cele-  
Thomas à Becket. [Scott.]

your spirit, are extinct! and although Reginald Fitzurse hath left a son, he hath fallen off from his father's fidelity and courage."

"He has fallen off from neither," said Waldemar Fitzurse; "and since it may not better be, I will take on me the conduct of this perilous enterprise. Dearly, however, did my father purchase the praise of a zealous friend; and yet did his proof of loyalty to Henry fall far short of what I am about to afford; for rather would I assail a whole calendar of saints than put spear in rest against Cœur-de-Lion. De Bracy, to thee I must trust to keep up the spirits of the doubtful, and to guard Prince John's person. If you receive such news as I trust to send you, our enterprise will no longer wear a doubtful aspect. Page," he said, "hurry to my lodgings, and tell my armourer to be there in readiness, and bid Stephen Wetherall, Broad Thoresby, and the Three Spears of Spyinghow come to me instantly; and let the scout-master, Hugh Bardon, attend me also. Adieu, my Prince, till better times." Thus speaking, he left the apartment.

"He goes to make my brother prisoner," said Prince John to De Bracy, "with as little touch of compunction as if it but concerned the liberty of a Saxon franklin. I trust he will observe our orders, and use our dear Richard's person with all due respect."

De Bracy only answered by a smile.

"By the light of Our Lady's brow," said Prince John, "our orders to him were most precise, though it may be you heard them not, as we stood together in the oriel window. Most clear and positive was our charge that Richard's safety should be cared for, and woe to Waldemar's head if he transgress it!"

"I had better pass to his lodgings," said De Bracy, "and make him fully aware of your Grace's pleasure; for as the news quite escaped my ear, it may not perchance have reached that of Waldemar."

"nay," said Prince John, impatiently, "I promise to have heard me; and, besides, I have farther occupation than to wait on thee. Maurice, come hither; let me lean on thy shoulder."

De Bracy walked a turn through the hall in this familiar conversation with Prince John, with an air of the most confidence and intimacy, proceeded to say: "What thinkest thou of Waldemar Fitzurse, my De Bracy? He trusts to be Chancellor. Surely we will pause ere we give an office to one who shows evidently how little he reveres his blood, by his so readily undertaking this enterprising task against Richard. Thou dost think, I warrant, that I have lost somewhat of our regard by thy boldly declining this unpleasing task. But no, Maurice! I rather honour thee for thy virtuous constancy. There are things necessary to be done, the perpetrator of which we prize more for love nor honour; and there may be refusals to which shall rather exalt in our estimation those who obey than my request. The arrest of my unfortunate friend forms no such good title to the high office of Chancellor as thy chivalrous and courageous denial establishes thee to the truncheon of High Marshal. Think of De Bracy, and begone to thy charge."

"The tyrant!" muttered De Bracy, as he left the presence of the Prince; "evil luck have they who trust thee, Chancellor, indeed! He who hath the keeping of the science shall have an easy charge, I trow. But High Marshal of England! that," he said, extending his hand to grasp the baton of office, and assuming a loftier air as he passed along the ante-chamber—"that is indeed a prize worth dying for!"

De Bracy had no sooner left the apartment than Prince John summoned an attendant.

"Hugh Bardon, our scout-master, come hither, as we shall have spoken with Waldemar Fitzurse." The scout-master arrived after a brief delay, during



## IVANHOE

John traversed the apartment with unequalled steps.

"Bardon," said he, "what did Waldemar do?"

"Two resolute men, well acquainted with the wilds, and skilful in tracking the tread of a deer."

"And thou hast fitted him?"

"Let your Grace never trust me else," answered the master of the spies. "One is from Hexham, sent to trace the Tynedale and Teviotdale bloodhound follows the slot<sup>1</sup> of a hurt deer."

"A Yorkshire bred, and has twanged his bowstring a merry Sherwood; he knows each glade and high-wood, betwixt this and Richmond."

"'Tis well," said the Prince. "Goes W with them?"

"Instantly," said Bardon.

"With what attendance?" asked John, calmly.

"Broad Thoresby goes with him, and W they call, for his cruelty. Stephen Steel-Head, northern men-at-arms that belonged to Ralph gang; they are called the Spears of Spyinghead."

"'Tis well," said Prince John; then, in a moment's pause: "Bardon, it imports our keep a strict watch on Maurice De Bracy, not observe it, however. And let us know from time to time, with whom he converseth. Fail not in this, as thou wilt be poseth."

Hugh Bardon bowed, and retired.

"If Maurice betrays me," said Prince John, "as his bearing leads me to fear, were Richard thundering at the gate."

<sup>1</sup> Slot. The track of a deer or other animal of the pure slot-hound (also slow and sleuth).

<sup>2</sup> PERSON JOHN. Shakspeare in King John calls him John after he has assumed the crown of John, especially, King John III., 3.

## CHAPTER XXXV

rouse the tiger of Hyrcanian deserts,  
strive with the half-starved lion for his prey;  
lessen the risk, than rouse the slumbering fire  
of wild Fanaticism.

*Anonymous.*

Isaac now returns to Isaac of York. Mounted upon the gift of the outlaw, with two tall yeomen to act as guard and guides, the Jew had set out for the preceptory of Templestowe, for the purpose of negotiating his redemption. The preceptory was but a day's ride from the demolished castle of Torquilstone, and Isaac had hoped to reach it before nightfall; accordingly dismissed his guides at the verge of the forest, rewarded them with a piece of silver, he began his journey with such speed as his weariness permitted him.

But his strength failed him totally ere he had ridden within four miles of the Temple court; racking pain set along his back and through his limbs, and the anguish which he felt at heart being now augmented by bodily suffering, he was rendered altogether incapable of proceeding farther than a small market-town, where he met a Jewish rabbi of his tribe, eminent in the profession, and to whom Isaac was well known. Ben Israel received his suffering countrymen with kindness which the law prescribed, and which the rabbis extended to each other. He insisted on his betaking himself to repose, and used such remedies as were then in repute to check the progress of the fever which fatigue, ill-usage, and sorrow had brought upon the old Jew.

## IVANHOE

John traversed the apartment with unequal and hurried steps.

"Bardon," said he, "what did Waldemar desire of thee?"

"Two resolute men, well acquainted with these northern wilds, and skilful in tracking the tread of man or horse."

"And thou hast fitted him?"

"Let your Grace never trust me else," answered master of the spies. "One is from Hexhamshire; he went to trace the Tynedale and Teviotdale thieves."

"The bloodhound follows the slot<sup>1</sup> of a hurt deer. The dog is Yorkshire bred, and has twanged his bowstring in merry Sherwood; he knows each glade and dingle and high-wood, betwixt this and Richmond."

"'Tis well," said the Prince. "Goes Waldemar with them?"

"Instantly," said Bardon.

"With what attendance?" asked John, careless.

"Broad Thoresby goes with him, and Wetherell they call, for his cruelty. Stephen Steel-Heart; northern men-at-arms that belonged to Ralph Basset's gang; they are called the Spears of Spyinghow."

"'Tis well," said Prince John; then added in a moment's pause: "Bardon, it imports our service to keep a strict watch on Maurice De Bracy, so that we may not observe it, however. And let us know of him from time to time, with whom he converses, and what he doeth. Fail not in this, as thou wilt be answerable."

Hugh Bardon bowed, and retired.

"If Maurice betrays me," said Prince John, "I will be answerable to thee for his head, were Richard thundering at the gates of the city."

<sup>1</sup> SLOT. The track of a deer or other animal of the chase.  
 \* PRINCE JOHN. Shakspeare in King John presumes to call him so after he has assumed the crown.  
 \* BARDON. Shakspeare, especially, King John III., 3.

## CHAPTER XXXV

Arouse the tiger of Hyrcanian deserts,  
Strive with the half-starved lion for his prey;  
Lesser the risk, than rouse the slumbering fire  
Of wild Fanaticism.

*Anonymous.*

Our tale now returns to Isaac of York. Mounted upon the gift of the outlaw, with two tall yeomen to act as guard and guides, the Jew had set out for the purpose of negotiating his sister's redemption. The preceptory was but a day's journey from the demolished castle of Torquilstone, and Isaac had hoped to reach it before nightfall; accordingly having dismissed his guides at the verge of the forest and rewarded them with a piece of silver, he began to go on with such speed as his weariness permitted him to make. But his strength failed him totally ere he had reached within four miles of the Temple court; racking heat shot along his back and through his limbs, and the severe anguish which he felt at heart being now augmented by bodily suffering, he was rendered altogether incapable of proceeding farther than a small market-town, where he met a Jewish rabbi of his tribe, eminent in the legal profession, and to whom Isaac was well known. Ben Israel received his suffering countrymen with kindness which the law prescribed, and which he practised to each other. He insisted on his betaking himself to repose, and used such remedies as were then in repute to check the progress of the fever which fatigue, ill-usage, and sorrow had brought upon the old Jew.

On the morrow, when Isaac proposed to arise and pursue his journey, Nathan remonstrated against him, both as his host and as his physician. "It nigh cost him," he said, "his life." But Isaac replied, "More than life and death depended upon his going thither to Templestowe."

"To Templestowe!" said his host with surprise. He felt his pulse, and then muttered to himself, "He is abated, yet seems his mind somewhat alienated and disturbed."

"And why not to Templestowe?" answered the Jew. "I grant thee, Nathan, that it is a dwelling of infamy, whom the despised Children of the Promise account a stumbling-block and an abomination; yet thou knowest how pressing affairs of traffic sometimes carry us away. And bloodthirsty Nazarene soldiers, and that we visit the preceptories of the Templars, as well as the commanderies of the Knights Hospitallers, as they are called."

"I know it well," said Nathan; "but wottest thou that Lucas de Beaumanoir, the chief of their order, whom they term Grand Master, is now himself at Templestowe?"

"I know it not," said Isaac; "our last letter from our brethren at Paris avised us that he was at that time seeking Philip for aid against the Sultan Saladin."

"He hath since come to England, unexpected to our brethren," said Ben Israel; "and he cometh armed with a strong and outstretched arm to correct apostasy. His countenance is kindled in anger against those who have departed from the vow which they have taken, and great is the fear of those sons of Belial. Thou hast heard of his name?"

"It is well known unto me," said Isaac; "thou knowest it."

<sup>1</sup> COMMANDERIES. The establishments of the Knight Templars were called Preceptories, and the title of those who presided in the order was that of Grand Master. As the principal Knights of Saint John were termed Commanders, their houses Commanderies. But these terms were sometimes loosely used indiscriminately. [Scott.]



and this Lucas Beaumanoir as a man zealous to slay every point of the Nazarene law; and our brethren termed him a fierce destroyer of the Saracens, and a tyrant to the Children of the Promise."

"And truly have they termed him," said Nathan the man. "Other Templars may be moved from the purpose of their heart by pleasure, or bribed by promise of gold and silver; but Beaumanoir is of a different stamp—no sensuality, despising treasure, and pressing forward at which they call the crown of martyrdom—the God speedily send it unto him, and unto them all! He hath this proud man extended his glove over the men of Judah, as holy David over Edom, holding the life of a Jew to be an offering of as sweet savour as the death of a Saracen. Impious and false things has he seen of the virtues of our medicines, as if they were twices of Satan—the Lord rebuke him!"

"Nevertheless," said Isaac, "I must present myself at Westowe, though he hath made his face like unto a furnace seven times heated."

He then explained to Nathan the pressing cause of his journey. The Rabbi listened with interest, and testified sympathy after the fashion of his people, rending his robe and saying, "Ah, my daughter!—ah, my daughter! for the beauty of Zion! Alas! for the captivity of

"Thou seest," said Isaac, "how it stands with me, and I may not tarry. Peradventure, the presence of this Beaumanoir, being the chief man over them, may deliver Brian de Bois-Guilbert from the ill which he doth suffer, and that he may deliver to me my beloved daughter Rebecca."

"Thou," said Nathan Ben Israel, "and be wise, for he hath availed Daniel in the den of lions into which he was cast; and may it go well with thee, even as thine heart

wisheth. Yet, if thou canst, keep thee from the of the Grand Master, for to do foul scorn to our his morning and evening delight. It may be, couldst speak with Bois-Guilbert in private, thou better prevail with him; for men say that these Nazarenes are not of one mind in the precept; their counsels be confounded and brought to shame. do thou, brother, return to me as if it were to the of thy father, and bring me word how it has sped, and well do I hope thou wilt bring with thee Rebecka the scholar of the wise Miriam, whose cures the slandered as if they had been wrought by necromancy.

Isaac accordingly bade his friend farewell, and an hour's riding brought him before the precinct of Templestowe.

This establishment of the Templars was seated in fair meadows and pastures, which the devotion of their former preceptor had bestowed upon their order. The castle was strong and well fortified, a point never neglected by the knights, and which the disordered state of England rendered peculiarly necessary. Two halberdiers, in black, guarded the drawbridge, and others, in the same livery, glided to and fro upon the walls with a funeral resemblance more than soldiers. The inferior officers of the order were thus dressed, ever since the knights in white garments, similar to those of the knights of the esquires, had given rise to a combination of certain brethren in the mountains of Palestine, termed themselves Templars, and bringing great dishonour to the order. A knight was now and then seen to cross the bridge in his long white cloak, his head depressed on his breast, and his arms folded. They passed each other without chanced to meet, with a slow, solemn, and mute reverence, for such was the rule of their order, quoting their holy texts,<sup>1</sup> "In many words thou shalt not avoid

<sup>1</sup> HOLY TEXTS. See Proverbs X 19, XVIII 21

and death are in the power of the tongue." In a the stern, ascetic rigour of the Temple discipline, had been so long exchanged for prodigal and licentiousness, seemed at once to have revived at Temple under the severe eye of Lucas Beaumanoir.

He paused at the gate, to consider how he might seek grace in the manner most likely to bespeak favour; for he was well aware that to his unhappy race the reviving asceticism of the order was not less dangerous than their unprincipled licentiousness; and that his religion would be the object of hate and persecution in the one case, as his race would have exposed him in the other to the extortion of unrelenting oppression.

Meantime, Lucas Beaumanoir walked in a small garden adjoining the preceptory, included within the precincts of the exterior fortification, and held sad and confidential communication with a brother of his order, who had come in company from Palestine.

The Grand Master was a man advanced in age, as was testified by his long grey beard, and the shaggy grey eyes, overhanging eyes of which, however, years had been unable to quench the fire. A formidable warrior, his stern severe features retained the soldier's fierceness of expression; an ascetic bigot, they were no less marked by the rigour of abstinence, and the spiritual pride of the satisfied devotee. Yet with these severer traits of physiognomy, there was mixed somewhat striking and pleasing, arising, doubtless, from the great part which his office called upon him to act among monarchs and nobles, and from the habitual exercise of supreme authority over the valiant and high-born knights who were united by the rules of the order. His stature was tall, and his countenance, undepressed by age and toil, was erect and stately. His white mantle was shaped with severe regularity, according to the rule of St. Bernard himself, being com-

posed of what was then called burrel cloth, exact to the size of the wearer, and bearing on the left the octangular cross peculiar to the order, formed cloth. No vair<sup>1</sup> or ermine decked this garment in respect of his age, the Grand Master, as permitted by rules, wore his doublet lined and trimmed with the lambskin, dressed with the wool outwards, which was the nearest approach he could regularly make to the fur, then the greatest luxury of dress. In his hand he bore that singular abacus, or staff of office, with which the Grand Masters are usually represented, having at the upper end a circular plate, on which was engraved the cross of the order, inscribed within a circle or orle, as heralds term it. A chaplain, his companion, who attended on this great person, wore nearly the same dress in all respects, but his extreme deference towards his superior showed that no other subsisted between them. The preceptor, for such he was in rank, walked not in a line with the Grand Master, but just so far behind that Beaumanoir could speak to him without turning round his head.

"Conrade," said the Grand Master, "dear companion, to thy battles and my toils, to thy faithful bosom abide my sorrows. To thee alone can I tell since I came to this kingdom, I have desired to be with the just. Not one object in England met mine eye which it could rest upon with pleasure. The tombs of our brethren, beneath the massive roof of Temple Church<sup>2</sup> in yonder proud capital. 'O Robert de Ros!' did I exclaim internally, as I gazed on these good soldiers of the cross, where they lie on their sepulchres—'O worthy William de Mowbray, open your marble cells, and take to your repose your brother, who would rather strive with a hundred pagans than witness the decay of our holy order.'"

<sup>1</sup> VAIR. Some sort of fur.

<sup>2</sup> TEMPLE CHURCH. This edifice is still standing as a parish church in the City of London. It was consecrated in 1185.



is but true," answered Conrade Mont-Fitchet—"it is too true; and the irregularities of our brethren in England are even more gross than those in France."

"Because they are more wealthy," answered the Grand

"Bear with me, brother, although I should somewhat vaunt myself. Thou knowest the life I have led, at each point of my order, striving with devils embodied and disembodied, striking down the roaring lion, without about seeking whom he may devour, like a good and devout priest, wheresoever I met with him, as blessed St. Bernard hath prescribed to us in the fifth capital<sup>1</sup> of our rule, *Ut leo semper feriat*.<sup>2</sup> But,

Holy Temple! the zeal which hath devoured my time and my life, yea, the very nerves and marrow of me—by that very Holy Temple I swear to thee, that myself and some few that still retain the ancient spirit of our order, I look upon no brethren whom I can lay my soul to embrace under that holy name. What are our statutes, and how do our brethren observe them? They should wear no vain or worldly ornament, no crest upon their helmet, no gold upon stirrup or bridle-bit; yet now go pranked out so proudly and so gaily as the soldiers of the Temple? They are forbidden by our rule to take one bird by means of another, to shoot with bow or arblast, to halloo to a hunting-horn, or to follow the horse after game; but now, at hunting and hawking, and each idle sport of wood and river, who so follows as the Templars in all these fond vanities? They are forbidden to read, save what their superior permitted, and to what is read, save such holy things as may be recited aloud during the hours of refection; but lo! their ears are at the command of idle minstrels, and their eyes

Chapter.

10, etc. In the ordinances of the Knights of the Temple this phrase occurs in a variety of forms, and occurs in almost every chapter, as if it were a special word of the Order, which may account for its being so frequently used in the grand master's mouth. [Scott.] The phrase means "The lion should always be smitten down." See 1 Peter V. 6.



## IVANHOE

ady empty romaunts.<sup>1</sup> They were commanded to  
 ce magic and heresy; lo! they are charged with stud  
 e accursed cabalistical secrets of the Jews, and the  
 the paynim Saracens. Simpleness of diet was  
 riced to them—roots, pottage, gruels, eating fle  
 a dishonourable corruption of the body; and behold  
 ables groan under delicate fare. Their drink wa  
 water; and now, to drink like a Templar is the  
 each jolly boon companion. This very garden, fil  
 s with curious herbs and trees sent from Eastern  
 better becomes the harem of an unbelieving Emir  
 plot which Christian monks should devote to r  
 homely pot-herbs. And oh, Conrade! well it wer  
 relaxation of discipline stopped even here!  
 knowest that we were forbidden to receive the  
 women who at the beginning were associated a  
 our order, because, saith the forty-sixth ch  
 Ancient Enemy bath, by female society, withd  
 from the right path to paradise. Nay, in the  
 being, as it were, the copestone which our ble  
 placed on the pure and undefiled doctrine w  
 enjoined, we are prohibited from offering, eve  
 ters and our mothers, the kiss of affection  
*mulierum fugiantur oscula.*<sup>3</sup> I shame to sp  
 to think—of the corruptions which have ru  
 us even like a flood. The souls of our pure  
 spirits of Hugh de Payen and Godfrey de St  
 the blessed seven who first joined in dedicat  
 to the service of the Temple, are disturbed  
 joyment of paradise itself. I have seen the  
 the visions of the night: their sainted eve  
 the sins and follies of their brethren, and

<sup>1</sup> ROMANTS. Romances.

<sup>2</sup> EMIR. A title of dignity among the Turks and

<sup>3</sup> *mulierum fugiantur oscula*, etc.

"That the kisses of all wo

ful luxury in which they wallow. 'Beaumanoir,'  
say, 'thou slumberest; awake! There is a stain in the  
of the Temple, deep and foul as that left by the  
of leprosy on the walls of the infected houses<sup>1</sup> of  
The soldiers of the Cross, who should shun the  
of a woman as the eye of a basilisk, live in open sin,  
with the females of their own race only, but with the  
sters of the accursed heathen, and more accursed  
Beaumanoir, thou sleepest; up, and avenge our  
Slay the sinners, male and female! Take to thee  
and of Phinehas!'<sup>2</sup> The vision fled, Conrade, but as  
ked I could still hear the clank of their mail, and see  
aving of their white mantles. And I will do accord-  
their word: I WILL purify the fabric of the Tem-  
and the unclean stones in which the plague is, I will  
e and cast out of the building."

"Yet bethink thee, reverend father," said Mont-Fit-  
the stain hath become engrained by time and con-  
e; let thy reformation be cautious, as it is just and

"So, Mont-Fitchet," answered the stern old man, "it  
be sharp and sudden; the order is on the crisis of its  
The sobriety, self-devotion, and piety of our prede-  
made us powerful friends; our presumption, our  
our luxury have raised up against us mighty ene-  
We must cast away these riches, which are a temp-  
to princes: we must lay down that presumption,  
is an offence to them; we must reform that license  
nners, which is a scandal to the whole Christian  
Or—mark my words—the order of the Temple  
be utterly demolished, and the place thereof shall no  
be known among the nations."

"How may God avert such a calamity!" said the pre-

<sup>1</sup> *INFECTED HOUSES* See the 13th chapter of *Leviticus* {Scott.}  
<sup>2</sup> *See Numbers XXV. 7, 8.*

"Amen," said the Grand Master, with solemnity, "we must deserve His aid. I tell thee, Conrade, that the powers in Heaven, nor the powers on earth, will endure the wickedness of this generation. My intention is sure—the ground on which our fabric is reared is undermined, and each addition we make to the glory of our greatness will only sink it the sooner in the earth. We must retrace our steps, and show ourselves the champions of the Cross, sacrificing to our calling not our blood and our lives, not alone our lusts and our pleasures, but our ease, our comforts, and our natural affections. Let us act as men convinced that many a pleasure which is lawful to others is forbidden to the avowed soldier of the Temple."

At this moment a squire, clothed in a threadbare garment—for the aspirants after this holy order wore their noviciate the cast-off garments of the knight—entered the garden, and, bowing profoundly before the Grand Master, stood silent, awaiting his permission to presume to tell his errand.

"Is it not more seemly," said the Grand Master, "that this Damian, clothed in the garments of Christianity, thus appear with reverend silence before his superior, than but two days since, when the fond fool was dressed in a painted coat, and jangling as pert and as proud as a popinjay? Speak, Damian, we permit thee to tell thy errand?"

"A Jew stands without the gate, noble and valiant as our father," said the squire, "who prays to speak with Brian de Bois-Guilbert."

"Thou wert right to give me knowledge of it," said the Grand Master; "in our presence a preceptor is the common compeer of our order, who may not walk at his own will, but to that of his Master, even as the text, 'In the hearing of the ear he hath

"It imports us especially to know of this Bois-Guil-  
proceedings," said he, turning to his companion.  
"Sport speaks him brave and valiant," said Conrade.  
"And truly is he so spoken of," said the Grand Master;  
"valour only we are not degenerated from our prede-  
the heroes of the Cross. But brother Brian came  
in order a moody and disappointed man, stirred, I  
me, to take our vows and to renounce the world, not  
erity of soul, but as one whom some touch of light  
sent had driven into penitence. Since then he hath  
an active and earnest agitator, a murmurer, and a  
rator, and a leader amongst those who impugn our  
ty; not considering that the rule is given to the  
even by the symbol of the staff and the rod—the  
support the infirmities of the weak, the rod to cor-  
the faults of delinquents. Damian," he continued,  
the Jew to our presence."

The squire departed with a profound reverence, and in  
minutes returned, marshalling in Isaac of York,  
a black slave, ushered into the presence of some mighty  
could approach his judgment-seat with more pro-  
reverence and terror than that with which the Jew  
near to the presence of the Grand Master. When he  
approached within the distance of three yards, Beau-  
made a sign with his staff that he should come no  
nearer.

The Jew kneeled down on the earth, which he  
in token of reverence; then rising, stood before the  
bars, his hands folded on his bosom, his head bowed  
breast, in all the submission of Oriental slavery.

"Damian," said the Grand Master, "retire, and have a  
ready to await our sudden call; and suffer no one to  
the garden until we shall leave it." The squire  
and retreated. "Jew," continued the haughty old  
mark me. It suits not our condition to hold with  
any communication, nor do we waste words or time

upon any one. Wherefore be brief in thy answers; questions I shall ask thee, and let thy words be so for if thy tongue doubles with me, I will have it to thy misbelieving jaws."

The Jew was about to reply; but the Grand Master went on:

"Peace, unbeliever! not a word in our presence answer to our questions. What is thy business with brother Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"

Isaac gasped with terror and uncertainty. To tale might be interpreted into scandalising the order unless he told it, what hope could he have of achieving his daughter's deliverance? Beaumanoir saw his apprehension, and condescended to give him some aid.

"Fear nothing," he said, "for thy wretched person so thou dealest uprightly in this matter. I demand to know from thee thy business with Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"

"I am bearer of a letter," stammered out the Jew, "please your reverend valour, to that good knight, Prior Aymer of the Abbey of Jorvaulx."

"Said I not these were evil times, Conrade?" said the Master. "A Cistercian prior sends a letter to a Jew at the Temple, and can find no more fitting messenger than an unbelieving Jew. Give me the letter."

The Jew, with trembling hands, undid the folds of his Armenian cap, in which he had deposited the letter, and placed it for the greater security, and was about to step forward with hand extended and body crouched, to place it in the reach of his grim interrogator.

"Back, dog!" said the Grand Master; "I touch no Jew, save with the sword. Conrade, take the letter from the Jew and give it to me."

Beaumanoir, being thus possessed of the letter, inspected the outside carefully, and then proceeded to undo the pack-thread which secured its folds.



er," said Conrade, interposing, though with much reverence, "wilt thou break the seal?"

"And will I not?" said Beaumanoir, with a frown. "Is not written in the forty-second capital, *De Lectione Literarum*,<sup>1</sup> that a Templar shall not receive a letter, no, not from his father, without communicating the same to the Grand Master, and reading it in his presence?"

He then perused the letter in haste, with an expression of surprise and horror; read it over again more slowly, holding it out to Conrade with one hand, and slightly turning it with the other, exclaimed: "Here is goodly stuff for one Christian man to write to another, and both members, and no inconsiderable members, of religious profession! When," said he solemnly, and looking upward, "Thou come with Thy fanners to purge the thrashing-  
22

Mont-Fitchet took the letter from his superior, and about to peruse it. "Read it aloud, Conrade," said Grand Master; "and do thou (to Isaac) attend to the sort of it, for we will question thee concerning it."

Conrade read the letter, which was in these words: "I, Roger, by divine grace, prior of the Cistercian house of Mary's of Jôrvaulx, to Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, a knight of the holy order of the Temple, wisheth health, and the bounties of King Bacchus and of my Lady Venus. "Beholding our present condition, dear brother, we are all in the hands of certain lawless and godless men, who have not feared to detain our person, and put us to torment; whereby we have also learned of Front-de-Bœuf's fortune, and that thou hast escaped with that fair Jew-sorceress whose black eyes have bewitched thee. We heartily rejoiced of thy safety; nevertheless, we pray thee to be on thy guard in the matter of this second Witch-Endor; for we are privately assured that your Great

<sup>1</sup> *DE LECTIONE LITERARUM* "On the reading of letters."  
AT THOU, &c. See Luke III 17.

Master, who careth not a bean for cherry cheeks & eyes, comes from Normandy to diminish your name & amend your misdoings. Wherefore we pray you to beware, and to be found watching, even as the Text hath it, *Invenientur vigilantes*.<sup>1</sup> And the Jew her father, Isaac of York, having prayed of me in his behalf, I gave him these, earnestly advising a sort entreating, that you do hold the damsel to seeing he will pay you from his bags as much as fifty damsels upon safer terms, whereof I trust to part when we make merry together, as true brothers forgetting the wine-cup. For what saith the text, *latificat cor hominis*;<sup>2</sup> and again, *Rex delectabitur in dilectione tue*.<sup>3</sup>

"Till which merry meeting, we wish you. Given from this den of thieves, about the hour of

"AYMER PR. S. M. JORVOLCIE"

"*Postscriptum*.—Truly your golden chain long abidden with me, and will now sustain, around the neck of an outlaw deer-stealer, the whistle which calleth on his hounds."

"What sayest thou to this, Conrade?" said the Master. "Den of thieves! and a fit residence is this for such a prior. No wonder that the harm is upon us, and that in the Holy Land we lose place, foot by foot, before the infidels, when we have churchmen as this Aymer. And what meaneth he by 'this second Witch of Endor'?" said he to his companion something apart.

Conrade was better acquainted, perhaps by reason of his long residence in the East, with the jargon of gallantry than was his superior. He expounded the passage which embarrassed the Gr

<sup>1</sup> *INVENIENTUR VIGILANTES*. See Luke XII 37

<sup>2</sup> *VINUM*, etc. "Wine maketh glad the heart of man." See

<sup>3</sup> *REX*, etc. "The king shall delight in thy beauty." See

be a sort of language used by worldly men towards whom they loved *par amours*, but the explanation did not satisfy the bigoted Beaumanoir.

There is more in it than thou dost guess, Conrade; simplicity is no match for this deep abyss of wicked-

"This Rebecca of York was a pupil of that Miriam of whom thou hast heard. Thou shalt hear the Jew own it now." Then turning to Isaac, he said aloud, "Thy daughter, then, is prisoner with Brian de Bois-Guilbert?" "Ay, reverend valorous sir," stammered poor Isaac, "whatsoever ransom a poor man may pay for her decease——"

"Peace!" said the Grand Master. "This thy daughter practised the art of healing, hath she not?"

"Ay, gracious sir," answered the Jew, with more confidence, "and knight and yeoman, squire and vassal, may have the goodly gift which Heaven hath assigned to her. No one can testify that she hath recovered them by her art when every other human aid hath proved vain; but the blessing of the God of Jacob was upon her."

Beaumanoir turned to Mont-Fitchet with a grim smile. "Brother," he said, "the deceptions of the devouring serpent! Behold the baits with which he fishes for souls, and a poor space of earthly life in exchange for eternal bliss hereafter. Well said our blessed rule, *Semper satur leo vorans*.<sup>1</sup> Upon the lion! Down with the serpent!" said he, shaking aloft his mystic abacus, as if in defiance of the powers of darkness. "Thy daughter hath the cures. I doubt not," thus he went on to address the Jew, "by words and sigils, and periapts,<sup>2</sup> and other magical mysteries."

"Ay, reverend and brave knight," answered Isaac, "chief measure by a balsam of marvellous virtue."

"Where had *she* that secret?" said Beaumanoir.

<sup>1</sup> *et c.* "The ravening lion is ever to be beaten down."  
<sup>2</sup> *PERIAPTS.* Souls and charms.

"It was delivered to her," answered Isaac, reluctantly, "by Miriam, a sage matron of our tribe."

"Ah, false Jew!" said the Grand Master; "was it not from that same witch Miriam, the abomination of whom enchantments have been heard of throughout every Christian land?" exclaimed the Grand Master, crossing himself. "Her body was burnt at a stake, and her ashes were scattered to the four winds; and so be it with me and mine, if I do not as much to her pupil, and more also! I will teach her to throw spell and incantation over the soldiers of the blessed Temple! There, Damian, spurn the Jew from the gate; shoot him dead if he oppose or turn again. With his daughter we will deal as the Christian will, and our own high office warrant."

Poor Isaac was hurried off accordingly, and expelled from the preceptory, all his entreaties, and even his offers unheard and disregarded. He could do no better than return to the house of the Rabbi, and endeavour, through his means, to learn how his daughter was to be disposed of. He had hitherto feared for her honour; he was now to tremble for her life. Meanwhile, the Grand Master ordered to his presence the preceptor of Templestowe.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

Not my art is fraud all live by seeming.  
The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier  
Wins land and title, rank and rule, by seeming;  
The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier  
Will eke with it his service.— All admit it,  
And practice it; and he who is content  
With showing what he is shall have small credit  
In church, or camp, or state. So wags the world.  
*Old Play.*

At Malvoisin, president, or, in the language of the  
receptor of the establishment of Templestowe, was  
so that Philip Malvoisin who has been already occa-  
sionally mentioned in this history, and was, like that baron,  
league with Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

Amongst dissolute and unprincipled men, of whom the  
order included but too many, Albert of Temple-  
stowe might be distinguished; but with this difference from  
the vicious Bois-Guilbert, that he knew how to throw  
his vices and his ambition the veil of hypocrisy, and to  
show in his exterior the fanaticism which he internally

Had not the arrival of the Grand Master been so  
suddenly sudden, he would have seen nothing at  
Templestowe which might have appeared to argue any re-  
quirement of discipline. And, even although surprised, and  
the extent detected, Albert Malvoisin listened with  
respect and apparent contrition to the rebuke of his  
superior, and made such haste to reform the particulars he  
was rebuked for—succeeded, in fine, so well in giving an air of  
devotion to a family which had been lately devoted  
to dissipation and pleasure, that Lucas Beaumanoir began



entertain a higher opinion of the preceptor's morals than the first appearance of the establishment had inclined him to adopt.

But these favourable sentiments on the part of the Grand Master were greatly shaken by the intelligence that Albert had received within a house of religion the Jewish captive, and, as was to be feared, the paramour of a brother of the order; and when Albert appeared before him he was regarded with unwonted sternness.

"There is in this mansion, dedicated to the purposes of the holy order of the Temple," said the Grand Master in a severe tone, "a Jewish woman, brought hither by a brother of religion, by your connivance, Sir Preceptor."

Albert Malvoisin was overwhelmed with confusion, for the unfortunate Rebecca had been confined in a remote and secret part of the building, and every precaution used to prevent her residence there from being known. He read in the looks of Beaumanoir ruin to Bois-Guilbert and to himself, unless he should be able to avert the impending storm.

"Why are you mute?" continued the Grand Master.

"Is it permitted to me to reply?" answered the preceptor, in a tone of the deepest humility, although by the question he only meant to gain an instant's space for arranging his ideas.

"Speak, you are permitted," said the Grand Master. "speak, and say, knowest thou the capital of our holy rule? *De commilitonibus Templi in sancta civitate, qui cum errimis mulieribus versantur, propter oblectationem carnis?*"<sup>1</sup>

"Surely, most reverend father," answered the preceptor. "I have not risen to this office in the order, being ignorant of one of its most important prohibitions."

"How comes it, then, I demand of thee once more, that thou hast suffered a brother to bring a paramour into the

<sup>1</sup> *DE COMMILITONIBUS* etc. The edict which he quotes is against union with women of light character. (Scott.)

"A Jewish sorceress, into this holy place, to the pollution thereof?"

"Jewish sorceress!" echoed Albert Malvoisin, "good and us!"

"Another, a Jewish sorceress," said the Grand Master.

"I have said it. Darest thou deny that this the daughter of that wretched usurer Isaac of the pupil of the foul witch Miriam, is now—be thought or spoken!—lodged within this thy wall?"

"Wisdom, reverend father," answered the preceptor, "rolled away the darkness from my understanding. I wonder that so good a knight as Brian de Bois-sieulle seemed so fondly besotted on the charms of this woman I received into this house merely to place a barrier to their growing intimacy, which else might have ended at the expense of the fall of our valiant and our brother."

"Nothing, then, as yet passed betwixt them in violation of this vow?" demanded the Grand Master.

"Alas, under this roof?" said the preceptor, crossing himself. "St. Magdalene and the ten thousand virgins forbid! If I have sinned in receiving her here, it was in thought that I might thus break off our brother's devotion to this Jewess, which seemed to me so unnatural, that I could not but ascribe it to some insanity, more to be cured by pity than reproof. Your reverend wisdom hath discovered this Jewess to be a sorceress, perchance it may account fully my unlearned folly."

"Alas!—it doth!" said Beaumanoir. "See, brother, the peril of yielding to the first devices and blandishments of Satan! We look upon woman only to gratify the eye, and to take pleasure in what men call her beauty. The Ancient Enemy, the devouring lion, obtains his prey."

*Abandoned woman.*

power over us, to complete, by talisman and spell which was begun by idleness and folly. It may be that brother Bois-Guilbert does in this matter deserve pity than severe chastisement, rather the support of than the strokes of the rod; and that our admonitions and prayers may turn him from his folly, and restore him to his brethren."

"It were deep pity," said Conrade Mont-Fitchet, "to the order one of its best lances, when the holy command most requires the aid of its sons. Three hundred knights hath this Brian de Bois-Guilbert slain with his own hands."

"The blood of these accursed dogs," said the Grand Master, "shall be a sweet and acceptable offering to the saints and angels whom they despise and blaspheme. With their aid will we counteract the spells and charms which our brother is entwined as in a net. He shall break the bands of this Delilah as Samson burst the cords with which the Philistines had bound him, and shall slaughter the infidels, even heaps upon heaps. Concerning this foul witch, who hath flung her enchantment over a brother of the Holy Temple, assuredly she shall meet the death."

"But the laws of England——" said the preceptor, though delighted that the Grand Master's resentment was fortunately averted from himself and Bois-Guilbert. "The Grand Master, having taken another direction, began now to fear he was going too far."

"The laws of England," interrupted Beaumais, "do not permit and enjoin each judge to execute justice within his own jurisdiction. The most petty baron may arrest, condemn a witch found within his own domain. And what power be denied to the Grand Master of the Temple within a preceptory of his order? No! we will judge and condemn. The witch shall be taken out of the land, and the wickedness thereof shall be forgiven. By the laws of the castle hall for the trial of the sorceress."

Robert Malvoisin bowed and retired, not to give directions for preparing the hall, but to seek out Brian de Bois-Gilbert, and communicate to him how matters were likely to terminate. It was not long ere he found him, foaming with indignation at a repulse he had anew sustained from the fair Jewess. "The unthinking," he said—"the unfeeling, to scorn him who, amidst blood and flames, would have saved her life at the risk of his own! By Heaven, Malvoisin! I abode until roof and rafters crackled and crashed about me. I was the butt of a hundred arrows; they rained on mine armour like hailstones against a latticed window, and the only use I made of my shield was for her protection. This did I endure for her, and now the selfish girl upbraids me that I did not leave her to perish, refuses me not only the slightest proof of gratitude, but the most distant hope that ever she will be brought to any. The devil, that possessed her race with obsequy, has concentrated its full force in her single person!" "The devil," said the preceptor, "I think, possessed you."

How oft have I preached to you caution, if not continence? Did I not tell you that there were enough willing Christian damsels to be met with, who would think it sin to see so brave a knight *le don d'amoureux merci*,<sup>1</sup> and you needs anchor your affection on a wilful, obstinate Jewess? By the mass, I think old Lucas Beaumanoir guesses when he maintains she hath cast a spell over you." "Lucas Beaumanoir?" said Bois-Gilbert, reproachfully. "These your precautions, Malvoisin? Hast thou suffered the dotard to learn that Rebecca is in the preceptory?" "How could I help it?" said the preceptor. "I neglected nothing that could keep secret your mystery; but it is better, and whether by the devil or no, the devil only can be resisted. But I have turned the matter as I could; you are safe. Renounce Rebecca. You are pitied—the victim of

<sup>1</sup> DON D'AMOUREUX MERCI. "The generous gift of love."

magical delusion. She is a sorceress, and must su-  
such."

"She shall not, by Heaven!" said Bois-Guilbert.

"By Heaven, she must and will!" said Malvoisin.  
"Neither you nor any one else can save her. Lucas  
Beaumanoir hath settled that the death of a Jewess will  
be a sin-offering sufficient to atone for all the amorous  
excesses of the Knights Templars; and thou knowest  
both the power and will to execute so reasonable and  
a purpose."

"Will future ages believe that such stupid bigotry  
existed!" said Bois-Guilbert, striding up and down  
the apartment.

"What they may believe, I know not," said Malvoisin  
calmly; "but I know well, that in this our day cler-  
gymen, laymen, take ninety-nine to the hundred, will cry  
to the Grand Master's sentence."

"I have it," said Bois-Guilbert. "Albert, thou  
friend. Thou must connive at her escape. Malvoisin  
will transport her to some place of greater security  
and secrecy."

"I cannot, if I would," replied the preceptor: "the  
apartment is filled with the attendants of the Grand Master  
and others who are devoted to him. And, to be frank with  
my brother, I would not embark with you in this matter.  
I could hope to bring my bark to haven. I have  
done enough already for your sake. I have no mind to en-  
counter a sentence of degradation, or even to lose my preceptor-  
ship for the sake of a painted piece of Jewish flesh and blood.  
If you, if you will be guided by my counsel, will give  
up the wild-goose chase, and fly your hawk at some other  
prey. Think, Bois-Guilbert; thy present rank, thy future hope  
all depend on thy place in the order. Shouldst thou  
succumb perversely to thy passion for this Rebecca, thou wilt  
lose Beaumanoir the power of expelling thee, and he  
will neglect it. He is jealous of the truncheon which



trembling gripe, and he knows thou stretchest thy hand towards it. Doubt not he will ruin thee, if thou dost him a pretext so fair as thy protection of a Jewishess. Give him his scope in this matter, for thou canst control him. When the staff is in thine own firm grasp, mayest caress the daughters of Judah, or burn them, as best suit thine own humour."

Malvoisin," said Bois-Guilbert, "thou art a cold-blooded—"

friend," said the preceptor, hastening to fill up the blank in which Bois-Guilbert would probably have placed a word—"a cold-blooded friend I am, and therefore fit to give thee advice. I tell thee once more, that thou canst not save Rebecca. I tell thee once more, thou shalt perish with her. Go hie thee to the Grand Master, throw thyself at his feet and tell him——"

Not at his feet, by Heaven! but to the dotard's very will I say——"

say to him, then, to his beard," continued Malvoisin, "that you love this captive Jewess to distraction; the more thou dost enlarge on thy passion, the greater is his haste to end it by the death of the fair enchantress; while thou, taken in flagrant delict<sup>1</sup> by the aid of a crime contrary to thine oath, canst hope no aid from brethren, and must exchange all thy brilliant visions of station and power, to lift perhaps a mercenary spear in one of the petty quarrels between Flanders and Burgundy."

"Thou speakest the truth, Malvoisin," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, after a moment's reflection. "I will give the bigot no advantage over me; and for Rebecca, she has not merited at my hand that I should expose rank and name for her sake. I will cast her off; yes, I will leave her fate, unless——"

"Qualify not thy wise and necessary resolution," said Malvoisin (in *flagrante delicto*). "In the very commission of the crime."

Malvoisin; "women are but the toys which amuse our lighter hours; ambition is the serious business of life. Perish a thousand such frail baubles as this Jewess, before thy manly step pause in the brilliant career that lies stretched before thee! For the present we part, nor must we be seen to hold close conversation; I must order the hall for his judgment seat."

"What!" said Bois-Guilbert, "so soon?"

"Ay," replied the preceptor, "trial moves rapidly on when the judge has determined the sentence beforehand."

"Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, when he was left alone, "thou art like to cost me dear. Why cannot I abandon thee to thy fate, as this calm hypocrite recommends? One effort will I make to save thee; but beware of ingratitude! for, if I am again repulsed, my vengeance shall equal my love. The life and honour of Bois-Guilbert must not be hazarded where contempt and reproaches are his only reward."

The preceptor had hardly given the necessary orders when he was joined by Conrade Mont-Fitchet, who acquainted him with the Grand Master's resolution to bring the Jewess to instant trial for sorcery.

"It is surely a dream," said the preceptor; "we have many Jewish physicians, and we call them not wizards though they work wonderful cures."

"The Grand Master thinks otherwise," said Mont-Fitchet; "and, Albert, I will be upright with thee: wizard or not, it were better that this miserable damsel die than that Brian de Bois-Guilbert should be lost to the order, the order divided by internal dissension. Thou knowest his high rank, his fame in arms; thou knowest the zeal with which many of our brethren regard him; but all this will not avail him with our Grand Master, should he condemn Brian as the accomplice, not the victim, of this Jewess. Were the souls of the twelve tribes in her single body, were better she suffered alone than that Bois-Guilbert were partner in her destruction."

"have been working him even now to abandon her." Malvoisin; "but still, are there grounds enough to condemn this Rebecca for sorcery? Will not the Grand Master be in his mind when he sees that the proofs are so weak?" "They must be strengthened, Albert," replied Mont-Fitchet—"they must be strengthened. Dost thou understand?"

"I do," said the preceptor, "nor do I scruple to do aught to the advancement of the order; but there is little time to loiter in such imagines fitting."

"Malvoisin, they *must* be found," said Conrade; "well to the advantage both the order and thee. This Temple is a poor preceptory; that of Maison-Dieu<sup>1</sup> is worth its value. Thou knowest my interest with our old friend those who can carry this matter through, and art preceptor of Maison-Dieu in the fertile Kent. Wilt thou?"

"There is," replied Malvoisin, "among those who came with Bois-Guilbert, two fellows whom I well know; for they were to my brother Philip de Malvoisin, and from his service to that of Front-de-Bœuf. It may be I know something of the witcheries of this woman." "Away, seek them out instantly; and hark thee, if a score or two will sharpen their memory, let them not be idle."

"They would swear the mother that bore them a sorcerer's zecchin," said the preceptor.

"Away, then," said Mont-Fitchet; "at noon the affair proceed. I have not seen our senior in such earnest emotion since he condemned to the stake Hamet Alfagi, a Turk who relapsed to the Moslem faith."

As the ponderous castle-bell had tolled the point of noon, Rebecca heard a trampling of feet upon the private path which led to her place of confinement. The noise indicated the arrival of several persons, and the circum-

<sup>1</sup> *MAISON-DIEU.* The name of the preceptory means "House of God."

stance rather gave her joy; for she was more afraid of solitary visits of the fierce and passionate Bois-Guart than of any evil that could befall her besides. The door of the chamber was unlocked, and Conrade and the preceptor Malvoisin entered, attended by four warders clothed in black, and bearing halberds.

"Daughter of an accursed race!" said the preceptor, "arise and follow us."

"Whither," said Rebecca, "and for what purpose?"

"Damsel," answered Conrade, "it is not for thee to question, but to obey. Nevertheless, be it known to thee that thou art to be brought before the tribunal of the Master of our holy order, there to answer for thy offences."

"May the God of Abraham be praised!" said Rebecca, folding her hands devoutly; "the name of a judge, and an enemy to my people, is to me as the name of a prophet. Most willingly do I follow thee; permit me only to veil around my head."

They descended the stair with slow and solemn tread, traversed a long gallery, and, by a pair of folding doors placed at the end, entered the great hall in which the Master had for the time established his court of justice.

The lower part of this ample apartment was filled with squires and yeomen, who made way, not without reluctance, for Rebecca, attended by the preceptor and Fitchet, and followed by the guard of halberdiers. She moved forward to the seat appointed for her. As she passed through the crowd, her arms folded and her head depressed, a scrap of paper was thrust into her hand, which she received almost unconsciously, and continued to hold, examining its contents. The assurance that she possessed some friend in this awful assembly gave her courage and strength around, and to mark into whose presence she had been conducted. She gazed, accordingly, upon the scene, which we shall endeavour to describe in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

Then was the law which bade its vot'ries leave  
Human woes with human hearts to grieve;  
Then was the law, which at the winning wile  
Of frank and harmless mirth forbade to smile;  
Yet sterner still, when high the iron rod  
Of tyrant power she shook, and call'd that power of God.  
*The Middle Ages.*

A tribunal, erected for the trial of the innocent and  
Rebecca, occupied the dais or elevated part of the  
end of the great hall—a platform which we have  
described as the place of honour, destined to be  
by the most distinguished inhabitants or guests of  
that mansion.

On an elevated seat, directly before the accused, sat the  
Master of the Temple, in full and ample robes of  
white, holding in his hand the mystic staff which  
was a symbol of the order. At his feet was placed a  
seat occupied by two scribes, chaplains of the order, whose  
duty was to reduce to formal record the proceedings of

The black dresses, bare scalps, and demure looks  
of the churchmen formed a strong contrast to the warlike  
appearance of the knights who attended, either as residing  
receptory or as come thither to attend upon their  
Master. The preceptors, of whom there were four,  
occupied seats lower in height and somewhat drawn  
behind that of their superior; and the knights who  
were of no such rank in the order were placed on benches  
farther, and preserving the same distance from the pre-  
ceptors as these from the Grand Master. Behind them, but  
on the dais or elevated portion of the hall, stood the  
knights of the order, in white dresses of an inferior quality.



The whole assembly wore an aspect of the most profound gravity; and in the faces of the knights might be perceived traces of military daring, united with the solemn courage becoming men of a religious profession, and which, in the presence of their Grand Master, failed not to sit upon every brow.

The remaining and lower part of the hall was filled with guards, holding partizans, and with other attendants whose curiosity had drawn thither to see at once a Grand Master and a Jewish sorceress. By far the greater part of the inferior persons were, in one rank or other, connected with the order, and were accordingly distinguished by their dresses. But peasants from the neighbouring country were not refused admittance; for it was the pride of Beaumanoir to render the edifying spectacle of the justice which he administered as public as possible. His large blue eyes seemed to expand as he gazed around the assembly, and his countenance appeared elated by the conscious dignity and imaginary merit of the part which he was about to perform. A psalm, which he himself accompanied with a deep monotone voice, which age had not deprived of its powers, commenced the proceedings of the day; and the solemn sounds, *Exultemus Domino*,<sup>1</sup> so often sung by the Templars before engaging with earthly adversaries, was judged by him most appropriate to introduce the approaching triumph, such he deemed it, over the powers of darkness. The prolonged notes, raised by a hundred masculine voices accustomed to combine in the choral chant, arose to the vaulted roof of the hall, and rolled on amongst its arches with the pleasing yet solemn sound of the rushing of mighty waters.

When the sounds ceased, the Grand Master glanced his eye slowly around the circle, and observed that the seat of one of the preceptors was vacant. Brian de Bois-Guilbert, by whom it had been occupied, had left his place, and

<sup>1</sup> VENITE, etc. "O come, let us sing unto the Lord." See Psalm XCZ.

standing near the extreme corner of one of the benches occupied by the knights companions of the Temple, one extended his long mantle, so as in some degree to cover his face; while the other held his cross-handled sword, the point of which, sheathed as it was, he was slowly drawing lines upon the oaken floor.

"Unhappy man!" said the Grand Master, after favouring him with a glance of compassion. "Thou seest, Conrade, this holy work distresses him. To this can the light of woman, aided by the Prince of the Powers of this world, bring a valiant and worthy knight! Seest thou he cannot look upon us; he cannot look upon her; and who knows by what impulse from his tormentor his hand forms these cabalistic lines upon the floor? It may be our life and they are thus aimed at; but we spit at and defy the foul day. *Semper Leo percutiatur!*"<sup>1</sup>

This was communicated apart to his confidential follower, Conrade Mont-Fitchet. The Grand Master then raised his voice and addressed the assembly.

"Reverend and valiant men, knights, preceptors, and companions of this holy order, my brethren and my children! you also, well-born and pious esquires, who aspire to this Holy Cross! and you also, Christian brethren, of every degree!—be it known to you, that it is not defect of power in us which hath occasioned the assembling of this congregation; for, however unworthy in our person, yet to be committed, with this baton, full power to judge and try all that regards the weal of this our holy order. Holy Bernard, in the rule of our knightly and religious profession, hath said, in the fifty-ninth capital,<sup>2</sup> that he would that brethren be called together in council, save at the command of the Master; leaving it free to us, as to the more worthy fathers who have preceded us in this our

<sup>1</sup>SEMPER LEO, etc. "Ever let the lion be beaten down."

<sup>2</sup>CAPITAL. The reader is again referred to the Rules of the Poor Military Brotherhood of the Temple, which occur in the Works of St. Bernard. (vol. i.)

office, to judge as well of the occasion as of the time and place in which a chapter of the whole order, or of any part thereof, may be convoked. Also, in all such chapters, it is our duty to hear the advice of our brethren, and to proceed according to our own pleasure. But when the raging wolf hath made an inroad upon the flock, and carried off one member thereof, it is the duty of the kind shepherd to call his comrades together, that with bows and slings they may quell the invader, according to our well-known rule, that the lion is ever to be beaten down. We have therefore summoned to our presence a Jewish woman, by name Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York—a woman infamous for sorceries<sup>1</sup> and for witcheries; whereby she hath maddened the blood, and besotted the brain, not of a churl, but of a knight; not of a secular knight, but of one devoted to the service of the Holy Temple; not of a knight companion, but of a preceptor of our order, first in honour as in place. Our brother, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, is well known to ourselves and to all degrees who now hear me, as a true and zealous champion of the Cross, by whose arm many deeds of valour have been wrought in the Holy Land, and the holy places purified from pollution by the blood of those infidels who defiled them. Neither have our brother's sagacity and prudence been less in repute among his brethren than his valour and discipline; insomuch that knights, both in eastern and western lands, have named De Bois-Guilbert as one who may well be put in nomination as successor to this high office when it shall please Heaven to release us from the toil of bearing it. If we were told that such a man, so honourable and so honourable, suddenly casting away regard for his character, his vows, his brethren, and his prospects, had associated to himself a Jewish damsel, wandered in the lewd company through solitary places, defended her person in preference to his own, and, finally, was so utterly fascinated and besotted by his folly, as to bring her even to our

<sup>1</sup> SORCILEGES. Divination by drawing lots, sorcery, witchcraft, &c.

preceptories, what should we say but that the noble knight was possessed by some evil demon, or influenced by a wicked spell? If we could suppose it otherwise, think of his rank, valour, high repute, or any earthly consideration, could prevent us from visiting him with punishment, that evil thing might be removed, even according to the text, *Ecce malum ex vobis*.<sup>1</sup> For various and heinous are the crimes of transgression against the rule of our blessed order in his lamentable history. 1st, He hath walked according to his proper will, contrary to capital 33, *Quod nullus juxta suam voluntatem incedat*.<sup>2</sup> 2d, He hath held communion with an excommunicated person, capital 57, *Ut non participant cum excommunicatis*,<sup>3</sup> and therefore he hath a portion in *Anathema Maranatha*.<sup>4</sup> 3d, He hath consorted with strange women, contrary to the capital, *Ut non conversantur cum extraneis mulieribus*.<sup>5</sup> 4th, He hath not avoided, nay, he hath, it is to be feared, solicited, the kiss of woman, by which, saith the last rule of the renowned order, *Ut fugiantur oscula*,<sup>6</sup> the soldiers of the order are brought into a snare. For which heinous and unpardoned guilt, Brian de Bois-Guilbert should be cut off and cast out from our congregation, were he the right hand or the right eye thereof."

He paused. A low murmur went through the assembly. Some of the younger part, who had been inclined to smile at the statute, *De osculis fugiendis*,<sup>7</sup> became now grave enough, and anxiously waited what the Grand Master was next to propose.

"Such," he said, "and so great should indeed be the pun-

<sup>1</sup> *ECCE MALUM*, etc. "Put away the evil from you." See *Deuteronomy* XIII. 5.

<sup>2</sup> *QUOD NULLUS*, etc. "That no one shall walk according to his own will." See *Rule* 33.

<sup>3</sup> *UT NON PARTICIPANT CUM EXCOMMUNICATIS*, etc. "That the brethren shall hold no intercourse with excommunicated persons." See *Rule* 57.

<sup>4</sup> *ANATHEMA MARANATHA*. "Accursed." See *I Corinthians* XVI. 22.

<sup>5</sup> *UT NON CONVERSANTUR CUM EXTRANEIS MULIERIBUS*, etc. "That the brethren should not hold intercourse with women." See *Rule* 57.

<sup>6</sup> *UT FUGIANTUR OSCULA*, etc. "That kissing should be shunned." See *Rule* 57.

<sup>7</sup> *DE OSCULIS FUGIENDIS*, etc. "Of the shunning of kisses." See *Rule* 57.



ishment of a Knight Templar who wilfully offends the rules of his order in such weighty points. By means of charms and of spells, Satan had obtained dominion over the knight, perchance because he cast too lightly upon a damsel's beauty, we are then lament than chastise his backsliding; and, imposing only such penance as may purify him from his iniquity, are to turn the full edge of our indignation upon the cursed instrument, which had so well-nigh occasioned utter falling away. Stand forth, therefore, and witness, ye who have witnessed these unhappy doings, may judge of the sum and bearing thereof; and whether our justice may be satisfied with the punishment of this infidel woman, or if we must go on, with a heavy heart, to the further proceeding against our brother.

Several witnesses were called upon to prove the facts which Bois-Guilbert exposed himself in endeavouring to save Rebecca from the blazing castle, and his neglect of personal defence in attending to her safety. These details with the exaggerations common to the minds which have been strongly excited by any remarkable event, and their natural disposition to the marvel, greatly increased by the satisfaction which their own conduct seemed to afford to the eminent person for whose safety it had been delivered. Thus the dangers which Bois-Guilbert surmounted, in themselves sufficiently great, came portentous in their narrative. The devotion of the knight to Rebecca's defence was exaggerated beyond bounds not only of discretion, but even of the most generous excess of chivalrous zeal; and his deference to what she said, even although her language was often severe and commanding, was painted as carried to an excess which, in his haughty temper, seemed almost preternatural.

The preceptor of Templestowe was then called upon to describe the manner in which Bois-Guilbert and his companions arrived at the preceptory. The evidence of M.



ly guarded. But while he apparently studied to  
the feelings of Bois-Guilbert, he threw in, from time  
to time, such hints as seemed to infer that he laboured  
under some temporary alienation of mind, so deeply did he  
appear to be enamoured of the damsel whom he brought  
with him. With sighs of penitence, the preceptor  
expressed his own contrition for having admitted Rebecca and  
her within the walls of the preceptory. "But my de-  
fault," he concluded, "has been made in my confession to  
most reverend father the Grand Master; he knows my  
intentions were not evil, though my conduct may have been  
erroneous. Joyfully will I submit to any penance he shall  
impose on me."

"Thou hast spoken well, brother Albert," said Beau-  
clerc; "thy motives were good, since thou didst judge it  
wise to arrest thine erring brother in his career of precipi-  
tation. But thy conduct was wrong; as he that would  
seize a runaway steed, and seizing by the stirrup instead of  
the saddle, receiveth injury himself, instead of accomplish-  
ing his purpose. Thirteen paternosters are assigned by our  
founder for matins, and nine for vespers; be those  
now doubled by thee. Thrice a-week are Templars per-  
mitted the use of flesh; but do thou keep fast for all the  
days. This do for six weeks to come, and thy pen-  
ance is accomplished."

With a hypocritical look of the deepest submission, the  
prior of Templestowe bowed to the ground before his  
superior, and resumed his seat.

"Were it not well, brethren," said the Grand Master,  
"to examine something into the former life and con-  
dition of this woman, specially that we may discover  
whether she be one likely to use magical charms and spells,  
the truths which we have heard may well incline us to  
suspect that in this unhappy course our erring brother has  
been seduced upon by some infernal enticement and delu-

Herman of Goodalricke was the fourth preceptor; the other three were Conrade, Maivoisin, and Guilbert himself. Herman was an ancient warrior, his face was marked with scars inflicted by the sabre of Moslemah, and had great rank and consideration among his brethren. He arose and bowed to the Grand Master, who instantly granted him license of speech. "I would crave to know, most reverend father, of our valiant brother, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, what he says to these wondrous accusations, and with what eye he himself now regards his unhappy intercourse with this Jewish maiden?"

"Brian de Bois-Guilbert," said the Grand Master, "hearest the question which our brother of Goodalricke desires thou shouldst answer. I command thee to reply to him."

Bois-Guilbert turned his head towards the Grand Master when thus addressed, and remained silent.

"He is possessed by a dumb devil," said the Grand Master. "Avoid thee, Sathanas! Speak, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, I conjure thee, by this symbol of our holy order."

Bois-Guilbert made an effort to suppress his rising anger and indignation, the expression of which, he was well aware, would have little availed him. "Brian de Bois-Guilbert," he answered, "replies not, most reverend father, to these wild and vague charges. If his honour be impeached, he will defend it with his body, and with that sword which he has often fought for Christendom."

"We forgive thee, brother Brian," said the Grand Master; "though that thou hast boasted thy warlike achievements before us is a glorifying of thine own deeds, which cometh of the Enemy, who tempteth us to exalt our own power in worship. But thou hast our pardon, judging thou wast less of thine own suggestion than from the impulse of passion, whom, by Heaven's leave, we will quell and drive forth from our assembly." A glance of disdain flashed from the fierce eyes of Bois-Guilbert, but he made no reply.

And the Grand Master, "since our brother of  
this question has been thus imperfectly answered,  
our quest, brethren, and with our patron's assist-  
ance search to the bottom this mystery of iniquity.  
Who have aught to witness of the life and conver-  
sion of this Jewish woman stand forth before us."

There was a bustle in the lower part of the hall, and  
the Grand Master inquired the reason, it was replied,  
that the crowd a bedridden man, whom the prisoner  
restored to the perfect use of his limbs, by a miraculous

curer or peasant, a Saxon by birth, was dragged for-  
ward to the bar, terrified at the penal consequences which  
he had incurred by the guilt of having been cured of  
his disease by a Jewish damsel. Perfectly cured he certainly  
was, as he supported himself forward on crutches to  
the bar. Most unwilling was his testimony, and  
with many tears; but he admitted that two years  
ago, while residing at York, he was suddenly afflicted with  
this disease, while labouring for Isaac the rich Jew, in his  
shop as a joiner; that he had been unable to stir from  
his bed, till the remedies applied by Rebecca's directions,  
namely a warming and spicy-smelling balsam, had in-  
deed restored him to the use of his limbs. More-  
over, she had given him a pot of that precious oint-  
ment, and furnished him with a piece of money withal, to  
return him to the house of his father, near to Templestowe.  
"It please your gracious reverence," said the man,  
"I think the damsel meant harm by me, though she  
may hap to be a Jewess; for even when I used her  
aid to say the pater and the creed, and it never oper-  
ated less kindly."

"Slave," said the Grand Master, "and begone!  
Thou art a brute like thee to be tampering and trinketing  
with cures, and to be giving your labour to the sons

*I tell thee, the fiend can impose diseases for*

the very purpose of removing them, in order to bring into credit some diabolical fashion of cure. Hast thou the unguent of which thou speakest?"

The peasant, fumbling in his bosom with a trembling hand, produced a small box, bearing some Hebrew characters on the lid, which was, with most of the audience, a sufficient proof that the devil had stood apothecary. Beaumanoir, after crossing himself, took the box into his hand, and, having learned in most of the Eastern tongues, read with ease the motto on the lid: "The Lion of the Tribe of Judah was conquered." "Strange powers of Sathanas," said he, "which can convert Scripture into blasphemy, mingle poison with our necessary food! Is there no leech here who can tell us the ingredients of this mystic unguent?"

Two mediciners, as they called themselves, the one a monk, the other a barber, appeared, and avouched that they knew nothing of the materials, excepting that they scented of myrrh and camphire, which they took to be Oriental herbs. But with the true professional hatred to a successful practitioner of their art, they insinuated that, as the medicine was beyond their own knowledge, it must necessarily have been compounded from an unlawful and magical pharmacopœia: since they themselves, though conjurors, fully understood every branch of their art, so that as it might be exercised with the good faith of a Christian. When this medical research was ended, the Saxon peasant desired humbly to have back the medicine which he had found so salutary; but the Grand Master frowned severely at the request. "What is thy name, fellow?" said he to the cripple.

"Higg, the son of Snell," answered the peasant.

"Then, Higg, son of Snell," said the Grand Master, "tell thee, it is better to be bedridden than to accept the benefit of unbelievers' medicine that thou mayest arise and will be better to despoil infidels of their treasure by the sword."



man to accept of them benevolent gifts, or do them for wages. Go thou, and do as I have said."

"Black," said the peasant, "an it shall not displease your grace, the lesson comes too late for me, for I am but a bad man; but I will tell my two brethren, who serve the Rabbi Nathan Ben Samuel,<sup>1</sup> that your mastership is more lawful to rob him than to render him faith-  
less."

"Get with the prating villain!" said Beaumanoir, who was prepared to refute this practical application of his maxim.

Agg, the son of Snell, withdrew into the crowd, but, interested in the fate of his benefactress, lingered until he might learn her doom, even at the risk of again encountering the frown of that severe judge, the terror of which had bedewed his very heart within him.

At this period of the trial, the Grand Master commanded Rebecca to unveil herself. Opening her lips for the first time, she replied patiently, but with dignity, "It was not the wont of the daughters of her people to cover their faces when alone in an assembly of peers." The sweet tones of her voice, and the softness of her reply, impressed on the audience a sentiment of pity and sympathy. But Beaumanoir, in whose mind the suppression of each feeling of humanity which could interfere with his imagined duty was a virtue of itself, repeated his commands that his victim should be unveiled. The officers were about to remove her veil accordingly, when she stood up before the Grand Master, and said, "Nay, but for the love of your own daughters—alas," she said, recollecting herself, "ye have no daughters!—yet for the remembrance of your mothers, for the love of your sisters, and of decency, let me not be thus handled in your presence. It suits not a maiden to be disrobed by such rude hands."

"I will obey you," she added, with an expression of submission.  
*Isabel?* See the beginning of Chap. XXXV.



patient sorrow in her voice, which had almost heart of Beaumanoir himself: "ye are elders and people, and at your command I will show the fearful ill-fated maiden."

She withdrew her veil, and looked on them with a countenance in which bashfulness contended with dignity. Her exceeding beauty excited a murmur of surprise. The younger knights told each other with their eyes, that Brian's best apology was in the countenance of her real charms, rather than of her imaginary charms. But Higg, the son of Snell, felt most deeply the effect produced by the sight of the countenance of his beloved. "Let me go forth," he said to the warders at the door of the hall—"let me go forth! To look at her again, for I have had a share in murdering her."

"Peace, poor man," said Rebecca, when she heard his exclamation; "thou hast done me no harm by spirit, but truth; thou canst not aid me by thy complaints or petitions. Peace, I pray thee; go home and save thyself."

Higg was about to be thrust out by the command of the warders, who were apprehensive lest his clamour should draw upon them reprehension, and upon him punishment. But he promised to be silent, and was permitted to remain. The two men-at-arms, who with Albert Malvoisin had not failed to communicate the import of their testimony, were now called upon. Though both were hardened and inflexible veterans, the sight of the captive maiden, as well as her excellent countenance at first appeared to stagger them: but an express command from the preceptor of Templestowe restored them to their dogged composure; and they delivered, with a calmness which would have seemed suspicious to more timid judges, circumstances either altogether fictitious and unnatural in themselves, but rendered pregnant with suspicion by the exaggerated manner in which they were related, and the sinister commentary which the witnesses

facts. The circumstances of their evidence would have in modern days, divided into two classes—those which were immaterial, and those which were actually and physically impossible. But both were, in those ignorant and superstitious times, easily credited as proofs of guilt. The mass set forth that Rebecca was heard to mutter to herself in an unknown tongue; that the songs she sung by fits and starts of a strangely sweet sound, which made the ears of the hearer tingle and his heart throb; that she spoke at times to herself, and seemed to look upward for a reply; that her garments were of a strange and mystic form, unlike those of women of good repute; that she had rings adorned with cabalistical devices, and that strange characters were brodered on her veil. All these circumstances, so natural and so trivial, were gravely listened to as proofs, at least as affording strong suspicions, that Rebecca had some secret correspondence with mystical powers. But there was less equivocal testimony, which the credulity of the assembly, or of the greater part, greedily swallowed, however incredible. One of the soldiers had seen Rebecca work a cure upon a wounded man brought with them to the castle of Torquilstone. "She did," he said, "make certain signs upon the wound, and repeated certain mystic words, which he blessed God he understood not, when the head of a square cross-bow bolt disengaged itself from the wound, the bleeding was stanch'd, the wound closed, and the dying man was, within the quarter of an hour, walking upon the ramparts, and assisting the wits in managing a mangonel, or machine for hurling stones." This legend was probably founded upon the fact that Rebecca had attended on the wounded Ivanhoe when he was brought to the castle of Torquilstone. But it was the more difficult to disprove the accuracy of the witness, as, in order to produce real evidence in support of his verbal testimony, he produced from his pouch the very bolt-head which, according to the story, had been miraculously extracted from the

wound; and as the iron weighed a full ounce, it completely confirmed the tale, however marvellous.

His comrade had been a witness from a neighboring battlement of the scene betwixt Rebecca and Bois-Guart, when she was upon the point of precipitating herself from the top of the tower. Not to be behind his companion, the fellow stated that he had seen Rebecca perch herself upon the parapet of the turret, and there take the form of a milk-white swan, under which appearance she flitted three times round the castle of Torquilstone; then again settle on the turret, and once more assume the female form.

Less than one-half of this weighty evidence would have been sufficient to convict any old woman, poor and aged, even though she had not been a Jewess. United with the fatal circumstance, the body of proof was too weighty for Rebecca's youth, though combined with the most exquisite beauty.

The Grand Master had collected the suffrages, and now in a solemn tone demanded of Rebecca what she had to say against the sentence of condemnation which he was about to pronounce.

"To invoke your pity," said the lovely Jewess, with voice somewhat tremulous with emotion, "would, I am aware, be as useless as I should hold it mean. To state that to relieve the sick and wounded of another religion cannot be displeasing to the acknowledged Founder of both our faiths, were also unavailing: to plead, that matters which these men—whom may Heaven pardon!—have spoken against me are impossible, would avail me little, since you believe in their possibility: and still less would it advantage me to explain that the peculiarities of my dress, language, and manners are those of my people. I had well-nigh said of my country, but, alas! we have no country. Nor will I even vindicate myself at the expense of my oppressor, who stands there listening to the fictions and surmises which seem to convert the tyrant into a

God be judge between him and me! but rather I submit to ten such deaths as your pleasure may see against me than listen to the suit which that man has urged upon me—friendless, defenseless, and alone. But he is of your own faith, and his lightest word would weigh down the most solemn protestations of a distressed Jewess. I will not therefore return to the charge brought against me; but to himself—Brian de Bois-Guilbert, to thyself I appeal, whether his accusations are not false? as monstrous and calumnious as they are deadly?”

There was a pause; all eyes turned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert. He was silent.

“Speak,” she said, “if thou art a man; if thou art a knight, speak! I conjure thee, by the habit which thou wear—by the name thou dost inherit—by the knight-hood thou dost vaunt—by the honour of thy mother—by the blood and the bones of thy father—I conjure thee to tell me if these things be true?”

“Answer her, brother,” said the Grand Master, “if the sword with whom thou dost wrestle will give thee power.” Instantly, Bois-Guilbert seemed agitated by contending passions, which almost convulsed his features, and it was with a constrained voice that at last he replied, looking to Rebecca.

“The scroll!—the scroll!”

“This,” said Beaumanoir, “this is indeed testimony! The name of her witcheries can only name the fatal scroll, on which is inscribed on which is, doubtless, the cause of his death.”

Rebecca put another interpretation on the words, as if it were from Bois-Guilbert, and glancing her eyes at the slip of parchment which she continued to hold in her hand, she read written thereupon in the Arabian character, “Demand a champion!” The murmuring conversation which ran through the assembly at the strange demand of Bois-Guilbert gave Rebecca leisure to examine

and instantly to destroy the scroll unobserved. When the whisper had ceased, the Grand Master spoke.

"Rebecca, thou canst derive no benefit from the defence of this unhappy knight, for whom, as we receive, the Enemy is yet too powerful. Hast thou else to say?"

"There is yet one chance of life left to me," said Rebecca, "even by your own fierce laws. Life has been mine—able—miserable, at least, of late—but I will not cast away the gift of God while He affords me the means of defending it. I deny this charge; I maintain my innocence, and I declare the falsehood of this accusation. I challenge the privilege of trial by combat, and will appear by my champion."

"And who, Rebecca," replied the Grand Master, "lay lance in rest for a sorceress? who will be the champion of a Jewess?"

"God will raise me up a champion," said Rebecca, "cannot be that in merry England, the hospitable, the generous, the free, where so many are ready to peril their lives for honour, there will not be found one to fight for me. But it is enough that I challenge the trial by combat, and I lie my gage."

She took her embroidered glove from her hand, and flung it down before the Grand Master, with an air of mingled simplicity and dignity which excited universal surprise and admiration.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII

There I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
Of martial daring.

*Richard II.*

Even Lucas Beaumanoir himself was affected by the form and appearance of Rebecca. He was not originally cool or even a severe man; but with passions by nature, and with a high, though mistaken, sense of duty, his heart had been gradually hardened by the ascetic life which he pursued, the supreme power which he enjoyed, and the imposed necessity of subduing infidelity and eradicating error by which he conceived peculiarly incumbent on him. His features relaxed in their usual severity as he gazed upon the beautiful creature before him, alone, unfriended, and braving herself with so much spirit and courage. He checked himself twice, as doubting whence arose the unexpected softening of a heart which on such occasions used to resemble in hardness the steel of his sword. At length he spoke.

"Damsel," he said, "if the pity I feel for thee arise from the practice thine evil arts have made on me, great is thy guilt. But I rather judge it the kinder feelings of nature, which grieves that so goodly a form should be a vessel of temptation. Repent, my daughter, confess thy witchcrafts, turn thee from thine evil faith, embrace this holy emblem, and all shall yet be well with thee here and hereafter. In the sisterhood of the strictest order shalt thou have time for prayer and fitting penance, and that repentance not to be repented of. This do and live: what has the law done for thee that thou shouldst die for it?"

"It was the law of my fathers," said Rebecca; "it was delivered in thunders and in storms upon the mountain of Sinai, in cloud and in fire. This, if ye are Christians, ye believe. It is, you say, recalled; but so my teachers have not taught me."

"Let our chaplain," said Beaumanoir, "stand forth, and tell this obstinate infidel——"

"Forgive the interruption," said Rebecca meekly. "I am a maiden, unskilled to dispute for my religion; but I will die for it, if it be God's will. Let me pray your answer to my demand of a champion."

"Give me her glove," said Beaumanoir. "This is no deed," he continued, as he looked at the flimsy texture and slender fingers, "a slight and frail gage for a purpose so deadly! Seest thou, Rebecca, as this thin and light glove of thine is to one of our heavy steel gauntlets, so is the cause to that of the Temple, for it is our order which thou hast defied."

"Cast my innocence into the scale," answered Rebecca, "and the glove of silk shall outweigh the glove of iron."

"Then thou dost persist in thy refusal to confess thy guilt, and in that bold challenge which thou hast made?"

"I do persist, noble sir," answered Rebecca.

"So be it then, in the name of Heaven," said the Grand Master; "and may God show the right!"

"Amen," replied the preceptors around him, and the word was deeply echoed by the whole assembly.

"Brethren," said Beaumanoir, "you are aware that we might well have refused to this woman the benefit of trial by combat; but, though a Jewess and an unbeliever, she is also a stranger and defenceless, and God forbid that she should ask the benefit of our mild laws and that it should be refused to her. Moreover, we are knights and soldiers as well as men of religion, and shame it were to us upon any pretence, to refuse proffered combat. The law therefore, stands the case. Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac,

York, is, by many frequent and suspicious circumstances, famed of sorcery practiced on the person of a noble knight of our holy order, and hath challenged the combat in proof of her innocence. To whom, reverend brethren, is it your opinion that we should deliver the gage of battle, namely him, at the same time, to be our champion on the field?"

"To Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whom it chiefly concerns," said the preceptor of Goodalricke, "and who, moreover, best knows how the truth stands in this matter."

"But if," said the Grand Master, "our brother Brian under the influence of a charm or a spell—we speak for the sake of precaution, for to the arm of none of our holy order would we more willingly confide this or a more weighty cause."

"Reverend father," answered the preceptor of Goodalricke, "no spell can affect the champion who comes forward to fight for the judgment of God."

"Thou sayest right, brother," said the Grand Master. "Robert Malvoisin, give this gage of battle to Brian de Bois-Guilbert. It is our charge to thee, brother," he continued, addressing himself to Bois Guilbert, "that thou do thy battemanfully, nothing doubting that the good cause shall triumph. And do thou, Rebecca, attend, that we assign thee the third day from the present to find a champion."

"That is but brief space," answered Rebecca, "for a stranger, who is also of another faith, to find one who will fight, wagering life and honour for her cause, against a knight who is called an approved soldier."

"We may not extend it," answered the Grand Master; "the field must be foughten in our presence, and divers weighty causes call us on the fourth day from hence."

"God's will be done!" said Rebecca; "I put my trust in him, to whom an instant is as effectual to save as a whole year."

"Thou hast spoken well, damsel," said the Grand

Master; "but well know we who can array himself like an angel of light. It remains but to name a fitting place of combat, and, if it so hap, also of execution. Where is the preceptor of this house?"

Albert Malvoisin, still holding Rebecca's glove in his hand, was speaking to Bois-Guilbert very earnestly, but in a low voice.

"How!" said the Grand Master, "will he not receive the gage?"

"He will—he doth, most reverend father," said Malvoisin, slipping the glove under his own mantle. "And for the place of combat, I hold the fittest to be the lists of St. George belonging to this preceptory, and used by us for military exercise."

"It is well," said the Grand Master. "Rebecca, in those lists shall thou produce thy champion; and if thou fail to do so, or if thy champion shall be discomfited by the judgment of God, thou shalt then die the death of a sorceress, according to doom. Let this our judgment be recorded, and the record read aloud that no one may pretend ignorance."

One of the chaplains who acted as clerks to the chapter immediately engrossed the order in a huge volume which contained the proceedings of the Templar Knights when solemnly assembled on such occasions; and when he had finished writing, the other read aloud the sentence of the Grand Master, which, when translated from the Norman French in which it was couched, was expressed as follows:

"Rebecca, a Jewess, daughter of Isaac of York, being attainted of sorcery, seduction, and other damnable practices, practised on a knight of the most holy order of the Temple of Zion, doth deny the same, and saith that the testimony delivered against her this day is false, wicked, and disloyal: and that by lawful essoine<sup>1</sup> of her body: he

<sup>1</sup> ESSOINE. *Essoine* signifies excuse and here relates to the privilege of appearing by her champion, in excuse of her own account of her sex. [Scott.]

able to combat in her own behalf, she doth offer, by champion instead thereof, to avouch her case, he perform his loyal *devoir*<sup>1</sup> in all knightly sort, with such arms and gage of battle do fully appertain, and that at her peril and cost. And therewith she proffered her gage. And the having been delivered to the noble lord and knight, Sir de Bois-Guilbert, of the holy order of the Temple of which he was appointed to do this battle in behalf of his lord and himself, as injured and impaired by the practices of the appellant. Wherefore the most reverend father and great lord, Lucas Marquis of Beaumanoir, did allow of the said challenge, and of the said *essoine* of the appellant's lady, and assigned the third day for the said combat, the place being the inclosure called the lists of St. George, near the preceptory of Templestowe. And the Grand Master commanded the appellant to appear there by her champion, on pain of doom, as a person convicted of sorcery or sorcery, and also the defendant so to appear, under the penalty of being held and adjudged recreant in case of default; and the noble lord and most reverend father aforesaid appointed the battle to be done in his presence, and according to that is commendable and profitable in such a case. "May God aid the just cause!"

"Amen!" said the Grand Master; and the word was obeyed by all around. Rebecca spoke not, but she looked up to Heaven, and, folding her hands, remained for a minute without change of attitude. She then modestly requested the Grand Master that she ought to be permitted the opportunity of free communication with her friends, for the purpose of making her condition known to them, and procuring, if possible, some champion to fight in her

"It is just and lawful," said the Grand Master; "choose thy messenger thou shalt trust, and he shall have free communication with thee in thy prison-chamber."



"Is there," said Rebecca, "any one here who, either for love of a good cause or for ample hire, will do the errand of a distressed being?"

All were silent; for none thought it safe, in the presence of the Grand Master, to avow any interest in the calumniated prisoner, lest he should be suspected of leaning towards Judaism. Not even the prospect of reward, far less any feelings of compassion alone, could surmount this apprehension.

Rebecca stood for a few moments in indescribable anxiety, and then exclaimed, "Is it really thus? And in English land am I to be deprived of the poor chance of safety which remains to me, for want of an act of charity which would not be refused to the worst criminal?"

Higg, the son of Snell, at length replied, "I am but a maimed man, but that I can at all stir or move was owing to her charitable assistance. I will do thine errand. He added, addressing Rebecca, "as well as a crippled object can, and happy were my limbs fleet enough to repair the mischief done by my tongue. Alas! when I boasted of thy charity, I little thought I was leading thee into danger!"

"God," said Rebecca, "is the disposer of all. He can turn back the captivity of Judah, even by the weakest instrument. To execute his message the snail is as sure a messenger as the falcon. Seek out Isaac of York—he will that will pay for horse and man—let him have this scroll. I know not if it be of Heaven the spirit which inspires me, but most truly do I judge that I am not to die this death, and that a champion will be raised up for me. Farewell. Life and death are in thy haste."

The peasant took the scroll, which contained only a few lines in Hebrew. Many of the crowd would have dissuaded him from touching a document so suspicious; but he was resolute in the service of his benefactress. "She has saved his body," he said, "and he was confident she did mean to peril his soul."

"I will get me," he said, "my neighbour Buthan's good horse, and I will be at York within as brief space as man can best may."

As it fortun'd, he had no occasion to go so far, for at a quarter of a mile from the gate of the preceptory he met with two riders, whom, by their dress and their yellow caps, he knew to be Jews; and, on approaching nearly, discovered that one of them was his ancient friend Isaac of York. The other was the Rabbi Ben Meir; and both had approached as near to the preceptory as they dared, on hearing that the Grand Master had opened a chapter for the trial of a sorceress.

"Brother Ben Samuel," said Isaac, "my soul is distressed, and I wot not why. This charge of necromancy is often used for cloaking evil practices on our people." "Be of good comfort, brother," said the physician; "thou canst deal with the Nazarenes as one possessing the word of unrighteousness, and canst therefore purchase victory at their hands; it rules the savage minds of those dark men, even as the signet of the mighty Solomon was used to command the evil genii.<sup>2</sup> But what poor wretch art thou hither upon his crutches, desiring, as I think, some favour of me? Friend," continued the physician, addressing Higg, the son of Snell, "I refuse thee not the aid of my art, but I relieve not with one asper<sup>3</sup> those who beg upon the highway. Out upon thee! Hast thou no strength in thy legs? then let thy hands work for thy livelihood, albeit thou be'st unfit for a speedy post, or for a faithful shepherd, or for the warfare, or for the service of a noble master, yet there be occupations—— How now, brother?" said he, interrupting his harangue to look towards Isaac, who had but glanced at the scroll which Higg held. When, uttering a deep groan, he fell from his mule, a dying man, and lay for a minute insensible.

<sup>2</sup> Horse; in a more limited sense, work-horse. (Scott.)

<sup>3</sup> Compare Robert Browning's *Abt Vogler*.

<sup>4</sup> A Turkish coin worth less than a cent.

The Rabbi now dismounted in great alarm, and applied the remedies which his art suggested for the recovery of his companion. He had even taken from him a cupping apparatus, and was about to proceed to the operation, when the object of his anxious solicitude revived; but it was to dash his cap from his head and throw dust on his grey hairs. The physician was inclined to ascribe this sudden and violent emotion to the effects of insanity; and, adhering to his original plan, began once again to handle his implements. He was soon convinced him of his error.

"Child of my sorrow," he said, "well shouldst thou be called Benoni,<sup>1</sup> instead of Rebecca! Why shouldst thou bring down my grey hairs to the grave, till, in the bitterness of my heart, I curse God and die?"

"Brother," said the Rabbi, in great surprise, "art thou a father in Israel, and dost thou utter words like these? I trust that the child of thy house yet liveth."

"She liveth," answered Isaac; "but it is as Deborah was called Belteshazzar, even when within the den of lions. She is captive unto those men of Belial, who will wreak their cruelty upon her, sparing neither her youth nor her comely favour. Oh! she was as a green palm to my grey locks; and she must wither in the night, like the gourd of Jonah! Child of my love, of my old age!—oh, Rebecca, daughter of Rachel, the darkness of the shadow of death hath encompassed thee."

"Yet read the scroll," said the Rabbi; "perhaps peradventure may be that we may yet find out a way of deliverance."

"Do thou read, brother," answered Isaac, "for thou art as a fountain of water."

The physician read, but in their native language the following words:

"To Isaac, the son of Adonikam, whom the God of Israel bless, Isaac of York, peace and the blessing of the people."

<sup>1</sup> BENONI. The Hebrew name means "child of anguish." It also means "captivating," "delightful." See Genesis XXXI. 12.

handed unto thee! My father, I am as one doomed to that which my soul knoweth not, even for the crime of hercraft. My father, if a strong man can be found to fight for my cause with sword and spear, according to the custom of the Nazarenes, and that within the lists of the aplestowe, on the third day from this time, peradventure fathers' God will give him strength to defend the maid, and her who hath none to help her. But if this be not to be, let the virgins of our people mourn for me as for one cast off, and for the hart that is stricken by the arrow, and for the flower which is cut down by the scythe of the mower. Wherefore look now what thou doest, and whether there be any rescue. One Nazarene warrior might bear arms in my behalf, even Wilfred, son of Cedric, the Gentiles call Ivanhoe. But he may not yet be able to bear the weight of his armour. Nevertheless, send the letter unto him, my father; for he hath favour among the strong men of his people, and as he was our companion in the house of bondage, he may find some one to do battle for my sake. And say unto him—even unto him—even Wilfred, the son of Cedric, that if Rebecca live, or if she die, she liveth or dieth wholly free of the guilt she is charged withal. And if it be the will of God that thou be deprived of thy daughter, do not thou tarry, old man, in this land of bloodshed and cruelty; but betake thyself to Cordova, where thy brother liveth in safety, under the shadow of the throne, even of the throne of Boabdil the Moor; for less cruel are the cruelties of the Moors unto the Jew of Jacob than the cruelties of the Nazarenes of the West-land."

He listened with tolerable composure while Benbow read the letter, and then again resumed the sighs and exclamations of Oriental sorrow, tearing his hair, besprinkling his head with dust, and ejaculating, "O daughter! my daughter! flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone!"

"Yet," said the Rabbi, "take courage, for it availeth nothing. Gird up thy loins, and seek Wilfred, the son of Cedric. It may be he will help thee with counsel or with strength; for the youth hath won the eyes of Richard, called of the Nazarenes Cœur-Lion, and the tidings that he hath returned are constant in the land. It may be that he may obtain his letter, signet, commanding these men of blood, who take their name from the Temple to the dishonour thereof, to proceed not in their purposed wickedness."

"I will seek him out," said Isaac, "for he is a youth, and hath compassion for the exile of Jacob. He cannot bear his armour, and what other Christian will do battle for the oppressed of Zion?"

"Nay, but," said the Rabbi, "thou speakest as a Jew knoweth not the Gentiles. With gold shalt thou buy valour, even as with gold thou buyest thine own life. Be of good courage, and do thou set forward to find Wilfred of Ivanhoe. I will also up and be doing, for 'tis my sin it were to leave thee in thy calamity. I will be in the city of York, where many warriors and strong men are assembled, and doubt not I will find among them some who will do battle for thy daughter; for gold is the power of the world, and for riches will they pawn their lives as well as their lands. Thou wilt fulfil, my brother, such promises which I have made unto them in thy name?"

"Assuredly, brother," said Isaac, "and Heaven be praised that raised me up a comforter in my misery, grant them not their full demand at once, for thou shalt find it the quality of this accursed people that they will ask pounds, and peradventure accept of pence. Nevertheless, be it as thou wilt, for I am distressed by this thing, and what would my gold avail me if the object of my love should perish!"

"Farewell," said the physician, "and may it be as thy heart desireth."



they embraced accordingly, and departed on their seawards. The crippled peasant remained for some time gazing after them.

"These dog Jews!" said he; "to take no more notice of a guild-brother than if I were a bond slave or a Turk, circumcised Hebrew like themselves! They might flung me a mancus<sup>1</sup> or two, however. I was not afraid to bring their unhallowed scrawls, and run the risk of being bewitched, as more folks than one told me. And I care I for the bit of gold that the wench gave me, if it were to come to harm from the priest next Easter at noon, and be obliged to give him twice as much to make peace with him, and be called the Jews' flying post all my days as it may hap, into the bargain? I think I was bewitched in earnest when I was beside that girl! But it was always so with Jew or Gentile, whosoever came near her, none could stay when she had an errand to go; and whenever I think of her, I would give shop and tools to save her life."

**MANCUS.** An Anglo-Saxon coin worth about sixty cents

## CHAPTER XXXIX

O maid, unrelenting and cold as thou art,  
My bosom is proud as thine own.

SEWARD

It was in the twilight of the day when her trial could be called such, had taken place, that a low wail was heard at the door of Rebecca's prison-chamber, which disturbed not the inmate, who was then engaged in evening prayer recommended by her religion, and concluded with a hymn we have ventured thus to translate into English:

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out of the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers' God before her moved,  
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the astonish'd lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow;  
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands  
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen  
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,  
With priest's and warrior's voice between.  
No portents now our foes amaze,  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;  
Our fathers would not know THY ways,  
And THOU hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen,  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen  
To temper the deceitful ray.  
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be THOU, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's stream,  
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;  
No censor round our altar beams,  
And mute our timbrel, trump, and horn.  
But THOU hast said, The blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;  
A contrite heart, an humble thought,  
Are Mine accepted sacrifice.

When the sounds of Rebecca's devotional hymn had  
way in silence, the low knock at the door was again  
"Enter," she said, "if thou art a friend; and  
I have not the means of refusing thy entrance."  
"I am," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, entering the apart-  
ment, "friend or foe, Rebecca, as the event of this interview  
shall make me."

Struck at the sight of this man, whose licentious pas-  
sion was considered as the root of her misfortunes, Rebecca  
stepped backward with a cautious and alarmed, yet not a  
fearful, demeanour into the farthest corner of the apart-  
ment, as if determined to retreat as far as she could, but to  
hold her ground when retreat became no longer possible.  
She threw herself into an attitude not of defiance, but of  
submission, as one that would avoid provoking assault, yet  
be ready to repel it, being offered, to the utmost of her

"I have no reason to fear me, Rebecca," said the  
knight; "or, if I must so qualify my speech, you have  
now no reason to fear me."

"I fear you not, Sir Knight," replied Rebecca, although  
her short-drawn breath seemed to belie the heroism of her  
words. "my trust is strong, and I fear thee not."

"I have no cause," answered Bois-Guilbert, gravely;  
"neither frantic attempts you have not now to dread.  
Your call are guards over whom I have no authority.  
I am designed to conduct you to death, Rebecca, yet  
I will not suffer you to be insulted by any one, even by me,  
in my frenzy—for frenzy it is—to urge me so far."

"May heaven be praised!" said the Jewess; "at the least of my apprehensions in this den of evil."

"Ay," replied the Templar, "the idea of death is received by the courageous mind, when the road is sudden and open. A thrust with a lance, a stroke with a sword, were to me little; to you, a spring from a dilemma, a stroke with a sharp poniard, has no terror compared with what either thinks disgrace. Mark me this—perhaps mine own sentiments of honour are fantastic, Rebecca, than thine are; but we know alike how to die for them."

"Unhappy man," said the Jewess; "and art thou damned to expose thy life for principles of which thy judgment does not acknowledge the solidity? Surely it is a parting with your treasure for that which is not. But deem not so of me. Thy resolution may fluctuate on the wild and changeful billows of human opinion; but mine is anchored on the Rock of Ages."

"Silence, maiden," answered the Templar; "your course now avails but little. Thou art condemned to not a sudden and easy death, such as misery chooses, but despair welcomes, but a slow, wretched, protracted death of torture, suited to what the diabolical bigotry of men calls thy crime."

"And to whom—if such my fate—to whom do I owe this?" said Rebecca; "surely only to him who, for a selfish and brutal cause, dragged me hither, and who, for some unknown purpose of his own, strives to expose me to the wretched fate to which he exposed me."

"Think not," said the Templar, "that I have saved thee; I would have bucklered thee against such a fate with my own bosom, as freely as ever I exposed myself to shafts which had otherwise reached thy life."

"Had thy purpose been the honourable protection of the innocent," said Rebecca, "I had thanked thee; as it is, thou hast claimed merit for it so

"My life is worth nothing to me, preserved at the price thou wouldst exact for it."

"I will not add to thine upbraidings, Rebecca," said the Templar, "I have my own cause of grief, and brook not that thine should add to it."

"What is thy purpose, then, Sir Knight?" said the Templar, "speak it briefly. If thou hast aught to do save to increase the misery thou hast caused, let me know it; and so it please you, leave me to myself. The step from time and eternity is short but terrible, and I have moments to prepare for it."

"Receive, Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, "that thou wouldst burden me with the charge of distresses which I have prevented."

"Sir Knight," said Rebecca, "I would avoid reproaches; it is more certain than that I owe my death to thine passion?"

"Err—you err," said the Templar, hastily, "if you think that I could neither foresee nor prevent to my purgation. Could I guess the unexpected arrival of a man, whom some flashes of frantic valour, and the applause of fools to the stupid self-torments of an ignorant man have raised for the present above his own merits, above common sense, above me, and above the hundreds of men who think and feel as men free from such silly fanatic prejudices as are the grounds of his opinions?"

"I said Rebecca, 'you sate a judge upon me; innocent or innocent—as you knew me to be, you concurred in my condemnation; and if I aright understood, are you prepared to appear in arms to assert my guilt, and assure my fate?'"

"Patience, maiden," replied the Templar. "Not so well as thine own tribes how to submit to the storm, so to trim their bark as to make advantage even of the wind."



## CHAPTER XXXIV

*King John.* I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
He is a very serpent in my way;  
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?  
*King John.*

There was brave feasting in the Castle of York which Prince John had invited those nobles, prelates, and leaders by whose assistance he hoped to carry through his ambitious projects upon his brother's throne. Walter Fitzurse, his able and politic agent, was at secret work among them, tempering all to that pitch of courage and resolve which was necessary in making an open declaration of their purpose. But their enterprise was delayed by the absence of more than one main limb of the confederacy. The stubborn and daring, though brutal, courage of Frodo Bœuf; the buoyant spirits and bold bearing of De Bracy; the sagacity, martial experience, and renowned valour of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, were important to the success of their conspiracy: and, while cursing in secret their necessary and unmeaning absence, neither John nor his adviser dared to proceed without them. Isaac the Jew also seemed to have vanished, and with him the hope of certain sums of money, making up the subsidy for which Prince John had contracted with that Israelite and his brethren. This deficiency was likely to prove perilous in an emergency so critical.

It was on the morning after the fall of Torquilston that a confused report began to spread abroad in the city of York that De Bracy and Bois-Guilbert, with the

de-Bœuf, had been taken or slain. Wal-  
ter told the rumour to Prince John, announcing,  
and its truth the more that they had set out  
attendance, for the purpose of committing an  
on Saxon Cedric and his attendants. At an-  
other Prince would have treated this deed of  
good jest; but now that it interfered with and  
his own plans, he exclaimed against the perpe-  
tration of the broken laws, and the infringe-  
ment of the order and of private property, in a tone  
as if he were King Alfred.

"Unprincipled marauders!" he said; "were I ever  
ruler of England, I would hang such trans-  
gressors from the drawbridges of their own castles."

"Some monarch of England," said his Achitophel,  
"it is necessary not only that your Grace  
condemn the transgressions of these unprincipled  
men, but that you should afford them your protec-  
tion, standing your laudable zeal for the laws they  
violate of infringing. We shall be finely helped,  
if the Saxons should have realised your Grace's vision  
of feudal drawbridges into gibbets; and yon-  
der Cedric seemeth one to whom such an  
accident might occur. Your Grace is well aware, it  
is dangerous to stir without Front-de-Bœuf, De-  
la-Templar; and yet we have gone too far to  
recede."

John struck his forehead with impatience, and  
strided up and down the apartment.

"Yes," he said—"the base, treacherous villains,  
at this pinch!"

"Rather the feather-pated, giddy madmen,"  
said Achitophel, "who must be toying with follies when  
the crown was in hand."

*Achitophel* was the counselor of King David, but followed  
his son to his own destruction. See 2 Samuel XV. 31. XV.  
23. *Isaiah*, *Absalom* and *Achitophel*.

## IVANHOE

"What is to be done?" said the Prince, stopping  
Waldemar.

"I know nothing which can be done," answered  
the Chancellor, "save that which I have already taken order  
not to bewail this evil chance with your Grace  
and done my best to remedy it."

"Thou art ever my better angel, Waldemar," said  
the Prince; "and when I have such a chancellor to  
aid me, the reign of John will be renowned in our  
history: what hast thou commanded?"

"I have ordered Louis Winkelbrand, De Bracy's  
squire, to cause his trumpet sound to horse, and to  
bear his banner and to set presently forth towards  
the front-de-Bœuf, to do what yet may be done  
in the succour of our friends."

Prince John's face flushed with the pride of  
a child who has undergone what it conceives to be  
a great trial.

"By the face of God!" he said, "Waldemar,  
how much hast thou taken upon thee! and over-much  
wert to cause trumpet to blow, or banner to be  
borne in a town where ourselves were in presence, without  
command."

"I crave your Grace's pardon," said Fitzurse,  
"cursing the idle vanity of his patron: 'De Bracy  
pressed, and even the loss of minutes might have  
judged it best to take this much burden upon  
me of such importance to your Grace's interest.'"

"Thou art pardoned, Fitzurse," said the Prince.  
"Thy purpose hath atoned for thy haste: whom  
have we here?" De Bracy himself.

It was indeed De Bracy, "bloody with  
red with speed." His armour bore all the marks of  
obstinate fray, being broken, defaced, and  
blood in many places, and covered with  
sweat.

WITH SPERRING, etc. See Shakspeare

rest to the spur. Undoing his helmet, he placed it on the table, and stood a moment as if to collect himself before he told his news.

"De Bracy," said Prince John, "what means this? As, I charge thee! Are the Saxons in rebellion?"

"Speak, De Bracy," said Fitzurse, almost in the same tone with his master, "thou wert wont to be a man. Where is the Templar? where Front-de-Bœuf?"

"The Templar is fled," said De Bracy; "Front-de-Bœuf will never see more. He has found a red grave among the blazing rafters of his own castle, and I alone am left to tell you."

"Cold news," said Waldemar, "to us, though you speak of death and conflagration."

"The worst news is not yet said," answered De Bracy; "coming up to Prince John, he uttered in a low and pathetic tone: 'Richard is in England; I have seen and spoken with him.'"

Prince John turned pale, tottered, and caught at the top of an oaken bench to support himself, much like to a man who receives an arrow in his bosom.

"Thou ravest, De Bracy," said Fitzurse, "it cannot be."

"It is as true as truth itself," said De Bracy; "I was his prisoner, and spoke with him."

"With Richard Plantagenet, sayest thou?" continued Waldemar.

"With Richard Plantagenet," replied De Bracy—"with Richard Cœur-de-Lion—with Richard of England."

"And thou wert his prisoner?" said Waldemar; "he is now at the head of a power?"

"No; only a few outlawed yeomen were around him, and to these his person is unknown. I heard him say he was about to depart from them. He joined them only to lead at the storming of Torquilstone."

"Ay," said Fitzurse, "such is indeed the fashion of a true knight-errant he, and will wander in w"

## IVANHOE

for, if I do a good deed on the one hand, yet, on the other, it goeth to the vantage of a Jew, and in so much against my conscience. Yet, if the Israelite will advance the church by giving me somewhat over to the hall of our dortour,<sup>1</sup> I will take it on my conscience to do in the matter of his daughter."

"For a score of marks to the dortour," said the Jew—"Be still, I say, Isaac!—or for a brace of candlesticks to the altar, we will not stand with you."

"Nay, but, good Diccon Bend-the-Bow," said the Jew, "endeavouring to interpose."

"Good Jew—good beast—good earthworm!" said the yeoman, losing patience; "an thou dost go on with thy filthy lucre in the balance with thy daughter's honour, by Heaven, I will strip thee of every mark thou hast in the world before three days are out!"

Isaac shrunk together, and was silent.

"And what pledge am I to have for all this?"

Prior.

"When Isaac returns successful through your action," said the outlaw, "I swear by St. Hubert, that he pays thee the money in good silver, or I will give with him for it in such sort, he had better give twenty such sums."

"Well then, Jew," said Aymer, "since I will not meddle in this matter, let me have the use of thy tablets—though, hold—rather than use thou wouldst fast for twenty-four hours, and where for one?"

"If your holy scruples can dispense with Jew's tablets, for the pen I can find a remnant of a yeoman; and, bending his bow, he aimed at a wild goose which was soaring over their heads, guarded by a phalanx of his tribe, which were

<sup>1</sup> Dortour. Or dormitory. [Scott.]  
<sup>2</sup> Spanish coin worth about half a crown.



to the distant and solitary fens of Holderness. The hawk came fluttering down, transfixed with the arrow.

"There, Prior," said the captain, "are quills enow to supply all the monks of Jorvaulx for the next hundred years, an they take not to writing chronicles."

The Prior sat down, and at great leisure indited an answer to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and having carefully rolled up the tablets, delivered them to the Jew, saying: "This will be thy safe-conduct to the preceptory of Templestowe, and, as I think, is most likely to accomplish the recovery of thy daughter, if it be well backed with proffers of advantage and commodity at thine own hand; for, trust me well, the good knight Bois-Guilbert is of their confraternity that do nought for nought."

"Well, Prior," said the outlaw, "I will detain thee no longer here than to give the Jew a quittance for the six hundred crowns at which thy ransom is fixed. I accept of him for my paymaster; and if I hear that ye boggle at paying him in his accompts the sum so paid by him, St. George refuse me, an I burn not the abbey over thine head, though I hang ten years the sooner!"

With a much worse grace than that wherewith he had signed the letter to Bois-Guilbert, the Prior wrote an acquittance, discharging Isaac of York of six hundred crowns, advanced to him in his need for acquittal of his ransom, and faithfully promising to hold true compt with him for that sum.

"And now," said Prior Aymer, "I will pray you of restitution of my mules and palfreys, and the freedom of my reverend brethren attending upon me, and also of the small rings, jewels, and fair vestures of which I have been despoiled, having now satisfied you for my ransom as a prisoner."

"Touching your brethren, Sir Prior," said Locksley, "shall have present freedom, it were unjust to detain them; touching your horses and mules, they shall also

restored, with such spending money as may enable you to reach York, for it were cruel to deprive you of the pleasure of journeying. But as concerning rings, jewels, and what else, you must understand that we are men of tender consciences, and will not yield to a venerable hermit like yourself, who should be dead to the vanities of this life, the strong temptation to break the rule of his profession, by wearing rings, chains, or other vain gauds."

"Think what you do, my masters," said the Prior, "if you put your hand on the church's patrimony, these things are *inter res sacras*,<sup>1</sup> and I wot not what judgment might ensue were they to be handled by laical hands."

"I will take care of that, reverend Prior," said the hermit of Copmanhurst; "for I will wear them myself."

"Friend, or brother," said the Prior, in answer to the resolution of his doubts, "if thou hast really taken religious orders, I pray thee to look how thou wilt answer to God official for the share thou hast taken in this day's work."

"Friend Prior," returned the hermit, "you know that I belong to a little diocese where I am no more than a diocesan and care as little for the Bishop of York as for the Abbot of Jorvaulx, the Prior, and all the convent."

"Thou art utterly irregular," said the Prior, "of those disorderly men who, taking on them the character without due cause, profane the holy rites, and endanger the souls of those who take counsel at their hands. *lapides pro pane condonantes iis*,<sup>2</sup> giving them stones instead of bread, as the Vulgate hath it."

"Nay," said the Friar, "an my brain-pan could be broken by Latin, it had not held so long together. I say, that easing a world of such misproud priests of their jewels and their gimeracks is a lawful work of the Egyptians."

<sup>1</sup> *INTER RES SACRAS* Among sacred things.

<sup>2</sup> *LAPIDES, etc.* See Luke XI. 11

"Thou be'st a hedge-priest,"<sup>1</sup> said the Prior, in great wrath "*excommunicabo vos*."

"Thou be'st thyself more like a thief and a heretic," said the Friar, equally indignant; "I will pouch up no affront before my parishioners as thou thinkest it a shame to put upon me, although I be a reverend cleric to thee. *Ossa ejus perfringam*,<sup>2</sup> I will break his bones, as the Vulgate hath it."

"Hola!" cried the captain, "come the reverend brethren to such terms? Keep thine assurance of peace, Friar. For, an thou hast not made thy peace perfect with God, I take the Friar no further. Hermit, let the reverend clerk depart in peace, as a ransomed man."

The yeomen separated the incensed priests, who continued to raise their voices, vituperating each other in bad Latin, which the Prior delivered the more fluently, and the knight with the greater vehemence. The Prior at length collected himself sufficiently to be aware that he was compromising his dignity by squabbling with such a hedge-priest as the outlaw's chaplain, and being joined by his attendants, rode off with considerably less pomp, and in much more apostolical condition, so far as worldly matters were concerned, than he had exhibited before this rencontre.

It remained that the Jew should produce some security for the ransom which he was to pay on the Prior's account, as well as upon his own. He gave, accordingly, an order sealed with his signet, to a brother of his tribe at York, requiring him to pay to the bearer the sum of a thousand [eleven hundred] crowns, and to deliver certain merchandises specified in the note.

"My brother Sheva," he said, groaning deeply, "hath the key of my warehouses."

<sup>1</sup> HEDGE PRIEST See Appendix, Note G. [Scott.]  
<sup>2</sup> ILL, etc. See Isaiah XXXVIII. 13.

"And of the vaulted chamber," whispered Locksley.

"No, no—may Heaven forefend!" said Isaac. "even in the hour that let any one whomsoever into that secret!"

"It is safe with me," said the outlaw, "so be that thy scroll produce the sum therein nominated and set down. But what now, Isaac? art dead? art stupefied? hath the payment of a thousand crowns put thy daughter's peril out of thy mind?"

The Jew started to his feet: "No, Diccon, no; I will presently set forth. Farewell, thou whom I may not call good, and dare not, and will not, call evil."

Yet, ere Isaac departed, the outlaw chief bestowed on him this parting advice: "Be liberal of thine offer, Isaac, and spare not thy purse for thy daughter's sake. Credit me, that the gold thou shalt spare in her cause will hereafter give thee as much agony as if it were poured molten down thy throat."

Isaac acquiesced with a deep groan, and set forth on his journey, accompanied by two tall foresters, who were to be his guides, and at the same time his guards, through the wood.

The Black Knight, who had seen with no small interest these various proceedings, now took his leave of the outlaw in turn; nor could he avoid expressing his surprise at having witnessed so much of civil policy amongst persons cast out from all the ordinary protection and influence of the laws.

"Good fruit, Sir Knight," said the yeoman, "sometimes grow on a sorry tree; and evil times are always productive of evil alone and unmixed. Amongst those who are drawn into this lawless state, there are doubtless, numbers who wish to exercise its licence with some moderation, and some who regret, it may be, that they are obliged to follow such a trade at all."

"And to one of those," said the Knight, "I am now I presume, speaking?"

ight," said the outlaw, "we have each our se-  
are welcome to form your judgment of me,  
use my conjectures touching you, though  
our shafts may hit the mark they are shot at.  
not pray to be admitted into your mystery, be  
that I preserve my own."

o pardon, brave outlaw," said the Knight,  
of is just. But it may be we shall meet here-  
ess of concealment on either side. Meanwhile  
ids, do we not?"

s my hand upon it," said Locksley; "and I  
he hand of a true Englishman, though an out-  
present."

ere is mine in return," said the Knight, "and  
noured by being clasped with yours. For he  
od, having the unlimited power to do evil, de-  
e not only for the good which he performs,  
evil which he forbears. Fare thee well, gal-  
"

rted that fair fellowship; and he of the Fet-  
unting upon his strong war-horse, rode off  
forest.<sup>1</sup>

ennyson's picturesque drama, *The Foresters*, deals with the  
oin Hood and his companions, introducing also Prince John  
Richard. —



which John traversed the apartment with unequal ordered steps.

"Bardon," said he, "what did Waldemar do thee?"

"Two resolute men, well acquainted with these ern wilds, and skilful in tracking the tread of a horse."

"And thou hast fitted him?"

"Let your Grace never trust me else," answered master of the spies. "One is from Hexhamshire went to trace the Tynedale and Teviotdale thief bloodhound follows the slot<sup>1</sup> of a hurt deer. This is Yorkshire bred, and has twanged his bowstring in merry Sherwood; he knows each glade and ding and high-wood, betwixt this and Richmond."

"'Tis well," said the Prince. "Goes Waldemar with them?"

"Instantly," said Bardon.

"With what attendance?" asked John, carelessly.

"Broad Thoresby goes with him, and Wetherall they call, for his cruelty. Stephen Steel-Heart: an northern men-at-arms that belonged to Ralph Midgang; they are called the Spears of Spyinghow."

"'Tis well," said Prince John; then added, moment's pause: "Bardon, it imports our service to keep a strict watch on Maurice De Bracy, so that not observe it, however. And let us know of his from time to time, with whom he converses, what doeth. Fail not in this, as thou wilt be answerable."

Hugh Bardon bowed, and retired.

"If Maurice betrays me," said Prince John—"betrays me, as his bearing leads me to fear, I will head, were Richard thundering at the gates of York."

<sup>1</sup> *SLOT*. The track of a deer or other animal of the chase; the compare slot-hound (also slow and stealth).

<sup>2</sup> *PRINCE JOHN*. Shakspeare. In King John presents a representation of John after he has assumed the crown. In connection with chapter compare, especially, King John III., 3.

## CHAPTER XXXV

Arouse the tiger of Hyrcanian deserts,  
Strive with the half starved lion for his prey;  
Lesser the risk, than rouse the slumbering fire  
Of wild Fanaticism.

*Anonymous.*

Our tale now returns to Isaac of York. Mounted upon the gift of the outlaw, with two tall yeomen to act guard and guides, the Jew had set out for the preceptory of Templestowe, for the purpose of negotiating his son's redemption. The preceptory was but a day's journey from the demolished castle of Torquilstone, and Isaac had hoped to reach it before nightfall; accordingly having dismissed his guides at the verge of the forest and rewarded them with a piece of silver, he began to go on with such speed as his weariness permitted him to. But his strength failed him totally ere he had reached within four miles of the Temple court; racking pain shot along his back and through his limbs, and the intense anguish which he felt at heart being now augmented by bodily suffering, he was rendered altogether incapable of proceeding farther than a small market-town, where dwelt a Jewish rabbi of his tribe, eminent in the legal profession, and to whom Isaac was well known. Ben Israel received his suffering countrymen with the kindness which the law prescribed, and which the rabbis practised to each other. He insisted on his betaking himself to repose, and used such remedies as were then in repute to check the progress of the fever which fatigue, ill-usage, and sorrow had brought upon the old Jew.

On the morrow, when Isaac proposed to arise and pursue his journey, Nathan remonstrated against him both as his host and as his physician. "It might kill him," he said, "his life." But Isaac replied, "Than life and death depended upon his going that day to Templestowe."

"To Templestowe!" said his host with surprise; he felt his pulse, and then muttered to himself, "His pulse is abated, yet seems his mind somewhat alienated and disturbed."

"And why not to Templestowe?" answered the Jew. "I grant thee, Nathan, that it is a dwelling of whom the despised Children of the Promise are forbidden to touch, a blighting-block and an abomination; yet thou knowest how pressing affairs of traffic sometimes carry us and our bloodthirsty Nazarene soldiers, and that we visit the preceptories of the Templars, as well as the commanderies of the Knights Hospitallers, as they are called."

"I know it well," said Nathan; "but wottest thou that Lucas de Beaumanoir, the chief of their order, and which they term Grand Master, is now himself at Templestowe?"

"I know it not," said Isaac; "our last letters from our brethren at Paris avised us that he was at that time beseeching Philip for aid against the Sultan Saladin."

"He hath since come to England, unexpected to our brethren," said Ben Israel; "and he cometh armed with a strong and outstretched arm to correct and punish the Jewish. His countenance is kindled in anger against those who have departed from the vow which they have taken, and great is the fear of those sons of Belial. Thou hast heard of his name?"

"It is well known unto me," said Isaac; "the

<sup>1</sup> **COMMANDERIES.** The establishments of the Knight Templars were called Preceptories, and the title of those who presided in the order was that of Grand Master. The principal Knights of Saint John were termed Commanders, and their houses Commanderies. But these terms were sometimes, and are now, used indiscriminately. (Scott.)

this Lucas Beaumanoir as a man zealous to slay every point of the Nazarene law; and our brethren named him a fierce destroyer of the Saracens, and a saviour to the Children of the Promise."

"I truly have they termed him," said Nathan the Rabbi. "Other Templars may be moved from the purpose of their heart by pleasure, or bribed by promise of silver; but Beaumanoir is of a different stamp—impassibility, despising treasure, and pressing forward which they call the crown of martyrdom—the God speedily send it unto him, and unto them all! He hath this proud man extended his glove over the land of Judah, as holy David over Edom, holding the head of a Jew to be an offering of as sweet savour as the head of a Saracen. Impious and false things has he said of the virtues of our medicines, as if they were the works of Satan—the Lord rebuke him!"

"Nevertheless," said Isaac, "I must present myself at once, though he hath made his face like unto a furnace seven times heated."

He then explained to Nathan the pressing cause of his journey.

The Rabbi listened with interest, and testified sympathy after the fashion of his people, rending his robe and saying, "Ah, my daughter!—ah, my daughter!—the beauty of Zion! Alas! for the captivity of the daughter of Zion!"

"I seeest," said Isaac, "how it stands with me, and I may not tarry. Peradventure, the presence of this Beaumanoir, being the chief man over them, may deliver me from de Bois-Guilbert from the ill which he doth me, and that he may deliver to me my beloved Rebecca."

"Thou," said Nathan Ben Israel, "and be wise, for he prevailed Daniel in the den of lions into which he was cast, and may it go well with thee, even as thine heart desireth."

wisheth. Yet, if thou canst, keep thee from the of the Grand Master, for to do foul scorn to our his morning and evening delight. It may be couldst speak with Bois-Guilbert in private, thou better prevail with him; for men say that these Nazarenes are not of one mind in the precept their counsels be confounded and brought to sh do thou, brother, return to me as if it were to of thy father, and bring me word how it has sped and well do I hope thou wilt bring with thee Rel the scholar of the wise Miriam, whose cures th slandered as if they had been wrought by necrom

Isaac accordingly bade his friend farewell, an hour's riding brought him before the pre Templestowe.

This establishment of the Templars was sea fair meadows and pastures, which the devotio former preceptor had bestowed upon their orde strong and well fortified, a point never neglected knights, and which the disordered state of Eng dered peculiarly necessary. Two halberdiers black, guarded the drawbridge, and others, in th livery, glided to and fro upon the walls with a fun resembling spectres more than soldiers. The m cers of the order were thus dressed, ever since th white garments, similar to those of the kn esquires, had given rise to a combination of ce brethren in the mountains of Palestine, term selves Templars, and bringing great dishonour der. A knight was now and then seen to cross in his long white cloak, his head depressed on and his arms folded. They passed each othe chanced to meet, with a slow, solemn, and mute for such was the rule of their order, quoting the holy texts,<sup>1</sup> "In many words thou shalt not avoid

<sup>1</sup> HOLY TEXTS. See Proverbs X 19 XXIII 21



and death are in the power of the tongue." In a the stern, ascetic rigour of the Temple discipline, had been so long exchanged for prodigal and licentiousness, seemed at once to have revived at Temple under the severe eye of Lucas Beaumanoir. Isaac paused at the gate, to consider how he might seek grace in the manner most likely to bespeak favour; for he was well aware that to his unhappy race the reviving ascism of the order was not less dangerous than their disciplined licentiousness; and that his religion would be subject of hate and persecution in the one case, as his would have exposed him in the other to the extortion of unrelenting oppression.

Meantime, Lucas Beaumanoir walked in a small garden adjoining the preceptory, included within the precincts of exterior fortification, and held sad and confidential communication with a brother of his order, who had come in company from Palestine.

The Grand Master was a man advanced in age, as was evidenced by his long grey beard, and the shaggy grey eyes, overhanging eyes of which, however, years had been unable to quench the fire. A formidable warrior, his features retained the soldier's fierceness of expression; an ascetic bigot, they were no less marked by the radiation of abstinence, and the spiritual pride of the satisfied devotee. Yet with these severer traits of magnanimity, there was mixed somewhat striking and arising, doubtless, from the great part which his office called upon him to act among monarchs and nobles, and from the habitual exercise of supreme authority over the valiant and high-born knights who were united by the rules of the order. His stature was tall, and his undepressed by age and toil, was erect and stately. His white mantle was shaped with severe regularity, according to the rule of St. Bernard himself, being com-

posed of what was then called burrel cloth, exactly fitted to the size of the wearer, and bearing on the left shoulder the octangular cross peculiar to the order, formed of red cloth. No vair<sup>1</sup> or ermine decked this garment: but in respect of his age, the Grand Master, as permitted by the rules, wore his doublet lined and trimmed with the softest lambskin, dressed with the wool outwards, which was the nearest approach he could regularly make to the use of fur, then the greatest luxury of dress. In his hand he bore that singular abacus, or staff of office, with which Templars are usually represented, having at the upper end a round plate, on which was engraved the cross of the order, inscribed within a circle or orle, as heralds term it. His companion, who attended on this great personage, he wore nearly the same dress in all respects, but his extreme deference towards his superior showed that no other equality subsisted between them. The preceptor, for such he was in rank, walked not in a line with the Grand Master, but just so far behind that Beaumanoir could speak to him without turning round his head.

"Conrade," said the Grand Master, "dear companion of my battles and my toils, to thy faithful bosom alone I confide my sorrows. To thee alone can I tell how distressed since I came to this kingdom, I have desired to be dissolved and to be with the just. Not one object in England has met mine eye which it could rest upon with pleasure, save the tombs of our brethren, beneath the massive roof of Temple Church<sup>2</sup> in yonder proud capital. 'O valiant Robert de Ros!' did I exclaim internally, as I gazed upon these good soldiers of the cross, where they lie sculptured on their sepulchres—'O worthy William de Mareschall! open your marble cells, and take to your repose a weak brother, who would rather strive with a hundred thousand pagans than witness the decay of our holy order.'"

<sup>1</sup> VAIR. Some sort of fur.

<sup>2</sup> TEMPLE CHURCH. This edifice is still standing as a part of the Temple in the City of London. It was consecrated in 1185, and restored

is but true," answered Conrade Mont-Fitchet—"it is too true; and the irregularities of our brethren in England are even more gross than those in France."

"Because they are more wealthy," answered the Grand

"Bear with me, brother, although I should somewhat hurt myself. Thou knowest the life I have led, each point of my order, striving with devils embodied and disembodied, striking down the roaring lion, without about seeking whom he may devour, like a good and devout priest, wheresoever I met with him, blessed St. Bernard hath prescribed to us in the chief capital<sup>1</sup> of our rule, *Ut leo semp̄ feriatur*.<sup>2</sup> But, Holy Temple! the zeal which hath devoured my youth and my life, yea, the very nerves and marrow of me—by that very Holy Temple I swear to thee, that myself and some few that still retain the ancient spirit of our order, I look upon no brethren whom I can give soul to embrace under that holy name. What statutes, and how do our brethren observe them? They should wear no vain or worldly ornament, no crest upon their helmet, no gold upon stirrup or bridle-bit; yet they go pranked out so proudly and so gaily as the knights of the Temple? They are forbidden by our statutes to take one bird by means of another, to shoot with bow or arblast, to halloo to a hunting-horn, or to follow the horse after game; but now, at hunting and at each idle sport of wood and river, who so follows the Templars in all these fond vanities? They are forbidden to read, save what their superior permitted, yet they read to what is read, save such holy things as may be heard during the hours of refection; but lo! their ears are at the command of idle minstrels, and their eyes

Chapter.

etc. In the ordinances of the Knights of the Temple this phrase occurs in a variety of forms, and occurs in almost every chapter, as if it were the great-word of the Order; which may account for its being so often in the grand master's mouth. (Scott.) The phrase means "That they should always be smitten down." See 1 Peter V. 8.

study empty romaunts.<sup>1</sup> They were commanded to spurn magic and heresy; lo! they are charged with the accursed cabalistical secrets of the Jews, and the of the paynim Saracens. Simplesness of diet is prescribed to them—roots, pottage, gruels, eating but thrice a-week, because the accustomed feeding on a dishonourable corruption of the body; and beholding the tables groan under delicate fare. Their drink was water; and now, to drink like a Templar is the jolly boon companion. This very garden, filled with curious herbs and trees sent from Eastern lands, better becomes the harem of an unbelieving Emir<sup>2</sup> than the plot which Christian monks should devote to raising homely pot-herbs. And oh, Conrade! well it were if relaxation of discipline stopped even here! We knowest that we were forbidden to receive those women who at the beginning were associated as members of our order, because, saith the forty-sixth chapter of the Ancient Enemy hath, by female society, withdrawn from the right path to paradise. Nay, in the last being, as it were, the keystone which our blessed Master placed on the pure and undefiled doctrine which he enjoined, we are prohibited from offering, even to our fathers and our mothers, the kiss of affection: *ut mulierum fugiantur oscula*<sup>3</sup> I shame to speak—to think—of the corruptions which have rushed upon us even like a flood. The souls of our pure founding spirits of Hugh de Payen and Godfrey de St. Omer, the blessed seven who first joined in dedicating themselves to the service of the Temple, are disturbed even in the joyment of paradise itself. I have seen them, Conrade, in the visions of the night: their sainted eyes shed tears for the sins and follies of their brethren, and for the

<sup>1</sup> ROMAUNTS. Romances.

<sup>2</sup> EMIR. A title of dignity among the Turks and Arabs.

<sup>3</sup> UT OMNIUM, &c. "That the kisses of all women are to be avoided."



luxury in which they wallow. 'Beaumanoir,'  
"thou slumberest; awake! There is a stain in the  
of the Temple, deep and foul as that left by the  
of leprosy on the walls of the infected houses<sup>1</sup> of  
the soldiers of the Cross, who should shun the  
of a woman as the eye of a basilisk, live in open sin,  
of the females of their own race only, but with the  
of the accursed heathen, and more accursed  
Beaumanoir, thou sleepest; up, and avenge our  
Slay the sinners, male and female! Take to thee  
of Phinehas!"<sup>2</sup> The vision fled, Conrade, but as  
I could still hear the clank of their mail, and see  
ing of their white mantles. And I will do accord-  
their word: I WILL purify the fabric of the Tem-  
the unclean stones in which the plague is, I will  
and cast out of the building."

"bethink thee, reverend father," said Mont-Fit-  
the stain hath become engrained by time and con-  
let thy reformation be cautious, as it is just and

"Mont-Fitchet," answered the stern old man, "it  
sharp and sudden; the order is on the crisis of its  
the sobriety, self-devotion, and piety of our prede-  
made us powerful friends; our presumption, our  
our luxury have raised up against us mighty ene-  
We must cast away these riches, which are a temp-  
to princes; we must lay down that presumption,  
an offence to them; we must reform that license  
ers, which is a scandal to the whole Christian  
Or—mark my words—the order of the Temple  
utterly demolished, and the place thereof shall no  
known among the nations."

"may God avert such a calamity!" said the pre-

<sup>1</sup> *Two Houses* See the 13th chapter of *Leviticus*. [Scott.]

<sup>2</sup> *See Numbers XXV. 7, 8.*



"Amen," said the Grand Master, with solemnity "we must deserve His aid. I tell thee, Conrade, that neither the powers in Heaven, nor the powers on earth, will long endure the wickedness of this generation. My intelligence is sure—the ground on which our fabric is reared is already undermined, and each addition we make to the structure of our greatness will only sink it the sooner in the abyss. We must retrace our steps, and show ourselves the faithful champions of the Cross, sacrificing to our calling not alone our blood and our lives, not alone our lusts and our vanity, but our ease, our comforts, and our natural affections. We must act as men convinced that many a pleasure which may be lawful to others is forbidden to the avowed soldier of the Temple."

At this moment a squire, clothed in a threadbare garment—for the aspirants after this holy order wore, at their noviciate the cast-off garments of the knights—entered the garden, and, bowing profoundly before the Grand Master, stood silent, awaiting his permission to presume to tell his errand.

"Is it not more seemly," said the Grand Master, "to see this Damian, clothed in the garments of Christian humility, thus appear with reverend silence before his superiors than but two days since, when the fond fool was decked in a painted coat, and jangling as pert and as proud as a popinjay? Speak, Damian, we permit thee. What is thy errand?"

"A Jew stands without the gate, noble and reverend father," said the squire, "who prays to speak with brother Brian de Bois-Guilbert."

"Thou wert right to give me knowledge of it," said the Grand Master; "in our presence a preceptor is but a common compeer of our order, who may not walk according to his own will, but to that of his Master, even according to the text, 'In the hearing of the ear he hath de-

It imports us especially to know of this Bois-Guil-  
proceedings," said he, turning to his companion.  
"Port speaks him brave and valiant," said Conrade.  
"And truly is he so spoken of," said the Grand Master;  
"valour only we are not degenerated from our prede-  
the heroes of the Cross. But brother Brian came  
in order a moody and disappointed man, stirred, I  
say, to take our vows and to renounce the world, not  
for purity of soul, but as one whom some touch of light  
penitence had driven into penitence. Since then he hath  
been an active and earnest agitator, a murmurer, and a  
leader amongst those who impugn our  
rule; not considering that the rule is given to the  
monks by the symbol of the staff and the rod—the  
staff to support the infirmities of the weak, the rod to cor-  
rect the faults of delinquents. Damian," he continued,  
"bring the Jew to our presence."

The squire departed with a profound reverence, and in  
a few minutes returned, marshalling in Isaac of York,  
the Jewish slave, ushered into the presence of some mighty  
prelate, who could approach his judgment-seat with more pro-  
fession of reverence and terror than that with which the Jew  
approached to the presence of the Grand Master. When he  
approached within the distance of three yards, Beau-  
maître made a sign with his staff that he should come no  
nearer.

The Jew kneeled down on the earth, which he  
did as a token of reverence; then rising, stood before the  
prelate, his hands folded on his bosom, his head bowed  
in submission, in all the submission of Oriental slavery.  
"Damian," said the Grand Master, "retire, and have a  
ready to await our sudden call; and suffer no one to  
enter the garden until we shall leave it." The squire  
obeyed and retreated. "Jew," continued the haughty old  
prelate, "mark me. It suits not our condition to hold with  
any communication, nor do we waste words or time

## IVANHOE

any one. Wherefore be brief in thy answers to questions I shall ask thee, and let thy words be of thy tongue doubles with me, I will have it torn in misbelieving jaws."

The Jew was about to reply; but the Grand Master on:

"Peace, unbeliever! not a word in our presence, answer to our questions. What is thy business with other Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"

Isaac gasped with terror and uncertainty. To be told it, what hope could he have of achieving his daughter's deliverance? Beaumanoir saw his apprehension, and condescended to give him some help.

"Fear nothing," he said, "for thy wretched people shall know from thee thy business with Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"

"I am bearer of a letter," stammered out the Jew, "please your reverend valour, to that good lord, the Prior Aymer of the Abbey of Jorvaulx."

"Said I not these were evil times, Conrad Master. A Cistercian prior sends a letter to the Temple, and can find no more fitting messenger than an unbelieving Jew. Give me the letter."

The Jew, with trembling hands, undid the Armenian cap, in which he had deposited the letter for the greater security, and was about to hand extended and body crouched, to the reach of his grim interrogator.

"Back, dog!" said the Grand Master; "give me the letter from the Jew and give it to me."

Beaumanoir, being thus possessed of the letter, inspected the outside carefully, and then secured it with the pack-thread which secured its

said Conrade, interposing, though with much  
 me, "wilt thou break the seal?"

"And will I not?" said Beaumanoir, with a frown. "Is  
 written in the forty-second capital, *De Lectione Lit-*  
 that a Templar shall not receive a letter, no, not  
 his father, without communicating the same to the  
 Master, and reading it in his presence?"

Then perused the letter in haste, with an expression  
 of surprise and horror; read it over again more slowly;  
 holding it out to Conrade with one hand, and slightly  
 pointing it with the other, exclaimed: "Here is goodly stuff  
 for a Christian man to write to another, and both mem-  
 bers no inconsiderable members, of religious profes-  
 sion. When," said he solemnly, and looking upward,  
 thou come with Thy fanners to purge the thrashing-

at-Fitchet took the letter from his superior, and  
 went out to peruse it. "Read it aloud, Conrade," said  
 the Master; "and do thou (to Isaac) attend to the  
 sense of it, for we will question thee concerning it."

Conrade read the letter, which was in these words:  
 "By divine grace, prior of the Cistercian house of  
 Mary's of Jörvaux, to Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, a  
 knight of the holy order of the Temple, wisheth health,  
 and the bounties of King Bacchus and of my Lady Venus.  
 Regarding our present condition, dear brother, we are a  
 prey in the hands of certain lawless and godless men,  
 who are not feared to detain our person, and put us to  
 pain, whereby we have also learned of Front-de-Bœuf's  
 escape, and that thou hast escaped with that fair Jew-  
 ess whose black eyes have bewitched thee. We  
 heartily rejoiced of thy safety; nevertheless, we pray  
 thee be on thy guard in the matter of this second Witch  
 story; for we are privately assured that your Great

Master, who careth not a bean for cherry cheeks and black eyes, comes from Normandy to diminish your mirth and amend your misdoings. Wherefore we pray you heartily to beware, and to be found watching, even as the Holy Text hath it, *Inveniantur vigilantes*.<sup>1</sup> And the well-known Jew her father, Isaac of York, having prayed of me letters in his behalf, I gave him these, earnestly advising, and in a sort entreating, that you do hold the damsel to ransom, seeing he will pay you from his bags as much as may buy fifty damsels upon safer terms, whereof I trust to have my part when we make merry together, as true brothers, not forgetting the wine-cup. For what saith the text, *Vinum letificat cor hominis*;<sup>2</sup> and again, *Rex delectabitur pulchritudine tua*.<sup>3</sup>

"Till which merry meeting, we wish you farewell. Given from this den of thieves, about the hour of midnight."

"AYMER PR. S. M. JORVOLCIENSIS"

"*Postscriptum*.—Truly your golden chain hath long abidden with me, and will now sustain, around the neck of an outlaw deer-stealer, the whistle wherewith I calleth on his hounds."

"What sayest thou to this, Conrade?" said the Grand Master. "Den of thieves! and a fit residence is a den of thieves for such a prior. No wonder that the hand of God is upon us, and that in the Holy Land we lose place by place, foot by foot, before the infidels, when we have such churchmen as this Aymer. And what meaneth he, I trow, by 'this second Witch of Endor'?" said he to his confidant something apart.

Conrade was better acquainted, perhaps by previous acquaintance with the jargon of gallantry than was his superior; and he expounded the passage which embarrassed the Grand Master.

<sup>1</sup> *INVENIANTUR VIGILANTES*. See Luke XII. 37.

<sup>2</sup> *VINUM*, etc. "Wine maketh glad the heart of man." See Psalm CXIV.

<sup>3</sup> *REX*, etc. "The king shall delight in thy beauty." See Psalm XLV.



is a sort of language used by worldly men towards whom they loved *par amours*; but the explanation satisfy the bigoted Beaumanoir.

There is more in it than thou dost guess, Conrade; simplicity is no match for this deep abyss of wickedness. This Rebecca of York was a pupil of that Miriam of whom thou hast heard. Thou shalt hear the Jew own it anon." Then turning to Isaac, he said aloud, "Thy daughter, then, is prisoner with Brian de Bois-Guilbert?" "My reverend valorous sir," stammered poor Isaac, "whatsoever ransom a poor man may pay for her deliverance—"

"See!" said the Grand Master. "This thy daughter practised the art of healing, hath she not?"

"My gracious sir," answered the Jew, with more confidence, "and knight and yeoman, squire and vassal, may have a goodly gift which Heaven hath assigned to her. None can testify that she hath recovered them by her aid; in every other human aid hath proved vain; but the blessing of the God of Jacob was upon her."

Beaumanoir turned to Mont-Fitchet with a grim smile. "Fother," he said, "the deceptions of the devouring serpent."

Behold the baits with which he fishes for souls, and a poor space of earthly life in exchange for eternal bliss hereafter. Well said our blessed rule, *Semper contra leonem vorans*<sup>1</sup> Upon the lion! Down with the serpent!" said he, shaking aloft his mystic abacus, as if to smite the powers of darkness. "Thy daughter has the cures, I doubt not," thus he went on to address the knight, "by words and sigils, and periapts,<sup>2</sup> and other magical mysteries."

"My reverend and brave knight," answered Isaac, "what chief measure by a balsam of marvellous virtue?" "What had she that secret?" said Beaumanoir.

<sup>1</sup> *Id est.* "The ravening lion is ever to be beaten down."  
<sup>2</sup> *PERIAPTS.* Spells and charms.

"It was delivered to her," answered Isaac, reluctantly, "by Miriam, a sage matron of our tribe."

"Ah, false Jew!" said the Grand Master; "was it not from that same witch Miriam, the abomination of whose enchantments have been heard of throughout every Christian land?" exclaimed the Grand Master, crossing himself. "Her body was burnt at a stake, and her ashes were scattered to the four winds; and so be it with me and mine, if I do not as much to her pupil, and more also! I will teach her to throw spell and incantation over the soldiers of the blessed Temple! There, Damian, spurn the Jew from the gate; shoot him dead if he oppose or turn again. With his daughter we will deal as the Christian law and our own high office warrant."

Poor Isaac was hurried off accordingly, and expelled from the preceptory, all his entreaties, and even his offers unheard and disregarded. He could do no better than return to the house of the Rabbi, and endeavour, through his means, to learn how his daughter was to be disposed of. He had hitherto feared for her honour; he was now tremble for her life. Meanwhile, the Grand Master ordered to his presence the preceptor of Templestowe.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

Say not my art is fraud—all live by seeming.  
The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier  
Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming;  
The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier  
Will eke with it his service.—All admit it,  
All practice it; and he who is content  
With showing what he is shall have small credit  
In church, or camp, or state. So wags the world.

*Old Play.*

Albert Malvoisin, president, or, in the language of the preceptor of the establishment of Templestowe, was senior to that Philip Malvoisin who has been already occasionally mentioned in this history, and was, like that baron, in league with Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

Amongst dissolute and unprincipled men, of whom the whole order included but too many, Albert of Templestowe might be distinguished; but with this difference from audacious Bois-Guilbert, that he knew how to throw his vices and his ambition the veil of hypocrisy, and to give in his exterior the fanaticism which he internally used. Had not the arrival of the Grand Master been so unexpectedly sudden, he would have seen nothing at Templestowe which might have appeared to argue any relaxation of discipline. And, even although surprised, and to some extent detected, Albert Malvoisin listened with respect and apparent contrition to the rebuke of his superior, and made such haste to reform the particulars he had been charged—succeeded, in fine, so well in giving an air of piety and devotion to a family which had been lately devoted to dissipation and pleasure, that Lucas Beaumanoir began to

entertain a higher opinion of the preceptor's morals than the first appearance of the establishment had inclined him to adopt.

But these favourable sentiments on the part of the Grand Master were greatly shaken by the intelligence that Albert had received within a house of religion the Jewish captive, and, as was to be feared, the paramour of a brother of the order; and when Albert appeared before him he was regarded with unwonted sternness.

"There is in this mansion, dedicated to the purposes of the holy order of the Temple," said the Grand Master in a severe tone, "a Jewish woman, brought hither by a brother of religion, by your connivance, Sir Preceptor."

Albert Malvoisin was overwhelmed with confusion, for the unfortunate Rebecca had been confined in a remote and secret part of the building, and every precaution used to prevent her residence there from being known. He read the looks of Beaumanoir ruin to Bois-Guilbert and to himself, unless he should be able to avert the impending storm.

"Why are you mute?" continued the Grand Master.

"Is it permitted to me to reply?" answered the preceptor, in a tone of the deepest humility, although by the question he only meant to gain an instant's space for arranging his ideas.

"Speak, you are permitted," said the Grand Master. "Speak, and say, knowest thou the capital of our holy rule? *De commilitonibus Templi in sancta civitate, qui cum meretricibus mulieribus versantur, propter oblectationem carnis?*"<sup>1</sup>

"Surely, most reverend father," answered the preceptor. "I have not risen to this office in the order, being ignorant of one of its most important prohibitions."

"How comes it, then, I demand of thee once more, that thou hast suffered a brother to bring a paramour, and that

<sup>1</sup> *DE COMMILITONIBUS*, &c. The edict which he quotes is against association with women of light character. [Scott.]

"a Jewish sorceress, into this holy place, to the pollution thereof?"

"Jewish sorceress!" echoed Albert Malvoisin, "good guard us!"

"brother, a Jewish sorceress," said the Grand Master. "I have said it. Darest thou deny that this is the daughter of that wretched usurer Isaac of London and the pupil of the foul witch Miriam, is now—to be thought or spoken!—lodged within this thy hall?"

"By your wisdom, reverend father," answered the preceptor, "it hath rolled away the darkness from my understanding. I wonder that so good a knight as Brian de Bois-Guilbert seemed so fondly besotted on the charms of this woman, whom I received into this house merely to place a curb betwixt their growing intimacy, which else might have been maintained at the expense of the fall of our valiant and our brother."

"In nothing, then, as yet passed betwixt them in violation of his vow?" demanded the Grand Master.

"Not under this roof?" said the preceptor, crossing himself. "St. Magdalene and the ten thousand virgins forgive me! if I have sinned in receiving her here, it was in my thought that I might thus break off our brother's devotion to this Jewess, which seemed to me so unnatural, that I could not but ascribe it to some insanity, more to be cured by pity than reproof. May your reverend wisdom hath discovered this Jewess to be a sorceress, perchance it may account fully my sin as a sin of ignorance and not of folly."

"Doth!—it doth!" said Beaumanoir. "See, brother, the peril of yielding to the first devices and blandishments of Satan! We look upon woman only to gratify the eye, and to take pleasure in what men call her beauty, and the Ancient Enemy, the devouring lion, obtains his prey."

*An abandoned woman.*



power over us, to complete, by talisman and spell, a work which was begun by idleness and folly. It may be that our brother Bois-Guilbert does in this matter deserve not pity than severe chastisement, rather the support of the staff than the strokes of the rod: and that our admonitions and prayers may turn him from his folly, and restore him to his brethren."

"It were deep pity," said Conrade Mont-Fitchet, "to lose to the order one of its best lances, when the holy community most requires the aid of its sons. Three hundred Saracens hath this Brian de Bois-Guilbert slain with his own hand."

"The blood of these accursed dogs," said the Grand Master, "shall be a sweet and acceptable offering to the saints and angels whom they despise and blaspheme; and with their aid will we counteract the spells and charms with which our brother is entwined as in a net. He shall burst the bands of this Delilah as Samson burst the two records with which the Philistines had bound him, and shall slaughter the infidels, even heaps upon heaps. But concerning this foul witch, who hath flung her enchantment over a brother of the Holy Temple, assuredly she shall die the death."

"But the laws of England——" said the preceptor, who though delighted that the Grand Master's resentment, though fortunately averted from himself and Bois-Guilbert, had taken another direction, began now to fear he was carrying it too far.

"The laws of England," interrupted Beaumanoir, "permit and enjoin each judge to execute justice within his own jurisdiction. The most petty baron may arrest, try, and condemn a witch found within his own domain. And shall that power be denied to the Grand Master of the Temple within a preceptory of his order? No! we will judge and condemn. The witch shall be taken out of the land, and the wickedness thereof shall be forgiven. Prepare the battle hall for the trial of the sorceress."

Robert Malvoisin bowed and retired, not to give direction for preparing the hall, but to seek out Brian de Bois-Gilbert, and communicate to him how matters were likely to terminate. It was not long ere he found him, foaming with indignation at a repulse he had anew sustained from the fair Jewess. "The unthinking," he said—"the unfeeling, to scorn him who, amidst blood and flames, would have saved her life at the risk of his own! By Heaven, Malvoisin, I abode until roof and rafters crackled and crashed about me. I was the butt of a hundred arrows; they rained on mine armour like hailstones against a latticed window, and the only use I made of my shield was for her protection. Thus did I endure for her, and now the selfish girl upbraids me that I did not leave her to perish, and refuses me not only the slightest proof of gratitude, but the most distant hope that ever she will be brought to any. The devil, that possessed her race with obsequy, has concentrated its full force in her single person!" "The devil," said the preceptor, "I think, possessed you."

How oft have I preached to you caution, if not continence? Did I not tell you that there were enough willing Christian damsels to be met with, who would think it sin to so brave a knight *le don d'amoureux merci*,<sup>1</sup> and you needs anchor your affection on a wilful, obstinate Jewess? By the mass, I think old Lucas Beaumanoir guesses when he maintains she hath cast a spell over you." "Lucas Beaumanoir?" said Bois-Guilbert, reproachfully. "These your precautions, Malvoisin? Hast thou suffered the dotard to learn that Rebecca is in the preceptory?" "How could I help it?" said the preceptor. "I neglected nothing that could keep secret your mystery; but it is beyond me, and whether by the devil or no, the devil only can. But I have turned the matter as I could; you are safe. Renounce Rebecca. You are pitied—the victim of

<sup>1</sup> DON D'AMOUREUX MERCI. "The generous gift of love."

magical delusion. She is a sorceress, and must be such."

"She shall not, by Heaven!" said Bois-Guilbert.

"By Heaven, she must and will!" said Malvoisin.

"Neither you nor any one else can save her. Lucanor hath settled that the death of a Jewess is a sin-offering sufficient to atone for all the amorosities and excesses of the Knights Templars; and thou knowest both the power and will to execute so reasonable an order for a purpose."

"Will future ages believe that such stupid bigotedness existed?" said Bois-Guilbert, striding up and down the apartment.

"What they may believe, I know not," said Malvoisin calmly, "but I know well, that in this our day clerical laymen, take ninety-nine to the hundred, will cry out to the Grand Master's sentence."

"I have it," said Bois-Guilbert. "Albert, thou art my friend. Thou must connive at her escape, Malvoisin. I will transport her to some place of greater security and secrecy."

"I cannot, if I would," replied the preceptor: "the hall is filled with the attendants of the Grand Master, and others who are devoted to him. And, to be frank with my brother, I would not embark with you in this matter. I could hope to bring my bark to haven. I have enough already for your sake. I have no mind to earn a sentence of degradation, or even to lose my preceptorship, for the sake of a painted piece of Jewish flesh and blood. If you, if you will be guided by my counsel, will give me a wild-geese chase, and fly your hawk at some other quarry. Think, Bois-Guilbert; thy present rank, thy future rank, all depend on thy place in the order. Shouldst thou be so perversely to thy passion for this Rebecca, thou wilt lose Beaumanoir the power of expelling thee, and he will neglect it. He is jealous of the truncheon which

stumbling gripe, and he knows thou stretchest thy net towards it. Doubt not he will ruin thee, if thou give him a pretext so fair as thy protection of a Jewish girl.

Give him his scope in this matter, for thou canst control him. When the staff is in thine own firm grasp, thou mayest caress the daughters of Judah, or burn them, as thou suit thine own humour."

"Malvoisin," said Bois-Guilbert, "thou art a cold-blooded

man," said the preceptor, hastening to fill up the cup which Bois-Guilbert would probably have placed a guard—"a cold-blooded friend I am, and therefore I come to give thee advice. I tell thee once more, that thou shalt not save Rebecca. I tell thee once more, thou shalt perish with her. Go hie thee to the Grand Master, throw thyself at his feet and tell him——"

"I shall kneel at his feet, by Heaven! but to the dotard's very words I say——"

"I will tell him, then, to his beard," continued Malvoisin, "that you love this captive Jewess to distraction; and the more thou dost enlarge on thy passion, the greater will be his haste to end it by the death of the fair enemy; while thou, taken in flagrant delict<sup>1</sup> by the commission of a crime contrary to thine oath, canst hope no aid from thy brethren, and must exchange all thy brilliant visions of glory and power, to lift perhaps a mercenary spear in the petty quarrels between Flanders and Bur-

"Thou speakest the truth, Malvoisin," said Brian de Burgo, after a moment's reflection. "I will give thee no advantage over me; and for Rebecca, she is committed at my hand that I should expose rank and name for her sake. I will cast her off; yes, I will leave her to her fate, unless——"

"Thy not thy wise and necessary resolution," said Malvoisin (*in flagrante delicto*). "In the very commission of the crime."



Malvoisin; "women are but the toys which amuse our lighter hours; ambition is the serious business of life. Perish a thousand such frail baubles as this Jewess, before the manly step pause in the brilliant career that lies stretched before thee! For the present we part, nor must we be seen to hold close conversation; I must order the hall for judgment seat."

"What!" said Bois-Guilbert, "so soon?"

"Ay," replied the preceptor, "trial moves rapidly when the judge has determined the sentence beforehand."

"Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, when he was left alone, "thou art like to cost me dear. Why cannot I abandon thee to thy fate, as this calm hypocrite recommends? One effort will I make to save thee; but beware of ingratitude! for, if I am again repulsed, my vengeance shall equal my love. The life and honour of Bois-Guilbert must not be hazarded where contempt and reproaches are his only reward."

The preceptor had hardly given the necessary orders when he was joined by Conrade Mont-Fitchet, who acquainted him with the Grand Master's resolution to bring the Jewess to instant trial for sorcery.

"It is surely a dream," said the preceptor: "we have many Jewish physicians, and we call them not wizards though they work wonderful cures."

"The Grand Master thinks otherwise," said Mont-Fitchet; "and, Albert, I will be upright with thee: wizard or not, it were better that this miserable damsel die than that Brian de Bois-Guilbert should be lost to the order, the order divided by internal dissension. Thou knowest his high rank, his fame in arms; thou knowest the zeal with which many of our brethren regard him; but all this will not avail him with our Grand Master, should he condemn Brian as the accomplice, not the victim, of this Jewess. Were the souls of the twelve tribes in her single body, were better she suffered alone than that Bois-Guilbert should be partner in her destruction."



"I have been working him even now to abandon her," Malvoisin; "but still, are there grounds enough to condemn this Rebecca for sorcery? Will not the Grand Master give his mind when he sees that the proofs are so weak?" "They must be strengthened, Albert," replied Mont-Fitchet—"they must be strengthened. Dost thou undertake?"

"I do," said the preceptor, "nor do I scruple to do aught in advancement of the order; but there is little time to loquacities fitting."

"Malvoisin, they *must* be found," said Conrade; "well to advantage both the order and thee. This Temple is a poor preceptory; that of Maison-Dieu<sup>1</sup> is worth its value. Thou knowest my interest with our old friend those who can carry this matter through, and art preceptor of Maison-Dieu in the fertile Kent. Hast thou?"

"There is," replied Malvoisin, "among those who came with Bois-Guilbert, two fellows whom I well know; but they were to my brother Philip de Malvoisin, and from his service to that of Front-de-Bœuf. It may be I know something of the witcheries of this woman." "Away, seek them out instantly; and hark thee, if a score or two will sharpen their memory, let them not be lagging."

"They would swear the mother that bore them a sorcerer—a zecchin," said the preceptor.

"Away, then," said Mont-Fitchet; "at noon the affair proceed. I have not seen our senior in such earnest emotion since he condemned to the stake Hamet Alfagi, a sort who relapsed to the Moslem faith."

The ponderous castle-bell had tolled the point of noon, and Rebecca heard a trampling of feet upon the private passage which led to her place of confinement. The noise announced the arrival of several persons, and the circum-

<sup>1</sup>Maison-Dieu. The name of the preceptory means "House of God."

stance rather gave her joy; for she was more afraid of the solitary visits of the fierce and passionate Bois-Guise than of any evil that could befall her besides. Then the chamber was unlocked, and Conrade and the prisoner Malvoisin entered, attended by four warders clothed in black, and bearing halberds.

"Daughter of an accursed race!" said the prisoner, "arise and follow us."

"Whither," said Rebecca, "and for what purpose?"

"Damsel," answered Conrade, "it is not for thee to question, but to obey. Nevertheless, be it known to thee that thou art to be brought before the tribunal of the Master of our holy order, there to answer for thy offences."

"May the God of Abraham be praised!" said Rebecca, folding her hands devoutly; "the name of a judge is an enemy to my people, is to me as the name of a persecutor. Most willingly do I follow thee; permit me only to veil around my head."

They descended the stair with slow and solemn step, traversed a long gallery, and, by a pair of folding doors placed at the end, entered the great hall in which the Master had for the time established his court of justice.

The lower part of this ample apartment was filled with squires and yeomen, who made way, not without solicitude, for Rebecca, attended by the preceptor and his Fitchet, and followed by the guard of halberdiers, forward to the seat appointed for her. As she passed through the crowd, her arms folded and her head bowed, a scrap of paper was thrust into her hand, which she received almost unconsciously, and continued to hold, examining its contents. The assurance that she possessed some friend in this awful assembly gave her courage around, and to mark into whose presence she had been introduced. She gazed, accordingly, upon the scene, which we shall endeavour to describe in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

Stern was the law which bade its vot'ries leave  
At human woes with human hearts to grieve;  
Stern was the law, which at the winning wile  
Of frank and harmless mirth forbade to smile;  
But sterner still, when high the iron rod  
Of tyrant power she shook, and call'd that power of God.  
*The Middle Ages.*

The tribunal, erected for the trial of the innocent and  
happy Rebecca, occupied the dais or elevated part of the  
end of the great hall—a platform which we have  
described as the place of honour, destined to be  
used by the most distinguished inhabitants or guests of  
the mansion.

In an elevated seat, directly before the accused, sat the  
Grand Master of the Temple, in full and ample robes of  
pure white, holding in his hand the mystic staff which  
was the symbol of the order. At his feet was placed a  
table occupied by two scribes, chaplains of the order, whose  
duty it was to reduce to formal record the proceedings of  
the day. The black dresses, bare scalps, and demure looks  
of the churchmen formed a strong contrast to the warlike  
appearance of the knights who attended, either as residing  
in the preceptory or as come thither to attend upon their  
Grand Master. The preceptors, of whom there were four  
in all, occupied seats lower in height and somewhat drawn  
behind that of their superior: and the knights who  
had no such rank in the order were placed on benches  
lower, and preserving the same distance from the pre-  
ceptors as these from the Grand Master. Behind them, but  
upon the dais or elevated portion of the hall, stood the  
knights of the order, in white dresses of an inferior quality

The whole assembly wore an aspect of the most profound gravity; and in the faces of the knights might be perceived traces of military daring, united with the solemnity of marriage becoming men of a religious profession, and in the presence of their Grand Master, failed not to animate every brow.

The remaining and lower part of the hall was filled with guards, holding partizans, and with other attendants whose curiosity had drawn thither to see at once a Grand Master and a Jewish sorceress. By far the greater part of the inferior persons were, in one rank or other, connected with the order, and were accordingly distinguished by the same dresses. But peasants from the neighbouring country were not refused admittance; for it was the pride of Bevis to render the edifying spectacle of the justice which he administered as public as possible. His large heart seemed to expand as he gazed around the assembly, and his countenance appeared elated by the conscious dignity and imaginary merit of the part which he was about to perform. A psalm, which he himself accompanied with a deep voice, which age had not deprived of its powers, commenced the proceedings of the day; and the solemn sounds, *exultemus Domino*,<sup>1</sup> so often sung by the Templars to engage with earthly adversaries, was judged by him to be most appropriate to introduce the approaching triumph, such he deemed it, over the powers of darkness. The prolonged notes, raised by a hundred masculine voices accustomed to combine in the choral chant, arose from the vaulted roof of the hall, and rolled on amongst its pillars with the pleasing yet solemn sound of the rushing of waters.

When the sounds ceased, the Grand Master glanced his eye slowly around the circle, and observed that the place of one of the preceptors was vacant. Brian de Bois-Guilbert, by whom it had been occupied, had left his place.

<sup>1</sup> VENITE, etc. "O come, let us sing unto the Lord." See

standing near the extreme corner of one of the benches occupied by the knights companions of the Temple, one extending his long mantle, so as in some degree to shade his face; while the other held his cross-handled sword, the point of which, sheathed as it was, he was slowly drawing lines upon the oaken floor.

"Unhappy man!" said the Grand Master, after favouring him with a glance of compassion. "Thou seest, Conrade, that this holy work distresses him. To this can the light of woman, aided by the Prince of the Powers of this world, bring a valiant and worthy knight! Seest thou he cannot look upon us; he cannot look upon her; and who knows by what impulse from his tormentor his hand forms these cabalistic lines upon the floor? It may be our life and they are thus aimed at; but we spit at and defy the foul way. *Semper Leo percutiatur!*"<sup>1</sup>

This was communicated apart to his confidential follower, Conrade Mont-Fitchet. The Grand Master then raised his voice and addressed the assembly.

"Reverend and valiant men, knights, preceptors, and companions of this holy order, my brethren and my children, you also, well-born and pious esquires, who aspire to this Holy Cross! and you also, Christian brethren, of every degree!—be it known to you, that it is not defect of power in us which hath occasioned the assembling of this congregation; for, however unworthy in our person, yet to us is committed, with this baton, full power to judge and try all that regards the weal of this our holy order. Holy Bernard, in the rule of our knightly and religious profession, hath said, in the fifty-ninth capital,<sup>2</sup> that he would that brethren be called together in council, save at the command and command of the Master: leaving it free to us, as to the more worthy fathers who have preceded us in this our

<sup>1</sup>SEMPER LEO, etc. "Ever let the lion be beaten down."

<sup>2</sup>CAPITAL. The reader is again referred to the Rules of the Poor Military Brotherhood of the Temple, which occur in the Works of St. Bernard.



office, to judge as well of the occasion as of the time and place in which a chapter of the whole order, or of any part thereof, may be convoked. Also, in all such chapters, it is our duty to hear the advice of our brethren, and to proceed according to our own pleasure. But when the raging war hath made an inroad upon the flock, and carried off a member thereof, it is the duty of the kind shepherd to call his comrades together, that with bows and slings they may quell the invader, according to our well-known rule, that the lion is ever to be beaten down. We have therefore summoned to our presence a Jewish woman, by name Rebecka, daughter of Isaac of York—a woman infamous for sorceries<sup>1</sup> and for witcheries; whereby she hath maddened the blood, and besotted the brain, not of a churl, but of a knight; not of a secular knight, but of one devoted to the service of the Holy Temple; not of a knight companion, but of a preceptor of our order, first in honour as in place. Our brother, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, is well known to ourselves and to all degrees who now hear me, as a true and zealous champion of the Cross, by whose arm many deeds of valour have been wrought in the Holy Land, and the holy places purified from pollution by the blood of those infidels who defiled them. Neither have our brother's sagacity and prudence been less in repute among his brethren than his valour and discipline; inasmuch that knights, both in eastern and western lands, have named De Bois-Guilbert as one who may well be put in nomination as successor to this high office when it shall please Heaven to release us from the trouble of bearing it. If we were told that such a man, so honourable and so honourable, suddenly casting away regard for his character, his vows, his brethren, and his prospects, had associated to himself a Jewish damsel, wandered in a lewd company through solitary places, defended her person in preference to his own, and, finally, was so utterly maddened and besotted by his folly, as to bring her even to our presence,

<sup>1</sup> SORTILLEGES. Divination by drawing lots, sorcery from Latin.

aptories, what should we say but that the noble was possessed by some evil demon, or influenced by a wicked spell? If we could suppose it otherwise, think of his valour, high repute, or any earthly consideration, to prevent us from visiting him with punishment, that thing might be removed, even according to the text, *malum ex vobis*.<sup>1</sup> For various and heinous are the transgression against the rule of our blessed order lamentable history. 1st, He hath walked according to his own will, contrary to capital 33, *Quod nullus juxta suam voluntatem incedat*.<sup>2</sup> 2d, He hath held communion with an excommunicated person, capital 57, *Ut non participent cum excommunicatis*,<sup>3</sup> and therefore censure in *Anathema Maranatha*.<sup>4</sup> 3d, He hath conversed with strange women, contrary to the capital, *Ut non conversantur cum extraneis mulieribus*.<sup>5</sup> 4th, He hath not avoided, nay, he hath, it is to be feared, the kiss of woman, by which, saith the last rule of our order, *Ut fugiantur oscula*,<sup>6</sup> the soldiers of the law were brought into a snare. For which heinous and heinous guilt, Brian de Bois-Guilbert should be cut off from our congregation, were he the right hand or eye thereof."

raised. A low murmur went through the assembly. The younger part, who had been inclined to smile at the tale, *De osculis fugiendis*,<sup>7</sup> became now grave enough, and anxiously waited what the Grand Master was next to

say," he said, "and so great should indeed be the pun-

<sup>1</sup> MALUM, etc. "Put away the evil from you." See *Deuteronomy* XIII. 5.

<sup>2</sup> INCEDAT, etc. "That no one shall walk according to his own will."

<sup>3</sup> PARTICIPENT, etc. "That the brethren shall hold no intercourse with excommunicated."

<sup>4</sup> ANATHEMA MARANATHA "Accursed." See *I Corinthians* XVI. 22.

<sup>5</sup> CONVERSANTUR, etc. "That the brethren should not hold intercourse with strangers."

<sup>6</sup> FUGIANTUR, etc. "That kissing should be shunned."

<sup>7</sup> OSCULA, etc. "Of the shunning of kisses."

ishment of a Knight Templar who wilfully offended the rules of his order in such weighty points. By means of charms and of spells, Satan had obtained dominion over the knight, perchance because he cast too lightly upon a damsel's beauty, we are then a lament than chastise his backsliding; and, imposing only such penance as may purify him from his iniquity, are to turn the full edge of our indignation upon the cursed instrument, which had so well-nigh occasioned utter falling away. Stand forth, therefore, and be witness, ye who have witnessed these unhappy doings, may judge of the sum and bearing thereof; and whether our justice may be satisfied with the punishment of this infidel woman, or if we must go on, with a heavy heart, to the further proceeding against our brother.

Several witnesses were called upon to prove the manner in which Bois-Guilbert exposed himself in endeavoring to save Rebecca from the blazing castle, and his neglect of his personal defence in attending to her safety. The narrative of these details with the exaggerations common to the minds which have been strongly excited by any remarkable event, and their natural disposition to the marvellous, greatly increased by the satisfaction which their conduct seemed to afford to the eminent person for whose protection it had been delivered. Thus the dangers which Bois-Guilbert surmounted, in themselves sufficiently grand, became portentous in their narrative. The devotion of the knight to Rebecca's defence was exaggerated beyond bounds not only of discretion, but even of the most generous excess of chivalrous zeal; and his deference to what she said, even although her language was often severe and commanding, was painted as carried to an excess which, in a knight of his haughty temper, seemed almost preternatural.

The preceptor of Templestowe was then called upon to describe the manner in which Bois-Guilbert and his companions arrived at the preceptory. The evidence of what

guarded. But while he apparently studied to  
the feelings of Bois-Guilbert, he threw in, from time  
to time, such hints as seemed to infer that he laboured  
under some temporary alienation of mind, so deeply did he  
appear to be enamoured of the damsel whom he brought  
with him. With sighs of penitence, the preceptor  
expressed his own contrition for having admitted Rebecca and  
her within the walls of the preceptory. "But my de-  
fense," he concluded, "has been made in my confession to  
that reverend father the Grand Master; he knows my  
errors were not evil, though my conduct may have been  
erroneous. Joyfully will I submit to any penance he shall  
impose on me."

"Thou hast spoken well, brother Albert," said Beau-  
clerc, "thy motives were good, since thou didst judge it  
wise to arrest thine erring brother in his career of precipi-  
tancy. But thy conduct was wrong; as he that would  
take a runaway steed, and seizing by the stirrup instead of  
the bridle, receiveth injury himself, instead of accomplish-  
ing his purpose. Thirteen paternosters are assigned by our  
founder for matins, and nine for vespers; be those  
doubled by thee. Thrice a-week are Templars per-  
mitted the use of flesh; but do thou keep fast for all the  
days. This do for six weeks to come, and thy pen-  
ance accomplished."

With a hypocritical look of the deepest submission, the  
prior of Templestowe bowed to the ground before his  
superior, and resumed his seat.

"Are it not well, brethren," said the Grand Master,  
that we examine something into the former life and con-  
duct of this woman, specially that we may discover  
whether she be one likely to use magical charms and spells,  
the truths which we have heard may well incline us to  
think that in this unhappy course our erring brother has  
been seduced upon by some infernal enticement and delu-



Herman of Goodalricke was the fourth preceptor present; the other three were Conrade, Malvoisin, and Bois-Guilbert himself. Herman was an ancient warrior, whose face was marked with scars inflicted by the sabre of the Moslemah, and had great rank and consideration among his brethren. He arose and bowed to the Grand Master, who instantly granted him license of speech. "I would crave to know, most reverend father, of our valiant brother, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, what he says to these wondrous accusations, and with what eye he himself now regards his unhappy intercourse with this Jewish maiden?"

"Brian de Bois-Guilbert," said the Grand Master, "thou hearest the question which our brother of Goodalricke desires thou shouldst answer. I command thee to reply to him."

Bois-Guilbert turned his head towards the Grand Master when thus addressed, and remained silent.

"He is possessed by a dumb devil," said the Grand Master. "Avoid thee, Sathanas! Speak, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, I conjure thee, by this symbol of our holy order."

Bois-Guilbert made an effort to suppress his rising wrath and indignation, the expression of which, he was well aware, would have little availed him. "Brian de Bois-Guilbert," he answered, "replies not, most reverend father, to such wild and vague charges. If his honour be impeached, he will defend it with his body, and with that sword which he has often fought for Christendom."

"We forgive thee, brother Brian," said the Grand Master; "though that thou hast boasted thy warlike achievements before us is a glorifying of thine own deeds, and cometh of the Enemy, who tempteth us to exalt ourselves in worship. But thou hast our pardon, judging thou speakest less of thine own suggestion than from the impulse of passion, whom, by Heaven's leave, we will quell and drive forth from our assembly." A glance of disdain flashed from the dark, fierce eyes of Bois-Guilbert, but he made no reply.



persued the Grand Master, "since our brother of  
oke's question has been thus imperfectly answered,  
we our quest, brethren, and with our patron's assist-  
will search to the bottom this mystery of iniquity.  
who have aught to witness of the life and conver-  
this Jewish woman stand forth before us "

There was a bustle in the lower part of the hall, and  
the Grand Master inquired the reason, it was replied,  
in the crowd a bedridden man, whom the prisoner  
cured to the perfect use of his limbs, by a miraculous

poor peasant, a Saxon by birth, was dragged for-  
the bar, terrified at the penal consequences which  
he have incurred by the guilt of having been cured of  
by a Jewish damsel. Perfectly cured he certainly  
for he supported himself forward on crutches to  
evidence. Most unwilling was his testimony, and  
with many tears; but he admitted that two years  
before residing at York, he was suddenly afflicted with  
palsy, while labouring for Isaac the rich Jew, in his  
office of a joiner; that he had been unable to stir from  
his bed until the remedies applied by Rebecca's directions,  
chiefly a warming and spicy-smelling balsam, had in-  
deed restored him to the use of his limbs. More-  
over, said, she had given him a pot of that precious oint-  
ment and furnished him with a piece of money withal, to  
return to the house of his father, near to Templestowe.  
"If it please your gracious reverence," said the man,  
I do not think the damsel meant harm by me, though she  
may well hap to be a Jewess; for even when I used her  
I said the pater and the creed, and it never oper-  
ated less kindly."

"Thou art a slave," said the Grand Master, "and begone!  
It is not for brutes like thee to be tampering and trinketing  
with cures, and to be giving your labour to the sons  
of the devil. I tell thee, the fiend can impose diseases to

the very purpose of removing them, in order to bring in credit some diabolical fashion of cure. Hast thou the unguent of which thou speakest?"

The peasant, fumbling in his bosom with a trembling hand, produced a small box, bearing some Hebrew characters on the lid, which was, with most of the audience, a strong proof that the devil had stood apothecary. Beaumond, after crossing himself, took the box into his hand, and learned in most of the Eastern tongues, read with ease the motto on the lid: "The Lion of the Tribe of Judah has conquered." "Strange powers of Sathanas," said he, "which can convert Scripture into blasphemy, mingling poison with our necessary food! Is there no leech here who can tell us the ingredients of this mystic unguent?"

Two mediciners, as they called themselves, the one a monk, the other a barber, appeared, and avouched that they knew nothing of the materials, excepting that they were scented of myrrh and camphire, which they took to be Oriental herbs. But with the true professional hatred to a successful practitioner of their art, they insinuated that, since the medicine was beyond their own knowledge, it must necessarily have been compounded from an unlawful and magical pharmacopœia; since they themselves, though conjurors, fully understood every branch of their art, so far as it might be exercised with the good faith of a Christian. When this medical research was ended, the Saxon peasant desired humbly to have back the medicine which he had found so salutary; but the Grand Master frowned severely at the request. "What is thy name, fellow?" said he to the cripple.

"Higg, the son of Snell," answered the peasant.

"Then, Higg, son of Snell," said the Grand Master, "tell thee, it is better to be bedridden than to accept the benefit of unbelievers' medicine that thou mayest arise and will be better to despoil infidels of their treasure by the sword."

than to accept of them benevolent gifts, or do them for wages. Go thou, and do as I have said."

"Alack," said the peasant, "an it shall not displease your grace, the lesson comes too late for me, for I am but a poor man; but I will tell my two brethren, who serve the Rabbi Nathan Ben Samuel,<sup>1</sup> that your mastership is more lawful to rob him than to render him faithful service."

"Out with the prating villain!" said Beaumanoir, who was not prepared to refute this practical application of his moral maxim.

Yegg, the son of Snell, withdrew into the crowd, but, interested in the fate of his benefactress, lingered until he might learn her doom, even at the risk of again encountering the frown of that severe judge, the terror of which chilled his very heart within him.

At this period of the trial, the Grand Master commanded Rebecca to unveil herself. Opening her lips for the first time, she replied patiently, but with dignity, "it was not the wont of the daughters of her people to uncover their faces when alone in an assembly of strangers." The sweet tones of her voice, and the softness of her reply, impressed on the audience a sentiment of pity and sympathy. But Beaumanoir, in whose mind the suppression of each feeling of humanity which could interfere with his imagined duty was a virtue of itself, repeated his commands that his victim should be unveiled. The Jews were about to remove her veil accordingly, when she stood up before the Grand Master, and said, "Nay, but for the love of your own daughters—alas," she said, recollecting herself, "ye have no daughters!—yet for the remembrance of your mothers, for the love of your sisters, and for the decency, let me not be thus handled in your presence. It suits not a maiden to be disrobed by such rude hands. I will obey you," she added, with an expression of

<sup>1</sup> *Israel? See the beginning of Chap. XXXV.*

patient sorrow in her voice, which had almost melted the heart of Beaumanoir himself; "ye are elders and wise people, and at your command I will show the features of the ill-fated maiden."

She withdrew her veil, and looked on them with a countenance in which bashfulness contended with dignity. Her exceeding beauty excited a murmur of surprise, and the younger knights told each other with their eyes, and in low correspondence, that Brian's best apology was in the truth of her real charms, rather than of her imaginary wrongs. But Higg, the son of Snell, felt most deeply the effect produced by the sight of the countenance of his benefactor. "Let me go forth," he said to the warders at the door of the hall—"let me go forth! To look at her again, for I have had a share in murdering her."

"Peace, poor man," said Rebecca, when she heard his exclamation; "thou hast done me no harm by speaking the truth; thou canst not aid me by thy complaints or petitions. Peace, I pray thee: go home and save thyself."

Higg was about to be thrust out by the command of the warders, who were apprehensive lest his clamor should draw upon them reprehension, and upon him punishment. But he promised to be silent, and was permitted to remain. The two men-at-arms, with Albert Malvoisin had not failed to communicate the import of their testimony, were now called upon. Though both were hardened and inflexible villains, the sight of the captive maiden, as well as her excellent beauty, at first appeared to stagger them; but an expressive look from the preceptor of Templestowe restored them to dogged composure; and they delivered, with a confidence which would have seemed suspicious to more scrupulous judges, circumstances either altogether fictitious or very improbable and natural in themselves, but rendered pregnant with suspicion by the exaggerated manner in which they were related, and the sinister commentary which the witnesses



facts. The circumstances of their evidence would have, in modern days, divided into two classes—those which were immaterial, and those which were actually and physically impossible. But both were, in those ignorant and superstitious times, easily credited as proofs of guilt. The first class set forth that Rebecca was heard to mutter to herself in an unknown tongue; that the songs she sung by fits and starts of a strangely sweet sound, which made the ears of the hearer tingle and his heart throb; that she spoke at times to herself, and seemed to look upward for a reply; that her garments were of a strange and mystic form, unlike those of women of good repute; that she had rings imbedded with cabalistical devices, and that strange characters were brodered on her veil. All these circumstances, natural and so trivial, were gravely listened to as proofs, at least as affording strong suspicions, that Rebecca had some powerful correspondence with mystical powers.

But there was less equivocal testimony, which the credulity of the assembly, or of the greater part, greedily swallowed, however incredible. One of the soldiers had seen her work a cure upon a wounded man brought with them to the castle of Torquilstone. "She did," he said, "make certain signs upon the wound, and repeated certain mysterious words, which he blessed God he understood not, when the iron head of a square cross-bow bolt disengaged itself from the wound, the bleeding was stanch'd, the wound closed, and the dying man was, within the quarter of an hour, walking upon the ramparts, and assisting the watchmen in managing a mangonel, or machine for hurling stones." This legend was probably founded upon the fact that Rebecca had attended on the wounded Ivanhoe when he was at the castle of Torquilstone. But it was the more difficult to dispute the accuracy of the witness, as, in order to procure real evidence in support of his verbal testimony, he had from his pouch the very bolt-head which, according to the story, had been miraculously extracted from the



wound; and as the iron weighed a full ounce, it confirmed the tale, however marvellous.

His comrade had been a witness from a neighbouring battlement of the scene betwixt Rebecca and Bois-Gilbert when she was upon the point of precipitating herself from the top of the tower. Not to be behind his companion, the fellow stated that he had seen Rebecca perch herself upon the parapet of the turret, and there take the form of a white swan, under which appearance she flitted thrice round the castle of Torquilstone; then again settle upon the turret, and once more assume the female form.

Less than one-half of this weighty evidence would have been sufficient to convict any old woman, poor as she might be, even though she had not been a Jewess. United with the fatal circumstance, the body of proof was too weighty for Rebecca's youth, though combined with the most perfect beauty.

The Grand Master had collected the suffrages, and in a solemn tone demanded of Rebecca what she had to say against the sentence of condemnation which he was about to pronounce.

"To invoke your pity," said the lovely Jewess, in a voice somewhat tremulous with emotion, "would be as useless as I should hold it mean. To plead that to relieve the sick and wounded of another country cannot be displeasing to the acknowledged Founder of our faiths, were also unavailing; to plead, that the things which these men—whom may Heaven pardon—have spoken against me are impossible, would avail but a little, since you believe in their possibility: and would it advantage me to explain that the peculiarity of my dress, language, and manners are those of my country? I had well-nigh said of my country, but, alas! we are a despised country. Nor will I even vindicate myself at the expense of my oppressor, who stands there listening to the calumnies and surmises which seem to convert the tyrant

God be judge between him and me! but rather I submit to ten such deaths as your pleasure may see against me than listen to the suit which that man has urged upon me—friendless, defenseless, and alone. But he is of your own faith, and his lightest word would weigh down the most solemn protestations of a distressed Jewess. I will not therefore return to the charge brought against me; but to himself—Brian de Bois-Guilbert, to thyself I appeal, whether accusations are not false? as monstrous and calumnious as they are deadly?”

There was a pause; all eyes turned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert. He was silent.

“Speak,” she said, “if thou art a man; if thou art a knight, speak! I conjure thee, by the habit which thou wear—by the name thou dost inherit—by the knight-errand thou dost vaunt—by the honour of thy mother—by the sword and the bones of thy father—I conjure thee to make these things true?”

“Answer her, brother,” said the Grand Master, “if the man with whom thou dost wrestle will give thee power.” In fact, Bois-Guilbert seemed agitated by contending passions, which almost convulsed his features, and it was in a constrained voice that at last he replied, looking to Rebecca: “The scroll!—the scroll!”

“The scroll,” said Beaumanoir, “this is indeed testimony! The victim of her witcheries can only name the fatal scroll, on which is inscribed on which is, doubtless, the cause of his death.”

Rebecca put another interpretation on the words, and as it were from Bois-Guilbert, and glancing her eyes on the slip of parchment which she continued to hold in her hand, she read written thereupon in the Arabian character, “Demand a champion!” The murmuring conversation which ran through the assembly at the strange demand of Bois-Guilbert gave Rebecca leisure to examine

and instantly to destroy the scroll unobserved. When the whisper had ceased, the Grand Master spoke.

"Rebecca, thou canst derive no benefit from the defence of this unhappy knight, for whom, as we receive, the Enemy is yet too powerful. Hast thou else to say?"

"There is yet one chance of life left to me," said Rebecca, "even by your own fierce laws. Life has been able—miserable, at least, of late—but I will not cast the gift of God while He affords me the means of defending it. I deny this charge; I maintain my innocence, and declare the falsehood of this accusation. I challenge the privilege of trial by combat, and will appear by my champion."

"And who, Rebecca," replied the Grand Master, "lay lance in rest for a sorceress? who will be the champion of a Jewess?"

"God will raise me up a champion," said Rebecca, "cannot be that in merry England, the hospitable, the generous, the free, where so many are ready to peril their lives for honour, there will not be found one to fight for me. But it is enough that I challenge the trial by combat; it lies my gage."

She took her embroidered glove from her hand, and flung it down before the Grand Master, with an mingled simplicity and dignity which excited universal surprise and admiration.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

There I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to the extremest point  
Of martial daring.

*Richard II.*

Lucas Beaumanoir himself was affected by the sad appearance of Rebecca. He was not originally so even a severe man; but with passions by nature and with a high, though mistaken, sense of duty, his had been gradually hardened by the ascetic life which he led, the supreme power which he enjoyed, and the constant necessity of subduing infidelity and eradicating heresies which he conceived peculiarly incumbent on him. His features relaxed in their usual severity as he gazed upon the beautiful creature before him, alone, unfriended, and yet struggling with so much spirit and courage. He reproached himself twice, as doubting whence arose the unaccustomed softening of a heart which on such occasions used to be as hard as the steel of his sword. At length he said,

"If the pity I feel for thee arise from the evil arts thou hast made on me, great is thy sin. But I rather judge it the kinder feelings of nature, which grieves that so goodly a form should be a vessel of iniquity. Repent, my daughter, confess thy witchcrafts, turn from thine evil faith, embrace this holy emblem, and thou shalt yet be well with thee here and hereafter. In the strictest order shalt thou have time for prayer and fitting penance, and that repentance not to be delayed of. This do and live: what has the law of God done for thee that thou shouldst die for it?"

"It was the law of my fathers," said Rebecca; "it was delivered in thunders and in storms upon the mountain Sinai, in cloud and in fire. This, if ye are Christians, believe. It is, you say, recalled; but so my teachers have not taught me."

"Let our chaplain," said Beaumanoir, "stand forth, and tell this obstinate infidel——"

"Forgive the interruption," said Rebecca meekly. "I am a maiden, unskilled to dispute for my religion; but I can die for it, if it be God's will. Let me pray your answer to my demand of a champion."

"Give me her glove," said Beaumanoir. "This is indeed," he continued, as he looked at the flimsy texture and slender fingers, "a slight and frail gage for a purpose so deadly! Seest thou, Rebecca, as this thin and light glove of thine is to one of our heavy steel gauntlets, so is the cause to that of the Temple, for it is our order which thou hast defied."

"Cast my innocence into the scale," answered Rebecca, "and the glove of silk shall outweigh the glove of iron."

"Then thou dost persist in thy refusal to confess thy guilt, and in that bold challenge which thou hast made?"

"I do persist, noble sir," answered Rebecca.

"So be it then, in the name of Heaven," said the Grand Master; "and may God show the right!"

"Amen," replied the preceptors around him, and the word was deeply echoed by the whole assembly.

"Brethren," said Beaumanoir, "you are aware that we might well have refused to this woman the benefit of the trial by combat; but, though a Jewess and an unbeliever, she is also a stranger and defenceless, and God forbid that she should ask the benefit of our mild laws and that it should be refused to her. Moreover, we are knights and soldiers as well as men of religion, and shame it were to us upon any pretence, to refuse proffered combat. Therefore, stands the case. Rebecca, the daughter of the



York, is, by many frequent and suspicious circumstances, stained of sorcery practiced on the person of a noble knight of our holy order, and hath challenged the combat in proof of her innocence. To whom, reverend brethren, is it your opinion that we should deliver the gage of battle, naming him, at the same time, to be our champion on the spot?"

"To Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whom it chiefly concerns," said the preceptor of Goodalricke, "and who, moreover, best knows how the truth stands in this matter."

"But if," said the Grand Master, "our brother Brian is under the influence of a charm or a spell—we speak for the sake of precaution, for to the arm of none of our holy order would we more willingly confide this or a more weighty cause."

"Reverend father," answered the preceptor of Goodalricke, "no spell can affect the champion who comes forward to fight for the judgment of God."

"Thou sayest right, brother," said the Grand Master. "Thou Malvoisin, give this gage of battle to Brian de Bois-Guilbert. It is our charge to thee, brother," he continued, "addressing himself to Bois Guilbert, "that thou do thy duty manfully, nothing doubting that the good cause shall triumph. And do thou, Rebecca, attend, that we assign thee the third day from the present to find a champion."

"That is but brief space," answered Rebecca, "for a stranger, who is also of another faith, to find one who will fight, wagering life and honour for her cause, against a knight who is called an approved soldier."

"We may not extend it," answered the Grand Master; "the field must be foughten in our presence, and divers other causes call us on the fourth day from hence."

"God's will be done!" said Rebecca: "I put my trust in him to whom an instant is as effectual to save as a whole."

"Thou hast spoken well, damsel," said the Grand Master.

Master; "but well know we who can array himself angel of light. It remains but to name a fitting combat, and, if it so hap, also of execution. What preceptor of this house?"

Albert Malvoisin, still holding Rebecca's glove in his hand, was speaking to Bois-Guilbert very earnestly in a low voice.

"How!" said the Grand Master, "will he not recognize?"

"He will—he doth, most reverend father," said Albert, slipping the glove under his own mantle. "In the place of combat, I hold the fittest to be the lists of George belonging to this preceptory, and used by the knights for military exercise."

"It is well," said the Grand Master. "Rebecca, thou shalt produce thy champion; and if thou fail to do so, or if thy champion shall be discomfited, by the judgment of God, thou shalt then die the death of a traitress, according to doom. Let this our judgment be recorded, and the record read aloud that no one may pretend ignorance."

One of the chaplains who acted as clerks to the Grand Master immediately engrossed the order in a huge volume which contained the proceedings of the Templar Knights solemnly assembled on such occasions; and when finished writing, the other read aloud the sentence of the Grand Master, which, when translated from the French in which it was couched, was expressed as follows:

"Rebecca, a Jewess, daughter of Isaac of York, being attainted of sorcery, seduction, and other damnable practices, practised on a knight of the most holy order of the Temple of Zion, doth deny the same, and saith that the testimony delivered against her this day is false, and disloyal; and that by lawful essoin<sup>1</sup> of her body."

<sup>1</sup> ESSOIN. *Excuse*. signification, excuse, and here relates to the privilege of appearing by her champion, in excuse of her account of her sex. [Scott.]

He to combat in her own behalf, she doth offer, by  
can instead thereof, to avouch her case, he perform-  
loyal *devoir*<sup>1</sup> in all knightly sort, with such arms  
of battle do fully appertain, and that at her peril

And therewith she proffered her gage. And the  
king been delivered to the noble lord and knight,  
Bois-Guilbert, of the holy order of the Temple of  
was appointed to do this battle in behalf of his  
and himself, as injured and impaired by the practices  
appellant. Wherefore the most reverend father and  
lord, Lucas Marquis of Beaumanoir, did allow of  
challenge, and of the said *essoins* of the appellant's  
and assigned the third day for the said combat, the  
king the inclosure called the lists of St. George, near  
receptory of Templestowe. And the Grand Master  
did the appellant to appear there by her champion,  
of doom, as a person convicted of sorcery or sec-  
also the defendant so to appear, under the pen-  
suing held and adjudged recreant in case of default;  
noble lord and most reverend father aforesaid ap-  
the battle to be done in his presence, and according  
that is commendable and profitable in such a case.  
"God aid the just cause!"

"Am!" said the Grand Master; and the word was  
by all around. Rebecca spoke not, but she looked  
even, and, folding her hands, remained for a min-  
out change of attitude. She then modestly re-  
the Grand Master that she ought to be permitted  
portunity of free communication with her friends,  
purpose of making her condition known to them,  
saying, if possible, some champion to fight in her

"Just and lawful," said the Grand Master: "choose  
messenger thou shalt trust, and he shall have free  
ation with thee in thy prison-chamber."

"Is there," said Rebecca, "any one here who, either for love of a good cause or for ample hire, will do the errand of a distressed being?"

All were silent; for none thought it safe, in the presence of the Grand Master, to avow any interest in the calumniated prisoner, lest he should be suspected of leaning towards Judaism. Not even the prospect of reward, or less any feelings of compassion alone, could surmount the apprehension.

Rebecca stood for a few moments in indescribable anxiety, and then exclaimed, "Is it really thus? And in English land am I to be deprived of the poor chance of safety which remains to me, for want of an act of charity which would not be refused to the worst criminal?"

Higg, the son of Snell, at length replied, "I am but a maimed man, but that I can at all stir or move was owing to her charitable assistance. I will do thine errand," he added, addressing Rebecca, "as well as a crippled object can, and happy were my limbs fleet enough to repair the mischief done by my tongue. Alas! when I boasted of my charity, I little thought I was leading thee into danger."

"God," said Rebecca, "is the disposer of all. He will turn back the captivity of Judah, even by the weakest instrument. To execute his message the snail is as sure a messenger as the falcon. Seek out Isaac of York—here is that will pay for horse and man—let him have this scroll. I know not if it be of Heaven the spirit which inspired me, but most truly do I judge that I am not to die this death, and that a champion will be raised up for me. Farewell! Life and death are in thy haste."

The peasant took the scroll, which contained only a few lines in Hebrew. Many of the crowd would have dissuaded him from touching a document so suspicious; but Higg was resolute in the service of his benefactress. "She has saved his body," he said, "and he was confident she did not mean to peril his soul."

"I will get me," he said, "my neighbour Buthan's good horse, and I will be at York within as brief space as man can least may."

But, as it fortune'd, he had no occasion to go so far, for at a quarter of a mile from the gate of the preceptory he met with two riders, whom, by their dress and their yellow caps, he knew to be Jews; and, on approaching nearly, discovered that one of them was his ancient kinsman Isaac of York. The other was the Rabbi Ben Samuel; and both had approached as near to the preceptory as they dared, on hearing that the Grand Master had summoned a chapter for the trial of a sorceress.

"Brother Ben Samuel," said Isaac, "my soul is distressed, and I wot not why. This charge of necromancy is often used for cloaking evil practices on our people." "Be of good comfort, brother," said the physician; "thou canst deal with the Nazarenes as one possessing the weapon of unrighteousness, and canst therefore purchase victory at their hands; it rules the savage minds of those silly men, even as the signet of the mighty Solomon did to command the evil genii.<sup>2</sup> But what poor wretch dost thou hither upon his crutches, desiring, as I think, some aid of me? Friend," continued the physician, addressing Higg, the son of Snell, "I refuse thee not the aid of my art, but I relieve not with one asper<sup>3</sup> those who beggars upon the highway. Out upon thee! Hast thou no labour in thy legs? then let thy hands work for thy livelihood, albeit thou be'st unfit for a speedy post, or for a faithful shepherd, or for the warfare, or for the service of thy master, yet there be occupations—— How now, brother?" said he, interrupting his harangue to look to Isaac, who had but glanced at the scroll which Higg held, when, uttering a deep groan, he fell from his mule a dying man, and lay for a minute insensible.

<sup>1</sup> *Horse; in a more limited sense. work-horse. (Scott.)*

<sup>2</sup> *Compare Robert Browning's Abt Vogler*

<sup>3</sup> *A Turkish coin worth less than a cent.*





plied unto thee! My father, I am as one doomed to  
for that which my soul knoweth not, even for the crime  
witchcraft. My father, if a strong man can be found  
to battle for my cause with sword and spear, according  
to the custom of the Nazarenes, and that within the lists  
ofamplestowe, on the third day from this time, peradven-  
our fathers' God will give him strength to defend the  
scent, and her who hath none to help her. But if this  
not be, let the virgins of our people mourn for me as  
one cast off, and for the hart that is stricken by the  
er, and for the flower which is cut down by the scythe  
the mower. Wherefore look now what thou doest, and  
whether there be any rescue. One Nazarene warrior might  
ed bear arms in my behalf, even Wilfred, son of Cedric,  
in the Gentiles call Ivanhoe. But he may not yet  
be the weight of his armour. Nevertheless, send the  
egs unto him, my father; for he hath favour among  
strong men of his people, and as he was our companion  
in the house of bondage, he may find some one to do battle  
my sake. And say unto him—even unto him—even  
Wilfred, the son of Cedric, that if Rebecca live, or if  
Rebecca die, she liveth or dieth wholly free of the guilt she  
charged withal. And if it be the will of God that thou  
be deprived of thy daughter, do not thou tarry, old  
man, in this land of bloodshed and cruelty; but betake thy-  
self to Cordova, where thy brother liveth in safety, under  
the shadow of the throne, even of the throne of Boabdil the  
Lion; for less cruel are the cruelties of the Moors unto  
the face of Jacob than the cruelties of the Nazarenes of  
this land."

Isaac listened with tolerable composure while Ben  
Shel read the letter, and then again resumed the  
sobs and exclamations of Oriental sorrow, tearing his  
clothes, besprinkling his head with dust, and ejaculating,  
"My daughter! my daughter! flesh of my flesh, and bone of  
my bone!"

"Yet," said the Rabbi, "take courage, for thou availest nothing. Gird up thy loins, and seek out Wilfred, the son of Cedric. It may be he will be with counsel or with strength; for the youth hath fastened the eyes of Richard, called of the Nazarenes Cœur-de-Lion, and the tidings that he hath returned are constant in the land. It may be that he may obtain his letter, his signet, commanding these men of blood, who take their name from the Temple to the dishonour thereof, that they proceed not in their purposed wickedness."

"I will seek him out," said Isaac, "for he is a youth, and hath compassion for the exile of Jacob; he cannot bear his armour, and what other Christian will do battle for the oppressed of Zion?"

"Nay, but," said the Rabbi, "thou speakest as one who knoweth not the Gentiles. With gold shalt thou buy valour, even as with gold thou buyest thine own soul. Be of good courage, and do thou set forward to find out Wilfred of Ivanhoe. I will also be doing, for I will not sin it were to leave thee in thy calamity. I will be in the city of York, where many warriors and strong men are assembled, and doubt not I will find among them some who will do battle for thy daughter; for gold is the power of the world, and for riches will they pawn their lives as well as their lands. Thou wilt fulfil, my brother, such promise which I have made unto them in thy name?"

"Assuredly, brother," said Isaac, "and Heaven be praised that raised me up a comforter in my misery, I will not best, grant them not their full demand at once. I will find it the quality of this accursed people that they will ask pounds, and peradventure accept of pence. Nevertheless, be it as thou wilt, for I am distressed by this thing, and what would my gold avail me if the price of my love should perish?"

"Farewell," said the physician, "and may it be as thy heart desireth."

They embraced accordingly, and departed on their sever-roads. The crippled peasant remained for some time lingering after them.

"These dog Jews!" said he; "to take no more notice of my guild-brother than if I were a bond slave or a Turk, a circumcised Hebrew like themselves! They might have flung me a mancus<sup>1</sup> or two, however. I was not minded to bring their unhallowed scrawls, and run the risk of being bewitched, as more folks than one told me. And I care I for the bit of gold that the wench gave me, if it is to come to harm from the priest next Easter at confession, and be obliged to give him twice as much to make up with him, and be called the Jews' flying post all my life, as it may hap, into the bargain? I think I was bewitched in earnest when I was beside that girl! But it is always so with Jew or Gentile, whosoever came near her: none could stay when she had an errand to go; and I, whenever I think of her, I would give shop and tools to save her life."

**MANCUS.** An Anglo-Saxon coin worth about sixty cents

## CHAPTER XXXIX

O maid, unrelenting and cold as thou art,  
My bosom is proud as thine own.

SEWARD.

It was in the twilight of the day when her trial, could be called such, had taken place, that a low knock was heard at the door of Rebecca's prison-chamber, disturbed not the inmate, who was then engaged in evening prayer recommended by her religion, and which concluded with a hymn we have ventured thus to translate into English:

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out of the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers' God before her moved,  
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the astonish'd lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow;  
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands  
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen  
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,  
With priest's and warrior's voice between.  
No portents now our foes amaze,  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;  
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,  
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen,  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen  
To temper the deceitful ray.  
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be THOU, long suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light!



Our harps we left by Babel's stream,  
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;  
No censer round our altar beams,  
And mute our timbrel, trump, and horn.  
But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;  
A contrite heart, an humble thought,  
Are Mine accepted sacrifice.

As the sounds of Rebecca's devotional hymn had  
fallen in silence, the low knock at the door was again  
heard. "Enter," she said, "if thou art a friend; and  
I have not the means of refusing thy entrance."  
"Sir," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, entering the apart-  
ment, "friend or foe, Rebecca, as the event of this interview  
may make me."

Struck at the sight of this man, whose licentious pas-  
sion was considered as the root of her misfortunes, Rebecca  
stepped backward with a cautious and alarmed, yet not a  
fearful, demeanour into the farthest corner of the apart-  
ment, as if determined to retreat as far as she could, but to  
hold her ground when retreat became no longer possible.  
She threw herself into an attitude not of defiance, but of  
submission, as one that would avoid provoking assault, yet  
be ready to repel it, being offered, to the utmost of her

"I have no reason to fear me, Rebecca," said the  
knight; "or, if I must so qualify my speech, you have  
now no reason to fear me."

"Fear you not, Sir Knight," replied Rebecca, although  
her drawn breath seemed to belie the heroism of her  
words. "my trust is strong, and I fear thee not."

"I have no cause," answered Bois-Guilbert, gravely;  
"former frantic attempts you have not now to dread.  
Your call are guards over whom I have no authority.  
I am designed to conduct you to death, Rebecca, yet  
I will not suffer you to be insulted by any one, even by me;  
I am in a frenzy—for frenzy it is—to urge me so far."

## IVANHOE

"May heaven be praised!" said the Jewess; "death is the least of my apprehensions in this den of evil."

"Ay," replied the Templar, "the idea of death is easily received by the courageous mind, when the road to it is sudden and open. A thrust with a lance, a stroke with a sword, were to me little; to you, a spring from a dizzy height, a stroke with a sharp poniard, has no terrors, compared with what either thinks disgrace. Mark me—this—perhaps mine own sentiments of honour are not so fantastic, Rebecca, than thine are; but we know alike how to die for them."

"Unhappy man," said the Jewess; "and art thou damned to expose thy life for principles of which thy judgment does not acknowledge the solidity? Sure it is a parting with your treasure for that which is not. But deem not so of me. Thy resolution may fluctuate in the wild and changeable billows of human opinion; but is anchored on the Rock of Ages."

"Silence, maiden," answered the Templar: "thy course now avails but little. Thou art condemned not to a sudden and easy death, such as misery and despair welcomes, but a slow, wretched, protracted torture, suited to what the diabolical bigotry of men calls thy crime."

"And to whom—if such my fate—to whom this?" said Rebecca; "surely only to him who, in a selfish and brutal cause, dragged me hither, and for some unknown purpose of his own, strives to inflict the wretched fate to which he exposed me."

"Think not," said the Templar, "that I have done thee; I would have buckled thee against death with my own bosom, as freely as ever I exposed myself to shafts which had otherwise reached thy life."

"Had thy purpose been the honourable rescue of the innocent," said Rebecca, "I had thanked thee; as it is, thou hast claimed merit for

"My life is worth nothing to me, preserved at the price thou wouldst exact for it."

"I will not add to thine upbraidings, Rebecca," said the Templar, "I have my own cause of grief, and brook not that thine should add to it."

"It is thy purpose, then, Sir Knight?" said the Templar, "speak it briefly. If thou hast aught to do save to increase the misery thou hast caused, let me know it; and so it please you, leave me to myself. The step from this time and eternity is short but terrible, and I have moments to prepare for it."

"I receive, Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, "that thou wouldst not wish to burden me with the charge of distresses which I might have prevented."

"Sir Knight," said Rebecca, "I would avoid reproaches; it is more certain than that I owe my death to thine passion?"

"Err—you err," said the Templar, hastily, "if you think that I could neither foresee nor prevent to my purgation. Could I guess the unexpected arrival of a man, whom some flashes of frantic valour, and the ridicule heaped by fools to the stupid self-torments of an egotist, have raised for the present above his own merits, above common sense, above me, and above the hundreds of men who think and feel as men free from such silly artistic prejudices as are the grounds of his opinions?"

"I said Rebecca, 'you sate a judge upon me; innocent and innocent—as you knew me to be, you concurred in my condemnation; and if I aright understood, are you now to appear in arms to assert my guilt, and assure my fate?'"

"Patience, maiden," replied the Templar. "No man is so well as thine own tribes how to submit to the storm, and so to trim their bark as to make advantage even of the wind."

"Lamented be the hour," said Rebecca, "that has such art to the House of Israel! but adversity be heart as fire bends the stubborn steel, and those are no longer their own governors, and the denizens of their own free independent state, must crouch before strangers. It is our curse, Sir Knight, deserved, doubtless, by our misdeeds and those of our fathers; but you—you who value your freedom as your birthright, how much deeper disgrace when you stoop to soothe the prejudices of the world, and that against your own conviction?"

"Your words are bitter, Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, pacing the apartment with impatience, "but I can bide hither to bandy reproaches with you. Know that Guilbert yields not to created man, although circumstances may for a time induce him to alter his plan. His path is the mountain stream, which may indeed be turned a little space aside by the rock, but fails not to find its way to the ocean. That scroll which warned thee to desert thy champion, from whom couldst thou think it came, from Bois-Guilbert? In whom else couldst thou have cited such interest?"

"A brief respite from instant death," said Rebecca, "which will little avail me. Was this all thou couldst do for one on whose head thou hast heaped sorrow, and to whom thou hast brought near even to the verge of the tomb?"

"No, maiden," said Bois-Guilbert, "this was not all I purposed. Had it not been for the accursed interference of yon fanatical dotard, and the fool of Goodalrick, being a Templar, affects to think and judge according to the ordinary rules of humanity, the office of the champion defender had devolved, not on a preceptor, but on a companion of the order. Then I myself—such was my purpose—had, on the sounding of the trumpet, appeared in lists as thy champion, disguised indeed in the fashion of a roving knight, who seeks adventures to prove his sword and spear; and then, let Beaumanoir have chosen



Two or three of the brethren here assembled, I had doubted to cast them out of the saddle with my single

Thus, Rebecca, should thine innocence have been shed, and to thine own gratitude would I have trusted the reward of my victory."

"This, Sir Knight," said Rebecca, "is but idle boasting brag of what you would have done had you not found convenient to do otherwise. You received my glove, my champion, if a creature so desolate can find one, to encounter your lance in the lists; yet you would not be the air of my friend and protector!"

"Thy friend and protector," said the Templar, gravely, "yet be; but mark at what risk, or rather at what certainty of dishonour; and then blame me not if I make my calculations before I offer up all that I have hitherto held to save the life of a Jewish maiden."

"Speak," said Rebecca; "I understand thee not."

"Well, then," said Bois-Guilbert, "I will speak as freely as I did doting penitent to his ghostly father, when I was in the tricky confessional. Rebecca, if I appear not in the lists I lose fame and rank—lose that which is the pride of my nostrils, the esteem, I mean, in which I am held by my brethren, and the hopes I have of succeeding to that mighty authority which is now wielded by the old dotard Lucas de Beaumanoir, but of which I should make a far different use. Such is my certain doom, except I appear in arms against thy cause. Accursed be he of us who tricked me, who baited this trap for me! and doubly accursed Albert de Malvoisin, who withheld me from the action I had formed of hurling back the glove at the head of the superstitious and superannuated fool who listened to a charge so absurd, and against a creature so high and so lovely in form as thou art!"

"And what now avails rant or flattery?" answered Rebecca. "*Thou hast made thy choice between causing to flow the blood of an innocent woman, or of endangering*



thine own earthly state and earthly hopes. What to reckon together; thy choice is made."

"No, Rebecca," said the knight, in a softer tone, drawing nearer towards her, "my choice is NOT made; mark, it is thine to make the election. If I appear in the lists, I must maintain my name in arms; and if I am championed or unchampioned, thou diest by the executioner's faggot, for there lives not the knight who hath come in arms on equal issue or on terms of vantage. Richard Cœur-de-Lion and his minion of Ivanhoe, as thou well knowest, is unable to bear his combat. Richard is in a foreign prison. If I appear, then thou diest, even although thy charms should instigate some hot-headed youth to enter the lists in thy defence."

"And what avails repeating this so often?" said Rebecca.

"Much," replied the Templar; "for thou must look at thy fate on every side."

"Well, then, turn the tapestry," said the Jew, "let me see the other side."

"If I appear," said Bois-Guilbert, "in the lists, thou diest by a slow and cruel death, in pain such as the traitor say is destined to the guilty hereafter. But if I do not, then am I a degraded and dishonoured knight, expelled of witchcraft and of communion with infidels: the glorious name which has grown yet more so under my arms, becomes a hissing and a reproach. I lose fame and honour—I lose the prospect of such greatness as emperors attain to; I sacrifice mighty ambition—I sacrifice schemes built as high as the mountains with which the giants say their heaven was once nearly scaled; and yet, Rebecca, he added, throwing himself at her feet, "this greatness I sacrifice—this fame will I renounce—this power I forego, even now when it is half within my grasp. As thou wilt say, 'Bois-Guilbert, I receive thee for my lover.'"

"Think not of such foolishness, Sir Knight," said Rebecca, "but hasten to the Regent, the Queen's

to Prince John; they cannot, in honour to the English king, allow of the proceedings of your Grand Master. So you give me protection without sacrifice on your part, on pretext of requiring any requital from me."

"With these I deal not," he continued, holding the train of his robe—"it is thee only I address; and what can countenance thy choice? Bethink thee, were I a fiend, yet death is a worse, and it is death who is my rival."

"I weigh not these evils," said Rebecca, afraid to provoke the wild knight, yet equally determined neither to yield to his passion nor even feign to endure it. "Be a Christian! If indeed thy faith recommends that which rather your tongues than your actions preserve me from this dreadful death, without seeking a reward which would change thy magnanimity into base flattery."

"No, damsel!" said the proud Templar, springing up, "thou shalt not thus impose on me: if I renounce present and future ambition, I renounce it for thy sake, and will escape in company. Listen to me, Rebecca," he again softening his tone; "England—Europe—is not the world. There are spheres in which we may act, ample enough even for my ambition. We will go to Palestine. Conrad Marquis of Montserrat is my friend and as free as myself from the dotting scruples which fetter free-born reason: rather with Saladin will we league ourselves than endure the scorn of the bigots whom we condemn. I will form new paths to greatness," he continued, again traversing the room with hasty strides; "thou shalt hear the loud step of him she has driven her sons! Not the millions whom her crusaders send to slaughter can do so much to defend Palestine; not the thousands and ten thousands of Saracens can open their way so deep into that land for which nations are contending, as the strength and policy of me and those brethren, in despite of yonder old bigot, will adhere to me."

good and evil. Thou shalt be a queen, Rebecca: on Carmel shall we pitch the throne which my valor gain for you, and I will exchange my long-desired battle for a sceptre!"

"A dream," said Rebecca—"an empty vision of night, which, were it a waking reality, affects me not. Enough, that the power which thou mightest acquire, I never share; nor hold I so light of country or religion as to esteem him who is willing to barter these ties, and away the bonds of the order of which he is a sworn member, in order to gratify an unruly passion for the daughter of other people. Put not a price on my deliverance, Knight—sell not a deed of generosity—protect the oppressed for the sake of charity, and not for a selfish advantage. Go to the throne of England; Richard will listen to my appeal from these cruel men." it.

"Never, Rebecca!" said the Templar, fiercely. "I will renounce my order, for thee alone will I renounce it; but my ambition shall remain mine, if thou refuse my love: I will not be fooled on all hands. Stoop my crest to Richard for a boon of that heart of pride? Never, Rebecca, will I lay the order of the Temple at his feet in my person; I will forsake the order; I never will degrade or betray it."

"Now God be gracious to me," said Rebecca. "The succour of man is wellnigh hopeless!"

"It is indeed," said the Templar; "for, proud as thou art, thou hast in me found thy match. If I enter the field with my spear in rest, think not any human consideration shall prevent my putting forth my strength; and thou shalt die upon thine own fate—to die the dreadful death of the condemned of criminals—to be consumed upon a blazing pile, and dispersed to the elements of which our strange forms are mystically composed—not a relic left of that glorious frame, from which we could say this lived and died. Rebecca, it is not in woman to sustain this prospect; wilt yield to my suit?"

"Bois-Guilbert," answered the Jewess, "thou knowest the heart of woman, or hast only conversed with those whose affections are lost to her best feelings. I tell thee, proud Templar, that not in thy fiercest battles hast thou displayed more of thy vaunted courage than has been shown by me when called upon to suffer by affection or duty. I am myself a woman, tenderly nurtured, naturally fearful of pain, and impatient of pain; yet, when we enter those lists, thou to fight and I to suffer, I feel the strong impulse within me that my courage shall mount higher than thine. Farewell. I waste no more words on thee; the time that remains on earth to the daughter of Jacob must be otherwise spent: she must seek the Comforter, who hides His face from His people, but who ever opens His ears to the cry of those who seek Him in sincerity and in faith."

"We part then thus?" said the Templar, after a short pause; "would to Heaven that we never met, or that thou hadst been noble in birth and Christian in faith! Nay, by Heaven! when I gaze on thee, and think when and how we first met, I could even wish myself one of thine degraded nation; my hand conversant with ingots and coins, instead of spear and shield; my head bent down to each petty noble, and my look only terrible to the proud and bankrupt debtor—this could I wish, Rebecca, were I near to thee in life, and to escape the fearful share thou hast in thy death."

"Thou hast spoken the Jew," said Rebecca, "as the perception of such as thou art has made him. Heaven in ire has driven him from his country, but industry has opened to him the only road to power and to influence which oppression has left unbarred. Read the ancient history of the people of God, and tell me if those by whom Jehovah wrought such marvels among the nations were then a people of misers and of usurers! And know, proud knight, we have names amongst us to which your boasted northern



nobility is as the gourd compared with the cedar—name that ascend far back to those high times when the Divine Presence shook the mercy-seat between the cherubim, and which derive their splendour from no earthly prince, but from the awful Voice which bade their fathers be nearest of the congregation to the Vision. Such were the princes of the House of Jacob."

Rebecca's colour rose as she boasted the ancient glory of her race, but faded as she added, with a sigh: "Such were the princes of Judah, now such no more! They are trampled down like the shorn grass, and mixed with the mire of the ways. Yet are there those among them who shame not such high descent, and of such shall be the daughter of Isaac the son of Adonikam! Farewell! I envy not thy blood-won honours; I envy not thy barbarous descent from Northern heathens; I envy thee not thy faith which is ever in thy mouth but never in thy heart nor in thy practice."

"There is a spell on me, by Heaven!" said Bois-Guibert. "I almost think yon besotted skeleton spoke the truth, and that the reluctance with which I part from thee hath something in it more than is natural. Fair creature," he said, approaching nearer, but with great respect, "young, so beautiful, so fearless of death! and yet doomed to die, and with infamy and agony. Who would not weep for thee? The tear, that has been a stranger to these eyelids for twenty years, moistens them as I gaze on thee. But it must be—nothing may now save thy life. Thou and I are but the blind instruments of some irresistible fatal power that hurries us along, like goodly vessels driving before the storm, which are dashed against each other, and so perished. Forgive me, then, and let us part at least as friends part. I have assailed thy resolution in vain, and mine own is fixed as the adamantine decrees of fate."

"Thus," said Rebecca, "do men throw on fate the blame of their own wild passions. But I do forgive thee."



art, though the author of my early death. There are things which cross over thy powerful mind; but it is the garden of the sluggard, and the weeds have rushed up, and conspired to choke the fair and wholesome blossom."

"Yes," said the Templar, "I am, Rebecca, as thou hast named me, untaught, untamed; and proud that, amidst a world of empty fools and crafty bigots, I have retained the ancient fortitude that places me above them. I have been a child of battle from my youth upward, high in my career, steady and inflexible in pursuing them. Such must I be—proud, inflexible, and unchanging; and of this world shall have proof. But thou forgivest me, dost thou?"

"As freely as ever victim forgave her executioner."

"Farewell, then," said the Templar, and left the apartment.

The preceptor Albert waited impatiently in an adjacent chamber for the return of Bois-Guilbert.

"Thou hast tarried long," he said; "I have been as if I had stood on red-hot iron with very impatience. What if the Grand Master, or his spy Conrade, had come hither? He would have paid dear for my complaisance. But what ails thee, Albert? Thy step totters, thy brow is as black as night. Art thou well, Bois-Guilbert?"

"No," answered the Templar, "as well as the wretch who is doomed to die within an hour. Nay, by the rood, not so well; for there be those in such state who can lay down their life like a cast-off garment. By Heaven, Malvoisin, this girl hath wellnigh unmanned me. I am half ready to go to the Grand Master, abjure the order to his face, and refuse to act the brutality which his tyranny imposed on me."

"Thou art mad," answered Malvoisin; "thou mayst thus utterly ruin thyself, but canst not even find a way thereby to save the life of this Jewess, which seems precious in thine eyes. Beaumanoir will name another."

of the order to defend his judgment in thy place, and the accused will as assuredly perish as if thou hadst taken the duty imposed on thee."

"'Tis false; I will myself take arms in her behalf," answered the Templar, haughtily; "and should I do so, think, Malvoisin, that thou knowest not one of the men who will keep his saddle before the point of my lance."

"Ay, but thou forgettest," said the wily adviser, "thou wilt have neither leisure nor opportunity to execute thy mad project. Go to Lucas Beaumanoir, and say thou hast renounced thy vow of obedience, and see how long the despotic old man will leave thee in personal freedom. Thy words shall scarce have left thy lips, ere thou wilt either lie an hundred feet under ground, in the dungeon of the preceptory, to abide trial as a recreant knight; or, if that opinion holds concerning thy possession, thou wilt be enjoying straw, darkness, and change in some distant convent cell, stunned with exorcisms, and drenched with holy water to expel the foul fiend which hath obtained dominion over thee. Thou must to the lists, Brian, or thou art a lost and dishonoured man."

"I will break forth and fly," said Bois-Guilbert, "to some distant land to which folly and fanaticism have as yet found their way. No drop of the blood of this most excellent creature shall be spilled by my sanction."

"Thou canst not fly," said the preceptor: "thy rashness have excited suspicion, and thou wilt not be permitted to leave the preceptory. Go and make the essay: present thyself before the gate, and command the bridge to be lowered, and mark what answer thou shalt receive. Thou art surprised and offended: but is it not better for thee? Were thou to fly, what would ensue but the reversal of thy aim, the dishonour of thine ancestry, the degradation of thy rank? Think on it. Where shall thine old companions in arms hide their heads when Brian de Bois-Guilbert, the best lance of the Templars, is proclaimed recreant?"

misses of the assembled people? What grief will be at Court of France! With what joy will the haughty lord hear the news, that the knight that set him hard in the saddle, and wellnigh darkened his renown, has lost fame and honour for a Jewish girl, whom he could not even save at a costly sacrifice!"

"Malvoisin," said the Knight, "I thank thee—thou hast touched the strings at which my heart most readily thrills! Be of it what may, recreant shall never be added to the roll of Bois-Guilbert. Would to God, Richard, or any of his vaunting minions of England, would appear in these lists."

"But they will be empty—no one will risk to break his neck for the innocent, the forlorn."

"The better for thee, if it prove so," said the preceptor; "if no champion appears, it is not by thy means that this wretched damsel shall die, but by the doom of the Grand Master, with whom rests all the blame, and who will count this blame for praise and commendation."

"True," said Bois-Guilbert; "if no champion appears, she will be but a part of the pageant, sitting indeed on horseback in the lists, but having no part in what is to follow."

"None whatever," said Malvoisin—"no more than the image of St. George when it makes part of a procession."

"Well, I will resume my resolution," replied the young Templar. "She has despised me—repulsed me—scorned me; and wherefore should I offer up for her what of estimation I have in the opinion of others? Malvoisin, I will appear in the lists."

He left the apartment hastily as he uttered these words, the preceptor followed, to watch and confirm him in his determination; for in Bois-Guilbert's fame he had himself a great interest, expecting much advantage from his being placed at the head of the order, not to mention the preference of which Mont-Fitchet had given him hopes, on condition that he would forward the condemnation of the unfortunate

Rebecca. Yet although, in combating his friend's better feelings, he possessed all the advantage which a wily, composed, selfish disposition has over a man agitated by strong and contending passions, it required all Malvoisin's art to keep Bois-Guilbert steady to the purpose he had prevailed on him to adopt. He was obliged to watch him closely to prevent his resuming his purpose of flight, to intercept his communication with the Grand Master, lest he should come to an open rupture with his superior, and to renew, from time to time, the various arguments by which he endeavoured to show that, in appearing as champion on this occasion, Bois-Guilbert, without either accelerating or ensuring the fate of Rebecca, would follow the only course by which he could save himself from degradation and disgrace.

## CHAPTER XL

Shadows avaunt!—Richard's himself again.

*Richard III.*

When the Black Knight—for it becomes necessary to so the train of his adventures—left the trysting-tree of the generous outlaw, he held his way straight to a neighbouring religious house, of small extent and revenue, called priory of St. Botolph,<sup>1</sup> to which the wounded Ivanhoe had been removed when the castle was taken, under the care of the faithful Gurth and the magnanimous Isolda. It is unnecessary at present to mention what took place in the interim betwixt Wilfred and his deliverer; sufficient to say that, after long and grave communication, messengers were despatched by the prior in several directions, so that on the succeeding morning the Black Knight was enabled to set forth on his journey, accompanied by the jester Puck, who attended as his guide.

"We will meet," he said to Ivanhoe, "at Coningsburgh, the castle of the deceased Athelstane, since there thy father is to hold the funeral feast for his noble relation. I will see your Saxon kindred together, Sir Wilfred, and I am better acquainted with them than heretofore. I will also wilt meet me; and it shall be my task to reconcile them to thy father."

On saying, he took an affectionate farewell of Ivanhoe, and expressed an anxious desire to attend upon his deliverer.

But the Black Knight would not listen to the pro-

<sup>1</sup>**BOTOLPH** The name of this Saxon saint survives in that of Boston (town). The original town of that name, the seat of St. Botolph, is in Lincolnshire.



"Rest this day; thou wilt have scarce strength enough to travel on the next. I will have no guide with me but honest Wamba, who can play priest or fool as I shall be most in the humour."

"And I," said Wamba, "will attend you with all my heart. I would fain see the feasting at the funeral of Athelstane; for, if it be not full and frequent, he will rise from the dead to rebuke cook, sewer, and cupbearer, and that were a sight worth seeing. Always, Sir Knight, I will trust your valour with making my excuse to my master Cedric, in case mine own wit should fail."

"And how should my poor valour succeed, Sir Jester, when thy light wit halts? resolve me that."

"Wit, Sir Knight," replied the Jester, "may do much. He is a quick, apprehensive knave, who sees his neighbour's blind side, and knows how to keep the lee-gage<sup>1</sup> when his passions are blowing high. But valour is a sturdy fellow that makes all split. He rows against both wind and tide and makes way notwithstanding; and, therefore, good Sir Knight, while I take advantage of the fair weather in our noble master's temper, I will expect you to bestir yourself when it grows rough."

"Sir Knight of the Fetterlock, since it is your pleasure so to be distinguished," said Ivanhoe, "I fear me you have chosen a talkative and a troublesome fool to be your guide. But he knows every path and alley in the woods as well as e'er a hunter who frequents them; and the poor knave whom thou hast partly seen, is as faithful as steel."

"Nay," said the Knight, "an he have the gift of showing my road, I shall not grumble with him that he desires to make it pleasant. Fare thee well, kind Wilfred; I charge thee not to attempt to travel till to-morrow at earliest."

So saying, he extended his hand to Ivanhoe, who pressed it to his lips, took leave of the prior, mounted his horse, and departed, with Wamba for his companion. Ivanhoe

<sup>1</sup> **LEE-GAGE.** The unexposed side, the safe side.

man with his eyes until they were lost in the shades surrounding forest, and then returned into the con-

Shortly after matin-song he requested to see the old man came in haste, and inquired anxiously of his health.

"Better," he said, "than my fondest hope could have led; either my wound has been slighter than the loss of blood led me to suppose, or this balsam hath wrought a wonderful cure upon it. I feel already as if I were my corslet; and so much the better, for thoughts of my mind which render me unwilling to remain here in inactivity."

"The saints forbid," said the prior, "that the son of a Saxon Cedric should leave our convent ere his wounds were healed! It were shame to our profession were we to suffer it."

"Would I desire to leave your hospitable roof, venerable father," said Ivanhoe, "did I not feel myself able to undertake the journey, and compelled to undertake it?"

"What can have urged you to so sudden a departure?" said the prior.

"You never, holy father," answered the knight, "apprehension of approaching evil, for which you in vain attempted to assign a cause? Have you never found the sky darkened, like the sunny landscape, by the sudden gathering of clouds, which augurs a coming tempest? And thinkest thou that such impulses are deserving of attention, as mere hints of our guardian spirits that danger is at hand?"

"I may not deny," said the prior, crossing himself, "that such things have been, and have been of Heaven; but such communications have had a visibly useful tendency. But thou, wounded as thou art, what shouldst thou follow the steps of him whom thou needest aid, were he to be assaulted?"

"Prior," said Ivanhoe, "thou dost mistake—I am strong enough to exchange buffets with any who will challenge me to such a traffic. But were it otherwise, may I not aid him were he in danger, by other means than by force of arms? It is but too well known that the Saxons love not the Norman race, and who knows what may be the issue if he break in upon them when their hearts are irritated by the death of Athelstane, and their heads heated by the carousal in which they will indulge themselves? I hold his entrance among them at such a moment most perilous, and I am resolved to share or avert the danger; which, that I may the better do, I would crave of thee the use of some palfrey whose pace may be softer than that of my *destrier*!"

"Surely," said the worthy churchman; "you shal. have mine own ambling jennet, and I would it ambled as easily for your sake as that of the abbot of St. Alban's. Yet this will I say for Malkin, for so I call her, that unless you were to borrow a ride on the juggler's steed that paces a horn pipe amongst the eggs, you could not go a journey on a creature so gentle and smooth-paced. I have compassed many a homily on her back, to the edification of my brethren of the convent and many poor Christian souls."

"I pray you, reverend father," said Ivanhoe, "let Malkin be got ready instantly, and bid Gurth attend me with his arms."

"Nay, but, fair sir," said the prior, "I pray you to remember that Malkin hath as little skill in arms as her master, and that I warrant not her enduring the sight or weight of your full panoply. Oh, Malkin, I promise you, is a beast of judgment, and will contend against any undue weight. I did but borrow the *Fructus Temporum*<sup>2</sup> from the prior of St. Bee's, and I promise you she would not stir from the gate until I had exchanged the huge volume for my breviary."

<sup>1</sup> *DESTRIER*. War-horse. {Scott.}

<sup>2</sup> *FRUCTUS TEMPORUM*. "Fruit of the Times" the title of the Chronicle.

"Trust me, holy father," said Ivanhoe, "I will not dis-  
burden her with too much weight; and if she calls a combat  
on me, it is odds but she has the worst."

This reply was made while Gurth was buckling on the  
knight's heels a pair of large gilded spurs, capable of con-  
trolling any restive horse that best safety lay in being con-  
formable to the will of his rider.

The deep and sharp rowels with which Ivanhoe's heels  
were now armed began to make the worthy prior repent of  
his courtesy and ejaculate: "Nay but, fair sir, now I be-  
lieve me, my Malkin abideth not the spur. Better it were  
that you tarry for the mare of our manciple<sup>1</sup> down at the  
stable, which may be had in little more than an hour, and  
shall not but be tractable, in respect that she draweth much  
of our winter firewood, and eateth no corn."

"I thank you, reverend father, but will abide by your  
offer, as I see Malkin is already led forth to the gate.  
Gurth shall carry mine armour; and for the rest, rely on it  
that, as I will not overload Malkin's back, she shall not  
prove my patience. And now, farewell!"

Ivanhoe now descended the stairs more hastily and  
lightly than his wound promised, and threw himself upon the  
prior, eager to escape the importunity of the prior, who  
stuck as closely to his side as his age and fatness would per-  
mit, now singing the praises of Malkin, now recommending  
her to the knight in managing her.

"She is at the most dangerous period for maidens as  
young mares," said the old man, laughing at his own jest,  
"being barely in her fifteenth year."

Ivanhoe, who had other web to weave than to stand can-  
tering a palfrey's paces with its owner, lent but a deaf ear  
to the prior's grave advices and facetious jests, and having  
settled on his mare, and commanded his squire (for such  
he now called himself) to keep close by his side, he fol-  
lowed the track of the Black Knight into the forest, whither

<sup>1</sup> *Steward*. *Steward*: from Latin *mercator*, a contractor.



the prior stood at the gate of the convent looking after him and ejaculating: "St. Mary! how prompt and fiery be the men of war! I would I had not trusted Malkin to his keeping, for, crippled as I am with the cold rheum, I am undone if aught but good befalls her. And yet," said he, recollecting himself, "as I would not spare my own old and disabled limbs in the good cause of Old England, so Malkin must e'en run her hazard on the same venture; and it may be they will think our poor house worthy of some munificent guerdon; or, it may be, they will send the old prior a pair of nag. And if they do none of these, as great men will forgive little men's service, truly I shall hold me well repaid in having done that which is right. And it is now wellnigh the fitting time to summon the brethren to breakfast in the refectory. Ah! I doubt they obey that call more cheerfully than the bells for primes and matins."

So the prior of St. Botolph's hobbled back again into the refectory, to preside over the stock-fish and ale which were just serving out for the friars' breakfast. Pursy and important, he sat him down at the table, and many a deed-word he threw out of benefits to be expected to the convent and high deeds of service done by himself, which at another season would have attracted observation. But as the stock-fish was highly salted, and the ale reasonably powerful, the jaws of the brethren were too anxiously employed to admit of their making much use of their ears; nor do we read of any of the fraternity who was tempted to speculate upon the mysterious hints of their superior, except Father Diggo, who was severely afflicted by the toothache, so that he could only eat on one side of his jaws.

In the mean time, the Black Champion and his guards were pacing at their leisure through the recesses of the forest; the good Knight whiles humming to himself the air of some enamoured troubadour, sometimes encouraging or questioning the prating disposition of his attendant.



their dialogue formed a whimsical mixture of song and jest, of which we would fain give our readers some idea. You are then to imagine this Knight, such as we have already described him, strong of person, tall, broad-shouldered, and large of bone, mounted on his mighty black charger, which seemed made on purpose to bear his weight, so easily paced forward under it, having the visor of his helmet raised, in order to admit freedom of breath, yet keeping the beaver, or under part, closed, so that his features could be but imperfectly distinguished. But his ruddy embrowned cheek-bones could be plainly seen, and the large and bright blue eyes, that flashed from under the dark shade of the raised visor; and the whole gesture and look of the champion expressed careless gaiety and fearless confidence—a mind which was unapt to apprehend danger, and prompt to defy it when most imminent, yet with whom danger was a familiar thought, as with one whose trade was war and adventure.

The Jester wore his usual fantastic habit, but late accidents had led him to adopt a good cutting falchion, instead of his wooden sword, with a target to match it; of both which weapons he had, notwithstanding his profession, shown himself a skilful master during the storming of Torquilstone. Indeed, the infirmity of Wamba's brain consisted chiefly in a kind of impatient irritability, which suffered him not long to remain quiet in any posture, or adhere to any certain train of ideas, although he was for a few minutes alert enough in performing any immediate task, or in apprehending any immediate topic. On horseback therefore he was perpetually swinging himself backwards and forwards, now on the horse's ears, then anon on the very rump of the animal; now hanging both his legs on one side, and now sitting with his face to the tail, moping, mowing, and making a thousand apish gestures, until his palfrey took heart *so much to heart* as fairly to lay him at his length in the green grass—an incident which greatly amused

Knight, but compelled his companion to ride more steadily thereafter.

At the point of their journey at which we take them up, this joyous pair were engaged in singing a virelai,<sup>1</sup> as it was called, in which the clown bore a mellow burden to the better-instructed Knight of the Fetterlock. And thus ran the ditty:

Anna Marie, love, up is the sun,  
 Anna Marie, love, morn is begun,  
 Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,  
 Up in the morning, love, Anna Marie.  
 Anna Marie, love, up in the morn,  
 The hunter is winding blithe sounds on his horn,  
 The echo rings merry from rock and from tree,  
 'Tis time to arouse thee, love, Anna Marie.

#### WAMBA.

O Tybalt, love, Tybalt, awake me not yet,  
 Around my soft pillow while softer dreams flit.  
 For what are the joys that in waking we prove,  
 Compared with these visions, O Tybalt, my love?  
 Let the birds to the rise of the mist carol shrill,  
 Let the hunter blow out his loud horn on the hill,  
 Softer sounds, softer pleasures, in slumber I prove,—  
 But think not I dreamt of thee, Tybalt, my love.

"A dainty song," said Wamba, when they had finished their carol, "and I swear by my bauble, a pretty moral" I used to sing it with Gurth, once my playfellow, and now, by the grace of God and his master, no less than a freeman, and we once came by the cudgel for being so entranced by the melody that we lay in bed two hours after sunrise, singing the ditty betwixt sleeping and waking: my bones ache at thinking of the tune ever since. Nevertheless, I have played the part of Anna Marie to please you, fair sir."

The Jester next struck into another carol, a sort of comic ditty, to which the Knight, catching up the tune, replied in the like manner.

<sup>1</sup> VIRELAI. A peculiarly constructed song of the troubadours and trouvères, however, in the ditty.

## KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

There came three merry men from south, west, and north,  
Ever more sing the roundelay;  
To win the Widow of Wycombe forth,  
And where was the widow might say them nay?

The first was a knight, and from Tynedale he came,  
Ever more sing the roundelay;  
And his fathers, God save us, were men of great fame,  
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,  
He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;  
She bade him go bask by his sea-coal fire,  
For she was the widow would say him nay.

## WAMBA.

The next that came forth, swore by blood and by nails,  
Merrily sing the roundelay;  
Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and hur's lineage was of Wales,  
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Mr David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh  
Ap Tudor ap Rhice, quoth his roundelay;  
She said that one widow for so many was too few,  
And she bade the Welshman wend his way.

But then next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,  
Jollily singing his roundelay;  
He spoke to the widow of living and rent,  
And where was the widow could say him nay?

## BOTH.

So the knight and the squire were both left in the mire  
There for to sing their roundelay;  
For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,  
There never was a widow could say him nay.

"I would, Wamba," said the Knight, "that our host of  
Cristyng-tree, or the jolly Friar, his chaplain, heard this  
itty in praise of our bluff yeoman."

"So would not I," said Wamba, "but for the horn that  
is at your baldric."

"Ay," said the Knight, "this is a pledge of Locksley's  
will, though I am not like to need it. Three mots

this bugle will, I am assured, bring round, at our jolly band of yonder honest yeomen."

"I would say, Heaven forefend," said the Jester, "it not that that fair gift is a pledge they would let us pass peaceably."

"Why, what meanest thou?" said the Knight; "thou that but for this pledge of fellowship they would have assaulted us?"

"Nay, for me I say nothing," said Wamba; "for trees have ears as well as stone walls. But canst thou strue me this, Sir Knight? When is thy wine-pitcher thy purse better empty than full?"

"Why, never, I think," replied the Knight.

"Thou never deservest to have a full one in thy pitcher for so simple an answer! Thou hadst best empty thy pitcher ere thou pass it to a Saxon, and leave thy wine at home ere thou walk in the greenwood."

"You hold our friends for robbers, then?" said the Knight of the Fetterlock.

"You hear me not say so, fair sir," said Wamba; "I may relieve a man's steed to take off his mail when he has a long journey to make; and, certes, it may do good to a rider's soul to ease him of that which is the root of all evil; therefore will I give no hard names to those who do us services. Only I would wish my mail at home, and my purse in my chamber, when I meet with these good fellows, because it might save them some trouble."

"We are bound to pray for them, my friend, and to stand the fair character thou dost afford them."

"Pray for them with all my heart," said Wamba; "but not in the town, not in the greenwood, like the abbot of St. John, whom they caused to say mass with an old hollow bell for his stall."

"Say as thou list, Wamba," replied the Knight; "yeomen did thy master Cedric yeomanly service at the stone."

"Ay, truly," answered Wamba; "but that was in the name of their trade with Heaven."

"Their trade, Wamba! how mean you by that?" replied the companion.

"Marry, thus," said the Jester. "They make up a balanced account with Heaven, as our old cellarer used to call ciphering, as fair as Isaac the Jew keeps with his debtors, like him, give out a very little, and take large credit doing so; reckoning, doubtless, on their own behalf the ten-fold usury which the blessed text hath promised to repayable loans."

"Give me an example of your meaning, Wamba; I know nothing of ciphers or rates of usage," answered the Knight.

"Why," said Wamba, "an your valour be so dull, you please to learn that those honest fellows balance a good deal with one not quite so laudable, as a crown given to a singing friar with a hundred byzants taken from a fat knight, or a wench kissed in the greenwood with the relief of a poor widow."

"Which of these was the good deed, which was the evil?" interrupted the Knight.

"A good gibe! a good gibe!" said Wamba; "keeping witty company sharpeneth the apprehension. You said nothing ill, Sir Knight, I will be sworn, when you held drunken revellers with the bluff hermit. But to go on.—The merry men of the forest set off the building of a cottage with the raising of a castle, the thatching of a choir against the ringing of a church, the setting at free a poor prisoner against the murder of a proud sheriff, or, to come nearer to our point, the deliverance of a Saxon franklin against the burn-slaying of a Norman baron. Gentle thieves they are, in fact, and courteous robbers; but it is ever the luckiest to deal with them when they are at the worst."

"How so, Wamba?" said the Knight.

"Why, then they have some compunction, and are for settling up matters with Heaven. But when they have



struck an even balance, Heaven help them with who next open the account! The travellers who first met after their good service at Torquilstone would have a flaying. And yet," said Wamba, coming close up to the Knight's side, "there be companions who are far more dangerous for travellers to meet than yonder outlaws."

"And who may they be, for you have neither beards nor wolves, I trow?" said the Knight.

"Marry sir, but we have Malvoisin's men-at-arms," said Wamba; "and let me tell you that, in time of civil war, half-score of these is worth a band of wolves at any time. They are now expecting their harvest, and are reinforced with the soldiers that escaped from Torquilstone; and should we meet with a band of them, we are like to have our feats of arms. Now, I pray you, Sir Knight, would you do if we met two of them?"

"Pin the villains to the earth with my lance, Wamba, if they offered us any impediment."

"But what if there were four of them?"

"They should drink of the same cup," answered the Knight.

"What if six," continued Wamba, "and we as we are, barely two; would you not remember Locksley's feat?"

"What! sound for aid," exclaimed the Knight, "a score of such rascaille as these, whom one good knight could drive before him, as the wind drives the withered leaves?"

"Nay, then," said Wamba, "I will pray you for the sight of that same horn that hath so powerful a breath."

The Knight undid the clasp of the baldric, and in a moment his fellow-traveller, who immediately hung the bugle round his own neck.

"Tra-lira-la," said he, whistling the notes: "nay, I can play any gamut as well as another."

"How mean you, knave?" said the Knight; "repeal the bugle."

Content you, Sir Knight, it is in safe keeping. When and folly travel, folly should bear the horn, because it blows the best."

"Ay, but, rogue," said the Black Knight, "this exceeds thy license. Beware ye tamper not with my peace."

"Pledge me not with violence, Sir Knight," said the Jester, "keeping at a distance from the impatient champion, he will show a clean pair of heels, and leave valour to find his way through the wood as best he may."

"Ay, thou hast hit me there," said the Knight; "and to say, I have little time to jangle with thee. Keep the peace thou wilt, but let us proceed on our journey."

"Thou wilt not harm me, then?" said Wamba.

"I tell thee no, thou knave!"

"Ay, but pledge me your knightly word for it," continued Wamba, as he approached with great caution.

"By my knightly word I pledge; only come on with thyself."

"Ay, then, valour and folly are once more boon companions," said the Jester, coming up frankly to the Knight's side. "But, in truth, I love not such buffets as that you bestow on the burly Friar, when his holiness rolled on the floor like a king of the nine-pins. And now that folly bears the horn, let valour rouse himself and shake his mane. I mistake not, there are company in yonder brake that are the lookout for us."

"What makes thee judge so?" said the Knight.

"Because I have twice or thrice noticed the glance of a knight from amongst the green leaves. Had they been men, they had kept the path. But yonder thicket is the chapel for the clerks of St Nicholas."

"By my faith," said the Knight, closing his visor, "I shall be best in the right on't."

*And in good time did he close it, for three arrows flew at*

*him. A helmet, round in shape and visorless.*

the same instant from the suspected spot against his arm and breast, one of which would have penetrated to the heart had it not been turned aside by the steel visor. The other two were averted by the gorget, and by the shield which hung around his neck.

"Thanks, trusty armourer," said the Knight. "Let us close with them," and he rode straight to the front. He was met by six or seven men-at-arms, who rushed at him with their lances at full career. Three of the lances struck against him, and splintered with as little effect as they had been driven against a tower of steel. The Knight's eyes seemed to flash fire even through the slits of his visor. He raised himself in his stirrups with an air of inexpressible dignity, and exclaimed, "What name have my masters?" The men made no other reply than to brandish their swords and attacking him on every side. "Die, tyrant!"

"Ha! St. Edward! Ha! St. George!" said the Knight, striking down a man at every invocation. "Are there no traitors here?"

His opponents, desperate as they were, bore the blow of an arm which carried death in every blow, and it was not until the terror of his single strength was about to give way against such odds, when a knight, in blue armor, had hitherto kept himself behind the other knights, spurred forward with his lance, and taking aim, struck the rider but at the steed, wounded the noble animal.

"That was a felon stroke!" exclaimed the Black Knight as the steed fell to the earth, bearing his rider and himself with him.

And at this moment Wamba winded the bug. The whole had passed so speedily that he had not time to say more sooner. The sudden sound made the murderers start once more, and Wamba, though so imperfectly armed, did not hesitate to rush in and assist the Black Knight to rise.

"Come on ye, false cowards!" exclaimed he in the blue  
as, who seemed to lead the assailants, "do ye fly from  
empty blast of a horn blown by a jester?"

Animated by his words, they attacked the Black Knight  
whose best refuge was now to place his back against  
it, and defend himself with his sword. The felon  
who had taken another spear, watching the mo-  
ment when his formidable antagonist was most closely  
engaged, galloped against him in hopes to nail him with his  
spear against the tree, when his purpose was again inter-  
rupted by Wamba. The Jester, making up by agility the  
want of strength, and little noticed by the men-at-arms, who  
were busied in their more important object, hovered on  
the skirts of the fight, and effectually checked the fatal  
charge of the Blue Knight, by hamstringing his horse with  
the point of his sword. Horse and man went to the ground;  
the situation of the Knight of the Fetterlock continued  
perilous, as he was pressed close by several men com-  
monly armed, and began to be fatigued by the violent exer-  
cise necessary to defend himself on so many points at  
the same moment, when a grey-goose shaft suddenly  
fell on the earth one of the most formidable of his  
foes, and a band of yeomen broke forth from the glade,  
led by Locksley and the jovial Friar, who, taking ready  
part in the fray, soon disposed of the ruffians,  
whom they lay on the spot dead or mortally wounded. The  
Black Knight thanked his deliverers with a dignity they  
did not observe in his former bearing, which hitherto had  
been rather that of a blunt, bold soldier than of a person  
of high rank.

"It concerns me much," he said, "even before I express  
my gratitude to my ready friends, to discover, if I may,  
who have been my unprovoked enemies. Open the visor of  
the Knight, Wamba, who seems the chief of these

"The Jester instantly made up to the leader of the

sassins, who, bruised by his fall, and entangled under the wounded steed, lay incapable either of flight or resistance.

"Come, valiant sir," said Wamba, "I must be your armourer as well as your equerry.<sup>1</sup> I have dismounted you, and now I will unhelm you."

No saying, with no very gentle hand he undid the helm of the Blue Knight, which, rolling to a distance on the grass, displayed to the Knight of the Fetterlock grizzled locks, and a countenance he did not expect to have seen under such circumstances.

"Waldemar Fitzurse!" he said in astonishment; "what could urge one of thy rank and seeming worth to so foul an undertaking?"

"Richard," said the captive knight, looking up to him, "thou knowest little of mankind, if thou knowest not what ambition and revenge can lead every child of Adam to do."

"Revenge!" answered the Black Knight. "I never wronged thee. On me thou hast nought to revenge."

"My daughter, Richard, whose alliance thou didst accept—was that no injury to a Norman, whose blood is noble as thine own?"

"Thy daughter!" replied the Black Knight. "A proper cause of enmity, and followed up to a bloody issue! Step back, my masters, I would speak to him alone. And you, Waldemar Fitzurse, say me the truth: confess who set thee on this traitorous deed."

"Thy father's son," answered Waldemar, "who, in so doing, did but avenge on thee thy disobedience to his father."

Richard's eyes sparkled with indignation, but his better nature overcame it. He pressed his hand against his brow and remained an instant gazing on the face of the haughty baron, in whose features pride was contending with shame.

"Thou dost not ask thy life, Waldemar?" said the Knight.

<sup>1</sup> EQUERRY. The attendant who had particular charge of the horses, and who attended with the squires.



"He that is in the lion's clutch," answered Fitzurse, "shows it were needless."

"Take it, then, unasked," said Richard; "the lion preys on prostrate carcasses. Take thy life, but with this condition, that in three days thou shalt leave England, and go hide thine infamy in thy Norman castle, and that thou never mention the name of John of Anjou as connected with thy felony. If thou art found on English land after the space I have allotted thee, thou diest; or if thou breathest aught that can attain the honour of my case, by St. George! not the altar itself shall be a sanctuary."

I will hang thee out to feed the ravens from the very battlements of thine own castle. Let this knight have a steed, a horse, and a squire, for I see your yeomen have caught those which were running loose, and let him depart unharmed."

"But that I judge I listen to a voice whose behests must not be disputed," answered the yeoman, "I would send a messenger after the skulking villain that should spare him the labour of a long journey."

"Thou bearest an English heart, Locksley," said the Black Knight, "and well dost judge thou art the more bound to obey my behest: I am Richard of England!"

At these words, pronounced in a tone of majesty suited to the high rank, and no less distinguished character, of the Lion-Heart, the yeomen at once kneeled down before him, and at the same time tendered their allegiance, and begged pardon for their offences.

"Rise, my friends," said Richard, in a gracious tone, looking on them with a countenance in which his habitual good-humour had already conquered the blaze of hasty resentment, and whose features retained no mark of the late desperate conflict, excepting the flush arising from exertion.—"arise," he said, "my friends! Your misdemeanours, whether in forest or field, have been atoned by the loyal services you rendered my distressed subjects before the wall of Norquinstone, and the rescue you have this day afforded

to your sovereign. Arise, my liegemen, and be good subjects in future. And thou, brave Locksley——”

“Call me no longer Locksley, my Liege, but know me under the name which, I fear, fame hath blown too wide not to have reached even your royal ears: I am Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest.”<sup>1</sup>

“King of outlaws, and Prince of good fellows!” said the King, “who hath not heard a name that has been borne far as Palestine? But be assured, brave outlaw, that deed done in our absence, and in the turbulent times which it hath given rise, shall be remembered to thy disadvantage.”

“True says the proverb,” said Wamba, interposing his word, but with some abatement of his usual petulance—

‘When the cat is away,  
The mice will play.’

“What, Wamba, art thou there?” said Richard; “I have been so long of hearing thy voice, I thought thou hadst taken flight.”

“I take flight!” said Wamba; “when do you ever find folly separated from valour? There lies the trophy of my sword, that good grey gelding, whom I heartily wish upon his legs again, conditioning his master lay there houghed in his place. It is true, I gave a little ground at first, for motley jacket does not brook lance-heads as a steel doublet will. But if I fought not at sword’s point, you will grant me that I sounded the onset.”

“And to good purpose, honest Wamba,” replied the King. “Thy good service shall not be forgotten.”

“*Confiteor! confiteor!*”<sup>2</sup> exclaimed, in a submissive tone, a voice near the King’s side; “my Latin will carry me

<sup>1</sup> ROBIN HOOD. From the ballads of Robin Hood we learn that the celebrated outlaw, when in disguise, sometimes assumed the name of Locksley, from a village where he was born, but where situated we are not exactly told [Scott.]

<sup>2</sup> CONFITEOR. “I confess!”

urther, but I confess my deadly treason, and pray leave to have absolution before I am led to execution!"

Richard looked around, and beheld the jovial Friar on his knees, telling his rosary, while his quarter-staff, which had not been idle during the skirmish, lay on the grass beside him. His countenance was gathered so as he thought might best express the most profound contrition, his eyes being turned up, and the corners of his mouth drawn down, Wamba expressed it, like the tassels at the mouth of a horse. Yet this demure affectation of extreme penitence was whimsically belied by a ludicrous meaning which lurked in his huge features, and seemed to pronounce his fear and repentance alike hypocritical.

"For what art thou cast down, mad priest?" said Richard; "art thou afraid thy diocesan should learn how truly thou dost serve Our Lady and St. Dunstan? Tush man! fear it not; Richard of England betrays no secrets that pass over the flagon."

"Nay, most gracious sovereign," answered the hermit, well known to the curious in penny histories of Robin Hood by the name of Friar Tuck, "it is not the crosier I fear, but the sceptre.<sup>1</sup> Alas! that my sacrilegious fist should ever have been applied to the ear of the Lord's anointed!"

"Ha! ha!" said Richard, "sits the wind there? In truth, I had forgotten the buffet, though mine ear sung after it a whole day. But if the cuff was fairly given, I will be judged by the good men around, if it was not as well paid; or, if thou thinkest I still owe thee aught, and will lend forth for another counterbuff—"

"By no means," replied Friar Tuck, "I had mine own returned, and with usury: may your Majesty ever pay your debts as fully!"

"If I could do so with cuffs," said the King, "my creditors should have little reason to complain of an empty chequer."

<sup>1</sup> PROVERB . . . SCEPTRE. Not the bishop, but the king.

"And yet," said the Friar, resuming his demure, hypocritical countenance, "I know not what penance I ought perform for that most sacrilegious blow!"

"Speak no more of it, brother," said the King; "after having stood so many cuffs from Paynims and misbelieve I were void of reason to quarrel with the buffet of a clerk so holy as he of Copmanhurst. Yet, mine honest Friar, think it would be best both for the church and thyself that I should procure a license to unfrock thee, and retain thee as a yeoman of our guard, serving in care of our person, formerly in attendance upon the altar of St. Dunstan."

"My Liege," said the Friar, "I humbly crave your pardon; and you would readily grant my excuse, did you but know how the sin of laziness has beset me. St. Dunstan may he be gracious to us!—stands quiet in his niche though I should forget my orisons in killing a fat buck. I stay out of my cell sometimes a night,<sup>1</sup> doing I wot not what—St. Dunstan never complains—a quiet master he is and a peaceful, as ever was made of wood. But to be a yeoman in attendance on my sovereign the King—the honour is great, doubtless—yet, if I were but to step aside to comfort a widow in one corner, or to kill a deer in another, I would be, 'Where is the dog priest?' says one. 'Who has seen the accursed Tuck?' says another. 'The unfrocked villain destroys more venison than half the country besides,' says one keeper; 'And is hunting after every shy doe in the country!' quoth a second. In fine, good my Liege, I pray you to leave me as you found me; or, if in aught you desire to extend your benevolence to me, that I may be considered as the poor clerk of St. Dunstan's cell in Copmanhurst, to whom any small donation will be most thankfully acceptable."

"I understand thee," said the King, "and the holy clerk shall have a grant of vert and venison<sup>2</sup> in my wood."

<sup>1</sup> A NIGHT. A usage almost obsolete: a in Anglo-Saxon was the present on. Compare nowadays.

<sup>2</sup> VERT AND VENISON. "Greenwood and game", freedom of the



Waverley. Mark, however, I will but assign thee three sacks every season; but if that do not prove an apology for my slaying thirty, I am no Christian knight nor true king."

"Your Grace may be well assured," said the Friar, "that, with the grace of St. Dunstan, I shall find the way of multiplying your most bounteous gift."

"I nothing doubt it, good brother," said the King; "and venison is but dry food, our cellarer shall have orders to deliver to thee a butt of sack, a runlet of Malvoisie, and three hogsheads of ale of the first strike,<sup>1</sup> yearly. If that will not quench thy thirst, thou must come to court, and become acquainted with my butler."

"But for St. Dunstan?" said the Friar——

"A cope, a stole, and an altar-cloth shalt thou also have," continued the King, crossing himself. "But we may not turn our game into earnest, lest God punish us for making more on our follies than on His honour and worship."

"I will answer for my patron," said the priest, joyously.

"Answer for thyself, Friar," said King Richard, somewhat sternly; but immediately stretching out his hand to the hermit, the latter, somewhat abashed, bent his knee, and saluted it. "Thou dost less honour to my extended arm than to my clenched fist," said the monarch; "thou dost only kneel to the one, and to the other didst prostitute thyself."

But the Friar, afraid perhaps of again giving offence by continuing the conversation in too jocose a style—a false step to be particularly guarded against by those who converse with monarchs—bowed profoundly, and fell into the car.

At the same time, two additional personages appeared on the scene.

<sup>1</sup> STRIKE Strength or quality.



## CHAPTER XLI

All hail to the lordlings of high degree,  
Who live not more happy, though greater than we  
Our pastimes to see,  
Under every green tree,  
In all the gay woodland, right welcome ye be.

MACDONALD.

The new-comers were Wilfred of Ivanhoe, on the palfrey of Botolph's palfrey, and Gurth, who attended him, on the knight's own war-horse. The astonishment of Ivanhoe was beyond bounds when he saw his master besprinkled with blood, and six or seven dead bodies lying around in the little glade in which the battle had taken place. Nor was he less surprised to see Richard surrounded by so many silent attendants, the outlaws, as they seemed to be, of the forest, and a perilous retinue therefore for a prince. He hesitated whether to address the King as the Black Knight-errant, or in what other manner to demean himself towards him. Richard saw his embarrassment.

"Fear not, Wilfred," he said, "to address Richard Plantagenet as himself, since thou seest him in the company of true English hearts, although it may be they have been urged a few steps aside by warm English blood."

"Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe," said the gallant outlaw, stepping forward, "my assurances can add nothing to those of our sovereign; yet, let me say somewhat proudly, that of men who have suffered much, he hath no truer subject than those who now stand around him."

"I cannot doubt it, brave man," said Wilfred, "and thou art of the number. But what mean these marks of death and danger—these slain men, and the bloody crest of my Prince?"

"Treason hath been with us, Ivanhoe," said the King; but, thanks to these brave men, treason hath met its meed. But, now I bethink me, thou too art a traitor," said Richard, smiling—"a most disobedient traitor; for were not our orders positive that thou shouldst repose thyself at St. Botolph's until thy wound was healed?"

"It is healed," said Ivanhoe—"it is not of more consequence than the scratch of a bodkin. But why—oh why, noble Prince, will you thus vex the hearts of your faithful servants, and expose your life by lonely journeys and rash adventures, as if it were of no more value than that of a mere knight-errant, who has no interest but what lance and sword may procure him?"

"And Richard Plantagenet," said the King, "desires no more fame than his good lance and sword may acquire him; and Richard Plantagenet is prouder of achieving an adventure, with only his good sword and his good arm to meed, than if he led to battle an host of an hundred thousand armed men."

"But your kingdom, my Liege," said Ivanhoe—"your kingdom is threatened with dissolution and civil war; your subjects menaced with every species of evil, if deprived of their sovereign in some of those dangers which it is your daily pleasure to incur, and from which you have but this moment narrowly escaped."

"Ho! ho! my kingdom and my subjects!" answered Richard, impatiently; "I tell thee, Sir Wilfred, the best of them are most willing to repay my follies in kind. For example, my very faithful servant, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, will not obey my positive commands, and yet reads his king homily, because he does not walk exactly by his advice. Which of us has most reason to upbraid the other? Yet forgive me, my faithful Wilfred. The time I have spent, and am yet to spend, in concealment is, as I explained to thee at St. Botolph's, necessary to give my friends a

faithful nobles time to assemble their forces, that, when Richard's return is announced, he should be at the head of such a force as enemies shall tremble to face, and thus subdue the meditated treason, without even unsheathing sword. Estoteville and Bohun will not be strong enough to move forward to York for twenty-four hours. I must have news of Salisbury<sup>1</sup> from the south, and of Beauchamp in Warwickshire, and of Multon and Percy in the north. The Chancellor must make sure of London. Too sudden an appearance would subject me to dangers other than lance and sword, though backed by the bow of bold Robin or the quarter-staff of Friar Tuck, and the horn of the red Wamba, may be able to rescue me from."

Wilfred bowed in submission, well knowing how vain it was to contend with the wild spirit of chivalry which often impelled his master upon dangers which he might easily have avoided, or, rather, which it was unpardonable in him to have sought out. The young knight sighed therefore, and held his peace; while Richard, rejoiced at having silenced his counsellor, though his heart acknowledged the justice of the charge he had brought against him, went on in conversation with Robin Hood. "King of our laws," he said, "have you no refreshment to offer to your brother sovereign? for these dead knaves have found me both in exercise and appetite."

"In troth," replied the outlaw, "for I scorn to lie to your Grace, our larder is chiefly supplied with—" He stopped, and was somewhat embarrassed.

"With venison, I suppose?" said Richard, gaily: "better food at need there can be none; and truly, if a king will not remain at home and slay his own game, methinks he should not brawl too loud if he finds it killed to his hand."

"If your Grace, then," said Robin, "will again honour with your presence one of Robin Hood's places of "

<sup>1</sup> SALISBURY. Pronounced San's-bury.

<sup>2</sup> BEAUCHAMP. Pronounced Beecham.

zealous, the venison shall not be lacking; and a stoup of ale, and it may be a cup of reasonably good wine, to relish it withal."

The outlaw accordingly led the way, followed by the uxom monarch, more happy, probably, in this chance meeting with Robin Hood and his foresters than he would have been in again assuming his royal state, and presiding over a splendid circle of peers and nobles. Novelty in society and adventure were the zest of life to Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and it had its highest relish when enhanced by dangers encountered and surmounted. In the lion-hearted king, the brilliant, but useless, character of a knight of romance was in great measure realised and revived; and the personal glory which he acquired by his own deeds of arms was far more dear to his excited imagination than that which a course of policy and wisdom would have spread around his government. Accordingly, his reign was like the course of a brilliant and rapid meteor, which shoots along the face of heaven, shedding around an unnecessary and portentous light, which is instantly swallowed up by universal darkness; his feats of chivalry furnishing themes for bards and minstrels, but affording none of those solid benefits to his country on which history loves to pause, and hold up as an example to posterity. But in his present company Richard showed to the greatest imaginable advantage. He was gay, good-humoured, and fond of mankind in every rank of life.

Beneath a huge oak-tree the silvan repast was hastily prepared for the King of England, surrounded by men outlaws to his government, but who now formed his court and his guard. As the flagon went round, the rough foresters soon lost their awe for the presence of Majesty. The song and the jest were exchanged, the stories of former deeds were told with advantage; and at length, and while boasting of their successful infraction of the laws, no one regretted they were speaking in presence of their na-



guardian. The merry King, nothing heeding his dignity any more than his company, laughed, quaffed, and jested among the jolly band. The natural and rough sense of Robin Hood led him to be desirous that the scene should be closed ere anything should occur to disturb its harmony, the more especially that he observed Ivanhoe's brow clouded with anxiety. "We are honoured," he said to Ivanhoe, apart, "by the presence of our gallant sovereign; yet I would not that he dallied with time which the circumstances of his kingdom may render precious."

"It is well and wisely spoken, brave Robin Hood," said Wilfred, apart; "and know, moreover, that they who jest with Majesty, even in its gayest mood, are but toying with the lion's whelp, which, on slight provocation, uses both fangs and claws."

"You have touched the very cause of my fear," said the outlaw. "My men are rough by practice and nature; the King is hasty as well as good-humoured; nor know I how soon cause of offence may arise, or how warmly it may be received; it is time this revel were broken off."

"It must be by your management, then, gallant yeoman," said Ivanhoe; "for each hint I have assayed to give him serves only to induce him to prolong it."

"Must I so soon risk the pardon and favour of my sovereign?" said Robin Hood, pausing for an instant; "but, St. Christopher, it shall be so. I were undeserving his grace did I not peril it for his good. Here, Scathlock, get thee behind yonder thicket, and wind me a Norman blast on the bugle, and without an instant's delay, on peril of your life."

Scathlock obeyed his captain, and in less than five minutes the revellers were startled by the sound of his horn.

"It is the bugle of Malvoisin," said the Miller, starting to his feet, and seizing his bow. The Friar dropped the chalice, and grasped his quarter-staff. Wamba stooped



in the midst of a jest, and betook himself to sword and target.

All the others stood to their weapons.

Men of their precarious course of life change readily from the banquet to the battle; and to Richard the exchange seemed but a succession of pleasure. He called for his helmet and the most cumbrous parts of his armour, which he had laid aside; and while Gurth was putting them on, he laid his strict injunctions on Wilfred, under pain of highest displeasure, not to engage in the skirmish which was supposed was approaching.

"Thou hast fought for me an hundred times, Wilfred," said Richard, "I have seen it. Thou shalt this day look on, and see Richard will fight for his friend and liegeman."

In the mean time, Robin Hood had sent off several of his followers in different directions, as if to reconnoitre the way; and when he saw the company effectually broken, he approached Richard, who was now completely armed, kneeling down on one knee, craved pardon of his sovereign.

"For what, good yeoman?" said Richard, somewhat impatiently. "Have we not already granted thee a full pardon of all transgressions? Thinkest thou our word is a feather, to be blown backward and forward between us? Thou hast not time to commit any new offence since that pardon."

"Ay, but I have thought," answered the yeoman, "if it be an offence to deceive my prince for his own advantage. The bugle you have heard was none of Malvoisin's, but was given by my direction, to break off the banquet, lest it should be upon hours of dearer import than to be thus dallying with."

He then rose from his knee, folded his arms on his breast, and, in a manner rather respectful than submissive, waited the answer of the King, like one who is conscious he may have given offence, yet is confident in the rectitude of his

## IVANHOE

his motive. The blood rushed in anger to the face of Richard; but it was the first transient emotion his sense of justice instantly subdued it.

"The King of Sherwood," he said, "grudges his wine to his wine-flask to the King of England! It is well for Robin! but when you come to see me in merry London, I shall trust to be a less niggard host. Thou art right, a good fellow. Let us therefore to horse and away. I have been impatient this hour. Tell me, bold Robin, thou never a friend in thy band, who, not content with advising, will needs direct thy motions and look on when thou dost presume to act for thyself?"

"Such a one," said Robin, "is my lieutenant John, who is even now absent on an expedition as far as the borders of Scotland; and I will own to your Majesty that I am sometimes displeased by the freedom of his conduct; but, when I think twice, I cannot be long angry with him, who can have no motive for his anxiety save his master's service."

"Thou art right, good yeoman," answered the King, "and if I had Ivanhoe, on the one hand, to give thee advice, and recommend it by the sad gravity of his countenance, on the other, to trick me into what thou thinkest thy own good, I should have as little the freedom of my will as any king in Christendom or Heathendom. Come, sirs, let us merrily on to Coningsburgh, and more on't."

Robin Hood assured them that he had detected the direction of the road they were to pass, and would not fail to discover and apprise them of any ambush or decoy; and that he had little doubt they would be secure, or, if otherwise, would receive such notice of the danger as would enable them to fall back on the same route.

And thus, with attentive precaution,

ached Richard's feelings, and removed any slight which he might retain on account of the deception the captain had practiced upon him. He once more put his hand to Robin Hood, assured him of his full and future favour, as well as his firm resolution to resist the tyrannical exercise of the forest rights and oppressive laws, by which so many English yeomen were driven into a state of rebellion. But Richard's good feelings towards the bold outlaw were frustrated by the untimely death; and the Charter of the Forest was torn from the unwilling hands of King John when he passed it to his heroic brother. As for the rest of Robin Hood's career, as well as the tale of his treacherous death, to be found in those black-letter garlands,<sup>1</sup> once sold at the low and easy rate of one half-penny —

Now cheaply purchased at their weight in gold

the outlaw's opinion proved true; and the King, attended by Ivanhoe, Gurth, and Wamba, arrived without any delay within view of the Castle of Coningsburgh, when the sun was yet in the horizon.

There are few more beautiful or striking scenes in England than are presented by the vicinity of this ancient fortress. The soft and gentle river Don sweeps through an amphitheatre, in which cultivation is richly intermingled with woodland, and on a mount ascending from the river and defended by walls and ditches, rises this ancient castle, which, as its Saxon name implies, was, previous to the Norman conquest, a royal residence of the kings of England. The walls have probably been added by the Normans. The inner keep bears token of a very great antiquity. It is situated on a mount at one angle of the inner court, and is surrounded by a complete circle of perhaps twenty-five feet in diameter. The wall is of immense thickness, and is propped up by six huge external buttresses, which project

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circle, and rise up against the sides of the tower, to strengthen or to support it. These massive buttresses are solid when they arise from the foundation, and grow way higher up; but are hollowed out towards the top, and terminate in a sort of turrets communicating with the interior of the keep itself. The distant appearance of the castle, with these singular accompaniments, is interesting to the lovers of the picturesque as well as to the eager antiquary, whose imagination it carries back to the days of the Heptarchy. Now, in the vicinity of the castle is pointed out a spot of the memorable Hengist; and various monuments of great antiquity and curiosity, are shown in the surrounding churchyard.

When Cœur-de-Lion and his retinue approached the yet stately building, it was not, as at present, surrounded by external fortifications. The Saxon army had exhausted his art in rendering the main keep impregnable, and there was no other circumvallation than a barrier of palisades.

A huge black banner, which floated from the top of the tower, announced that the obsequies of the late king were still in the act of being solemnised. It bore the emblem of the deceased's birth or quality. It bore the arms of the deceased, and was then a novelty among the Normans, for arms were then a novelty among the Saxons. The gate was another banner, on which the figure of a horse,<sup>1</sup> rudely painted, indicated the nation of the deceased by the well-known symbol of his Saxon warriors.

All around the castle was a scene of busy preparation for such funeral banquets were times of general hospitality, which not only every one was

<sup>1</sup> WHITE HORSE. This was the emblem of the ancient Saxons. England the turf on the hillside or the growth on a cliff. To have the rude figure of a horse upon the white turf, was the emblem of the past are perpetuated by the communities that preserve



istant connexion with the deceased, but all past-soever, were invited to partake. The wealth and influence of the deceased Athelstane occasioned this to be observed in the fullest extent.

Great parties, therefore, were seen ascending and descending the hill on which the castle was situated; and the King and his attendants entered the open and lofty gates of the external barrier, the space within was a scene not easily reconciled with the cause of mourning. In one place cooks were toiling to roast and fat sheep; in another, hogsheads of ale were to be drained at the freedom of all comers. In every description were to be seen devouring the food, and swallowing the liquor thus abandoned to their greed.

The naked Saxon serf was drowning the sense of a year's hunger and thirst in one day of gluttony and drunkenness; the more pampered burgess and guild-man eating his morsel with gust, or curiously critiquing the quantity of the malt and the skill of the brewer. Of the poorer Norman gentry might also be seen, distinguished by their shaven chins and short cloaks, and united by their keeping together, and looking with respect on the whole solemnity, even while condescending to themselves of the good cheer which was so liberally supplied.

Strangers were, of course, assembled by the score, with strolling soldiers returned from Palestine (according to their own account at least); pedlars were displaying their wares; travelling mechanics were inquiring for employment; and wandering palmers, hedge-priests, minstrels, and Welsh bards were muttering prayers, or chanting mistuned dirges from their harps, crowds,<sup>1</sup>

One sent forth the praises of Athelstane in a Latin elegy; another, in a Saxon genealogical poem,

<sup>1</sup> The crowth, or crowd, was a species of violin. ROSS. A sort of rather hurdy-gurdy, the strings of which were managed by a wheel, the instrument took its name. [Scott.]



rehearsed the uncouth and harsh names of his noble ancestry. Jesters and jugglers were not wanting, nor was the occasion of the assembly supposed to render the exercise of their profession indecorous or improper. Indeed the ideas of the Saxons on these occasions were as natural as they were rude. If sorrow was thirsty, there was drink; if hungry, there was food; if it sunk down upon and saddened the heart, here were the means supplied of mirth, at least of amusement. Nor did the assistants scorn to avail themselves of those means of consolation, although every now and then, as if suddenly recollecting the cause which had brought them together, the men groaned in unison, while the females, of whom many were present, raised up their voices and shrieked for very woe.

Such was the scene in the castle-yard at Coningsburg when it was entered by Richard and his followers. The aeneschal or steward deigned not to take notice of the groups of inferior guests who were perpetually entering and withdrawing, unless so far as was necessary to preserve order; nevertheless, he was struck by the good mien of the Monarch and Ivanhoe, more especially as he imagined the features of the latter were familiar to him. Besides, the approach of two knights, for such their dress bespoke them, was a rare event at a Saxon solemnity, and could not but be regarded as a sort of honour to the deceased and his family. And in his sable dress, and holding in his hand his white wand of office, this important personage made his way through the miscellaneous assemblage of guests, thus conducting Richard and Ivanhoe to the entrance of the tower. Gurth and Wamba speedily found acquaintances in the courtyard, nor presumed to intrude themselves any farther until their presence should be required.

## CHAPTER XLII

I found them winding of Marcello's corpse.  
And there was such a solemn melody.  
Twixt doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,—  
Such as old grandames, watching by the dead,  
Are wont to outwear the night with.

*Old Play.*

The mode of entering the great tower of Coningsburgh is very peculiar, and partakes of the rude simplicity of early times in which it was erected. A flight of steps, so steep and narrow as to be almost precipitous, leads up to a portal in the south side of the tower, by which the adventurous antiquary may still, or at least could a few years since, gain access to a small stair within the thickness of the wall of the tower, which leads up to the third story of the building—the two lower being dungeons or vaults, which neither receive air nor light, save by a square hole in the third story, with which they seem to have communication by a ladder. The access to the upper apartments in the tower, which consist in all of four stories, is given by a ladder which are carried up through the external buttresses. In this difficult and complicated entrance, the good Richard, followed by his faithful Ivanhoe, was ushered into the round apartment which occupies the whole of the third story from the ground. Wilfred, by the difficulty of the ascent, gained time to muffle his face in his hood, as it had been held expedient that he should not disclose himself to his father until the King should give him his final command.

There were assembled in this apartment, around a large table, about a dozen of the most distinguished repre-

representatives of the Saxon families in the adjacent country. These were all old, or at least elderly, men; for the young race, to the great displeasure of the seniors, had, like Ivanhoe, broken down many of the barriers which separated for half a century the Norman victors from the vanquished Saxons. The downcast and sorrowful looks of these venerable men, their silence and their mournful posture formed a strong contrast to the levity of the revellers on the outside of the castle. Their grey locks and long beards, together with their antique tunics and loose blue mantles, suited well with the singular and rude apartment in which they were seated, and gave the appearance of a band of ancient worshippers of Woden, recalled to life to mourn over the decay of their national glory.

Cedric, seated in equal rank among his countrymen, seemed yet, by common consent, to act as chief of the assembly. Upon the entrance of Richard (only known to him as the valorous Knight of the Fetterlock) he arose gravely, and gave him welcome by the ordinary salutation *Waes hael*, raising at the same time a goblet to his health. The King, no stranger to the customs of his English subjects, returned the greeting with the appropriate word *Drinc hael*, and partook of a cup which was handed to him by the sewer. The same courtesy was offered to Ivanhoe, who pledged his father in silence, supplying the want of speech by an inclination of his head, lest his voice should have been recognised.

When this introductory ceremony was performed, Cedric arose, and, extending his hand to Richard, conducted him into a small and very rude chapel, which was excavated, as it were, out of one of the external buttresses. As there was no opening, saving a very narrow loophole, the place would have been nearly quite dark but for two flambeaux or torches, which showed, by a red and smoky light, the arched roof and naked walls, the rude altar of stone, and the crucifix of the same material.

Before this altar was placed a bier, and on each side of the bier kneeled three priests, who told their beads, and uttered their prayers, with the greatest signs of external devotion. For this service a splendid "soul-scat" was paid to the convent of St. Edmund's by the mother of the deceased; and, that it might be fully deserved, the whole brethren, saving the lame sacristan, had transferred themselves to Coningsburgh, where, while six of their number were constantly on guard in the performance of divine rites at the bier of Athelstane, the others failed not to take their share of the refreshments and amusements which went on at the castle. In maintaining this pious watch and ward, the good monks were particularly careful not to interrupt their hymns for an instant, lest Zernebock, the ancient Saxon Apollyon, should lay his clutches on the departed Athelstane. Nor were they less careful to prevent any unhalcyoned layman from touching the pall, which having been first used at the funeral of St. Edmund, was liable to be desecrated if handled by the profane. If, in truth, these precautions could be of any use to the deceased, he had somewhat to expect them at the hands of the brethren of St. Edmund's, since, besides a hundred mancuses of gold paid down as the soul-ransom, the mother of Athelstane had announced her intention of endowing that foundation with the better part of the lands of the deceased, in order to maintain perpetual prayers for his soul and that of her departed husband.

Richard and Wilfred followed the Saxon Cedric into the apartment of death, where, as their guide pointed with a stern air to the untimely bier of Athelstane, they followed his example in devoutly crossing themselves, and muttering a brief prayer for the weal of the departed soul.

This act of pious charity performed, Cedric again motioned them to follow him, gliding over the stone floor with noiseless tread; and, after ascending a few steps, opened with great caution the door of a small oratory, which



joined to the chapel. It was about eight feet square, hollowed, like the chapel itself, out of the thickness of the wall; and the loophole which enlightened it being to the west, and widening considerably as it sloped inward, a beam of the setting sun found its way into its dark recess, and showed a female of a dignified mien, and whose countenance retained the marked remains of majestic beauty. Her long mourning robes, and her flowing wimple<sup>1</sup> of black cypress, enhanced the whiteness of her skin, and the beauty of her light coloured and flowing tresses, which time had neither thinned nor mingled with silver. Her countenance expressed the deepest sorrow that is consistent with resignation. On the stone table before her stood a crucifix of ivory, beside which was laid a missal, having its pages richly illuminated, and its boards adorned with clasps of gold and bosses of the same precious metal.

"Noble Edith," said Cedric, after having stood a moment silent, as if to give Richard and Wilfred time to look upon the lady of the mansion, "these are worthy strangers come to take a part in thy sorrows. And this, in especial, is the valiant knight who fought so bravely for the deliverance of him for whom we this day mourn."

"His bravery has my thanks," returned the lady. "I though it be the will of Heaven that it should be displayed in vain. I thank, too, his courtesy, and that of his companion, which hath brought them hither to behold the widow of Adeling, the mother of Athelstane, in her hour of sorrow and lamentation. To your care, kind kinsman, I entrust them, satisfied that they will want no hospitality which these sad walls can yet afford."

The guests bowed deeply to the mourning parent, and withdrew with their hospitable guide.

Another winding stair conducted them to an apartment of the same size with that which they had first entered, occupying indeed the story immediately above. From the

<sup>1</sup> WIMPLE. A kerchief covering not only the neck, but also the sides of the face: usually of linen but here of crape.



ere yet the door was opened, proceeded a low and solemn strain of vocal music. When they entered, found themselves in the presence of about twenty men and maidens of distinguished Saxon lineage. Four of these, Rowena leading the choir, raised a hymn for the use of the deceased, of which we have only been able to give two or three stanzas:

Dust unto dust,  
To this all must.  
The tenant hath resign'd  
The faded form  
To waste and worm.  
Corruption claims her kind.

Through paths unknown  
Thy soul hath flown,  
To seek the realms of woe,  
Where fiery pain  
Shall purge the stain  
Of actions done below.

In that sad place,  
By Mary's grace,  
Brief may thy dwelling be!  
Till prayers and alms,  
And holy psalms  
Shall set the captive free.'

While this dirge was sung, in a low and melancholy tone, by the female choristers, the others were divided into two groups, of which one was engaged in bedecking, with such splendour as their skill and taste could compass, a large black pall, destined to cover the bier of Athelstane, while the others busied themselves in selecting, from baskets of flowers placed before them, garlands, which they intended to use for the same mournful purpose. The behaviour of the women was decorous, if not marked with deep affliction; now and then a whisper or a smile called forth the reproof of the severer matrons, and here and there might be seen a damsel more interested in endeavouring to find out

how her mourning-robe became her than in the dismal ceremony for which they were preparing. Neither was this propensity (if we must needs confess the truth) at all diminished by the appearance of two strange knights, which occasioned some looking up, peeping, and whispering. Rowena alone, too proud to be vain, paid her greeting to the deliverer with a graceful courtesy. Her demeanour was serious, but not dejected; and it may be doubted whether the thoughts of Ivanhoe, and the uncertainty of his fate, did not claim as great a share in her gravity as the death of her kinsman.

To Cedric, who, however, as we have observed, was remarkably clear-sighted on such occasions, the sorrow of his ward seemed so much deeper than any of the other maidens that he deemed it proper to whisper the explanation, "She was the affianced bride of the noble Athelstane." It may be doubted whether this communication went far way to increase Wilfred's disposition to sympathise with the mourners of Coningsburgh.

Having thus formally introduced the guests to the different chambers in which the obsequies of Athelstane were celebrated under different forms, Cedric conducted them into a small room, destined, as he informed them, for the exclusive accommodation of honourable guests, whose moral connexion with the deceased might render them unwilling to join those who were immediately affected by the unhappy event. He assured them of every accommodation, and was about to withdraw when the Black Knight took his hand.

"I crave to remind you, noble thane," he said, "that when we last parted you promised, for the service I had the fortune to render you, to grant me a boon."

"It is granted ere named, noble Knight," said Cedric, "yet, at this sad moment —"

"Of that also," said the King, "I have be thought on."

but my time is brief; neither does it seem to me unfit that when closing the grave on the noble Athelstane, we should deposit therein certain prejudices and hasty opinions."

"Sir Knight of the Fetterlock," said Cedric, colouring and interrupting the King in his turn, "I trust your boot regards yourself and no other; for in that which concerns the honour of my house, it is scarce fitting that a stranger should mingle."

"Nor do I wish to mingle," said the King, mildly, "unless in so far as you will admit me to have an interest. As yet you have known me but as the Black Knight of the Fetterlock. Know me now as Richard Plantagenet."

"Richard of Anjou!" exclaimed Cedric, stepping backward with the utmost astonishment.

"No, noble Cedric—Richard of England! whose deepest interest—whose deepest wish, is to see her sons united with each other. And, how now, worthy thane! hast thou no love for thy prince?"

"To Norman blood," said Cedric, "it hath never tended."

"Reserve thine homage then," said the Monarch, "until I shall prove my right to it by my equal protection of Normans and English."

"Prince," answered Cedric, "I have ever done justice to thy bravery and thy worth. Nor am I ignorant of thy claim to the crown through thy descent from Matilda, niece to Edgar Atheling, and daughter to Malcolm of Scotland. But Matilda, though of the royal Saxon blood, was not the heir to the monarchy."

"I will not dispute my title with thee, noble thane," said Richard, calmly; "but I will bid thee look around thee, and see where thou wilt find another to be put into the scale against it."

"And hast thou wandered hither, Prince, to tell me so," said Cedric—"to upbraid me with the ruin of my race?"

the grave has closed o'er the last scion of Saxon royalty. His countenance darkened as he spoke. "It was boldly it was rashly done!"

"Not so, by the holy rood!" replied the King; "it was done in the frank confidence which one brave man may repose in another, without a shadow of danger."

"Thou sayest well, Sir King—for King I own thou art—and wilt be, despite of my feeble opposition. I dare not take the only mode to prevent it, though thou hast placed the strong temptation within my reach!"

"And now to my boon," said the King, "which I ask with one jot the less confidence, that thou hast refused to acknowledge my lawful sovereignty. I require of thee, a man of thy word, on pain of being held faithless, unsworn, and *nidering*,<sup>1</sup> to forgive and receive to thy paternal affection the good knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe. In the reconciliation thou wilt own I have an interest—the happiness of my friend, and the quelling of dissension among my faithful people."

"And this is Wilfred!" said Cedric, pointing to his son.

"My father!—my father!" said Ivanhoe, prostrating himself at Cedric's feet, "grant me thy forgiveness!"

"Thou hast it, my son," said Cedric, raising him up. "The son of Hereward knows how to keep his word, even when it has been passed to a Norman. But let me see thee use the dress and costume of thy English ancestry: no steel cloaks, no gay bonnets, no fantastic plumage in my decent household. He that would be the son of Cedric must abjure himself of English ancestry. Thou art about to speak," he added, sternly, "and I guess the topic. The Lady Rowena must complete two years' mourning, as for a betrothed husband: all our Saxon ancestors would disown us were we to treat of a new union for her ere the grave of her husband should have wedded—him so much the most worthy of her band by birth and ancestry—is yet closed. The grave

<sup>1</sup> *Niddering*. Infamous. [Scot.]



Athelstane himself would burst his bloody cerements, and stand before us to forbid such dishonour to his memory."

It seemed as if Cedric's words had raised a spectre; for scarce had he uttered them ere the door flew open, and Athelstane, arrayed in the garments of the grave, stood before them, pale, haggard, and like something arisen from the dead!<sup>1</sup>

The effect of this apparition on the persons present was utterly appalling. Cedric started back as far as the wall of the apartment would permit, and, leaning against it as one unable to support himself, gazed on the figure of his friend with eyes that seemed fixed, and a mouth which he appeared incapable of shutting. Ivanhoe crossed himself, repeating prayers in Saxon, Latin, or Norman-French, as they occurred to his memory, while Richard alternately said "*Bene-dicite*," and swore, "*Mort de ma vie!*"<sup>2</sup>

In the mean time a horrible noise was heard below stairs, some crying, "Secure the treacherous monks!"—others, "Down with them into the dungeon!"—others, "Pitch them from the highest battlements!"

"In the name of God!" said Cedric, addressing what seemed the spectre of his departed friend, "if thou art mortal, speak!—if a departed spirit, say for what cause thou art revisit us, or if I can do aught that can set thy spirit at repose. Living or dead, noble Athelstane, speak to Cedric!"

"I will," said the spectre, very composedly, "when I have collected breath, and when you give me time. Alive, dost thou? I am as much alive as he can be who has fed on bread and water for three days, which seem three ages. Yes, bread and water, father Cedric! By Heaven, and all saints in it, better food hath not passed my weasand for

<sup>1</sup> DEAD The resuscitation of Athelstane has been much criticised, as too great a breach of probability, even for a work of such fantastic character. It was a *tour-de-force* to which the author was compelled to have recourse by the importunate entreaties of his friend and printer, (James Ballantyne.)  
<sup>2</sup> Inconsolable on the Saxon being conveyed to the tomb (Scott.)

<sup>3</sup> MORT DE MA VIE. 'Death of my life' "



three livelong days, and by God's providence it is that I am now here to tell it."

"Why, noble Athelstane," said the Black Knight, "I myself saw you struck down by the fierce Templar towards the end of the storm at Torquilstone, and, as I thought, as Wamba reported, your skull was cloven through the teeth."

"You thought amiss, Sir Knight," said Athelstane, "as Wamba lied. My teeth are in good order, and that in supper shall presently find. No thanks to the Templar though, whose sword turned in his hand, so that the blow struck me flatlings, being averted by the handle of the good mace with which I warded the blow; had my steel-cap been on, I had not valued it a rush, and had dealt him such counterbuff as would have spoilt his retreat. But as it was, down I went, stunned, indeed, but unwounded. Others of both sides, were beaten down and slaughtered above me, so that I never recovered my senses until I found myself in a coffin—an open one, by good luck!—placed before the altar of the church of St. Edmund's. I sneezed repeatedly—groaned—awakened, and would have arisen, when the sacristan and abbot, full of terror, came running at the noise, surprised, doubtless, and no way pleased, to find the man alive whose heirs they had proposed themselves to be. I asked for wine; they gave me some, but it must have been highly medicated, for I slept yet more deeply than before, and wakened not for many hours. I found my arms swathed down, my feet tied so fast that mine ankles ached at the very remembrance; the place was utterly dark—the oubliette,<sup>1</sup> as I suppose, of their accursed convent, and from the close, stifled, damp smell I conceive it is also used for a place of sepulture. I had strange thoughts of what had befallen me, when the door of my dungeon creaked, and two villain monks entered. They would have persuaded me I was in purgatory, but I knew too well the purring, short-breathed voice of the father abbot. St. Jeremy! how did

<sup>1</sup> OUBLIETTE. A dungeon: from French oublier, to forget.

eat from that tone with which he used to ask me for another slice of the haunch! the dog has feasted with me from Christmas to Twelfth Night."

"Have patience, noble Athelstane," said the King, "take thy rest—tell your story at leisure; beshrew me but such a tale is as well worth listening to as a romance."

"Ay, but, by the rood of Bromholme, there was no romance in the matter!" said Athelstane. "A barley loaf and a pail of water—that *they* gave me, the niggardly traitors—whom my father, and I myself, had enriched, when our best resources were the flitches of bacon and measures of corn out of which they wheedled poor serfs and bondsmen, in exchange for their prayers. The nest of foul, ungrateful vipers—barley bread and ditch water to such a man as I had been! I will smoke them out of their nest, though I be excommunicated!"

"But, in the name of Our Lady, noble Athelstane," said the King, grasping the hand of his friend, "how didst thou escape this imminent danger? did their hearts relent?"

"Did their hearts relent?" echoed Athelstane. "Do hearts melt with the sun? I should have been there still, had not some stir in the convent, which I find was their session hitherward to eat my funeral feast, when they knew how and where I had been buried alive, summoned the swarm out of their hive. I heard them droning their death-psalms, little judging they were sung in respect for my soul by those who were thus famishing my body. They went, however, and I waited long for food; no wonder—the gouty sacristan was even too busy with his provender to mind mine. At length down he came, with an unstable step and a strong flavour of wine and ale about his person. Good cheer had opened his heart, and he left me a nook of pasty and a flask of wine instead of my former fare. I ate, drank, and was invigorated; when, added to my good luck, the sacristan, too totty to discharge his duty of turnkey fitly, locked the door beside the stair."

so that it fell ajar. The light, the food, the wine set an invention to work. The staple to which my chains were fixed was more rusted than I or the villain abbot had supposed. Even iron could not remain without consuming the damp of that infernal dungeon."

"Take breath, noble Athelstane," said Richard, "and partake of some refreshment, ere you proceed with a tale so dreadful."

"Partake!" quoth Athelstane. "I have been partaking five times to-day; and yet a morsel of that savoury ham was not altogether foreign to the matter: and I pray you, fair sir, to do me reason in a cup of wine."

The guests, though still agape with astonishment, pledged their resuscitated landlord, who thus proceeded in his story. He had indeed now many more auditors than those to whom it was commenced, for Edith, having given certain necessary orders for arranging matters within the castle, had followed the dead-alive up to the stranger's apartment, attended by as many of the guests, male and female, as could squeeze into the small room, while others crowding the staircase, caught up an erroneous edition of the story, and transmitted it still more inaccurately to those beneath, who again sent it forth to the vulgar without in a fashion totally irreconcilable to the real fact. Athelstane, however, went on as follows with the history of his escape:

"Finding myself freed from the staple, I dragged myself upstairs as well as a man loaded with shackles, and emaciated with fasting, might; and after much groping about, I was at length directed, by the sound of a jolly roundelay, to the apartment where the worthy sacristan, as it please you, was holding a devil's mass with a huge beetle-browed broad-shouldered brother of the grey-frock and cowl, who looked much more like a thief than a clergyman. I burst in upon them, and the fashion of my grave-clothes, as

the clanking of my chains, made me more resemble an inhabitant of the other world than of this. Both stood ghast; but when I knocked down the sacristan with my fist, the other fellow, his pot-companion, fetched a blow at me with a huge quarter-staff."

"This must be our Friar Tuck, for a count's ransom," said Richard, looking at Ivanhoe.

"He may be the devil, an he will," said Athelstane. Fortunately, he missed the aim; and on my approaching to grapple with him, took to his heels and ran for it. I failed not to set my own heels at liberty by means of the fetter-key, which hung amongst others at the sexton's belt; and I had thoughts of beating out the knave's brains with the bunch of keys, but gratitude for the nook of pasty and the flask of wine which the rascal had imparted to my captivity came over my heart; so, with a brace of hearty kicks, I left him on the floor, pouched some baked meat and a leathern bottle of wine, with which the two venerable brethren had been regaling, went to the stable and found in a private stall mine own best palfrey, which, doubtless, had been set apart for the holy father abbot's particular use. Hither I came with all the speed the beast could compass—man and another's son flying before me wherever I came, taking me for a spectre, the more especially as, to prevent my being recognised, I drew the corpse-hood over my face. I had not gained admittance into my own castle, had I not been supposed to be the attendant of a juggler who is making the people in the castle-yard very merry, considering they are assembled to celebrate their lord's funeral. I say the sewer thought I was dressed to bear a part in the tregetour's<sup>1</sup> summery, and so I got admission, and I did but disclose myself to my mother, and eat a hasty morsel, ere I came in meet of you, my noble friend."

"And you have found me," said Cedric, "ready to resume our brave projects of honour and liberty. I tell thee

<sup>1</sup> TREGETOUR'S. Juggler's.



never will dawn a morrow so auspicious as the next for the deliverance of the noble Saxon race."

"Talk not to me of delivering any one," said Athelstane; "it is well I am delivered myself. I am more intent on punishing that villain abbot. He shall hang on the top of the Castle of Coningsburgh, in his cope and stole; and if the stairs be too strait to admit his fat carcass, I will have him craned up from without."

"But, my son," said Edith, "consider his sacred office."

"Consider my three days' fast," replied Athelstane. "I will have their blood every one of them. Front-de-Bœuf was burnt alive for a less matter, for he kept a good table for his prisoners, only put too much garlic in his last dish of pottage. But these hypocritical, ungrateful slaves, who often the self-invited flatterers at my board, who gave me neither pottage nor garlic, more or less—they die, by the soul of Hengist!"

"But the Pope, my noble friend," said Cedric—

"But the devil, my noble friend," answered Athelstane; "they die, and no more of them. Were they the best monks upon earth, the world would go on without them."

"For shame, noble Athelstane," said Cedric; "forget not such wretches in the career of glory which lies open before thee. Tell this Norman prince, Richard of Anjou, that lion-hearted as he is, he shall not hold undisputed the throne of Alfred, while a male descendant of the Holy Confessor lives to dispute it."

"How!" said Athelstane, "is this the noble King Richard?"

"It is Richard Plantagenet himself," said Cedric; "yet I need not remind thee that, coming hither a guest of friendship, he may neither be injured nor detained prisoner: thou well knowest thy duty to him as his host."

"Ay, by my faith!" said Athelstane; "and my duty as subject besides, for I here tender him my allegiance, heart and hand."



"My son," said Edith, "think on thy royal rights!"

"Think on the freedom of England, degenerate prince!" said Cedric.

"Mother and friend," said Athelstane, "a truce to your braidings! Bread and water and a dungeon are marvelous mortifiers of ambition, and I rise from the tomb a braver man than I descended into it. One half of those vain lies were puffed into mine ear by that perfidious Abbot Wilfram, and you may now judge if he is a counsellor to be trusted. Since these plots were set in agitation, I have had nothing but hurried journeys, indigestions, blows and bruises, imprisonments, and starvation; besides that they had only end in the murder of some thousands of quiet folk. Tell you, I will be king in my own domains, and nowhere else; and my first act of dominion shall be to hang the traitor."

"And my ward Rowena," said Cedric—"I trust you intend not to desert her?"

"Father Cedric," said Athelstane, "be reasonable. The lady Rowena cares not for me; she loves the little finger of my kinsman Wilfred's glove better than my whole person. Here she stands to avouch it. Nay, blush not, kinsman; there is no shame in loving a courtly knight better than a country franklin; and do not laugh neither, Rowena, for grave-clothes and a thin visage are, God knows, no matter of merriment. Nay, an thou wilt needs laugh, I will bid thee a better jest. Give me thy hand, or rather lend me, for I but ask it in the way of friendship. Here, my cousin Wilfred of Ivanhoe, in thy favour I renounce and forsake— Hey, by St Dunstan, our cousin Wilfred hath vanished! Yet, unless my eyes are still dazzled with the lighting I have undergone, I saw him stand there but even now."

All now looked around and inquired for Ivanhoe; but he vanished. It was at length discovered that a Jew had come to seek him; and that, after very brief conference, he

had called for Gurth and his armour, and had left the castle.

"Fair cousin," said Athelstane to Rowena, "could I think that this sudden disappearance of Ivanhoe was occasioned by other than the weightiest reason, I would myself resume——"

But he had no sooner let go her hand, on first observing that Ivanhoe had disappeared, than Rowena, who had found her situation extremely embarrassing, had taken the first opportunity to escape from the apartment.

"Certainly," quoth Athelstane, "women are the least to be trusted of all animals, monks and abbots excepted. I am an infidel, if I expected not thanks from her, and perhaps a kiss to boot. These cursed grave-clothes have surely a spell on them, every one flies from me. To you I turn noble King Richard, with the vows of allegiance, which, I am a liege subject——"

But King Richard was gone also, and no one knew whither. At length it was learned that he had hastened to the courtyard, summoned to his presence the Jew who had spoken with Ivanhoe, and, after a moment's speech with him, had called vehemently to horse, thrown himself upon a steed, compelled the Jew to mount another, and set off at a rate which, according to Wamba, rendered the old Jew's neck not worth a penny's purchase.

"By my halidome!" said Athelstane, "it is certain the Zernebock hath possessed himself of my castle in my absence. I return in my grave-clothes, a pledge restored from the very sepulchre, and every one I speak to vanishes as soon as they hear my voice! But it skills not talking of it. Come, my friends, such of you as are left, follow me to the banquet-hall, lest any more of us disappear. It is, I trust, as yet tolerably furnished, as becomes the obsequy of an ancient Saxon noble; and should we tarry any longer, who knows but the devil may fly off with the supper?"

## CHAPTER XLIII

Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,  
That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
A caitiff recreant!

*Richard II.*

Our scene now returns to the exterior of the castle, or preceptory, of Templestowe, about the hour when the trial was to be cast for the life or death of Rebecca. It is a scene of bustle and life, as if the whole vicinity had poured forth its inhabitants to a village wake or rural feast. The earnest desire to look on blood and death is not far from those dark ages; though, in the gladiatorial exercises of single combat and general tourney, they were accustomed to the bloody spectacle of brave men falling by each other's hands. Even in our own days, when morals are better understood, an execution, a bruising-match, a prize-fight, or a meeting of radical reformers, collects, at considerable hazard to themselves, immense crowds of spectators, who are little interested, except to see how matters are transacted, or whether the heroes of the day are, in the language of insurgent tailors, "flints" or "dunghills."

The eyes, therefore, of a very considerable multitude were bent on the gate of the preceptory of Templestowe, for the purpose of witnessing the procession; while still larger numbers had already surrounded the tiltyard belonging to that establishment. This inclosure was formed by a piece of level ground adjoining to the preceptory,

*Good fellows or boors.* Good fellows or boors: compare the still more familiar in America: hayneeds, wuckers, he's a brick, etc.

which had been levelled with care, for the exercise of military and chivalrous sports. It occupied the brow of a soft and gentle eminence, was carefully palisaded around, and as the Templars willingly invited spectators to be witnesses of their skill in feats of chivalry, was amply supplied with galleries and benches for their use.

On the present occasion a throne was erected for the Grand Master at the east end, surrounded with seats of distinction for the preceptors and knights of the order. Over these floated the sacred standard, called *Le Beau-sens*, which was the ensign, as its name was the battle-cry, of the Templars.

At the opposite end of the lists was a pile of faggots, arranged around a stake, deeply fixed in the ground, and leave a space for the victim whom they were destined to consume to enter within the fatal circle, in order to be chained to the stake by the fetters which hung ready for that purpose. Beside this deadly apparatus stood four black slaves whose colour and African features, then so little known in England, appalled the multitude, who gazed on them as on demons employed about their own diabolical exercises. These men stirred not, excepting now and then, under the direction of one who seemed their chief, to shift and replace the ready fuel. They looked not on the multitude. In fact, they seemed insensible of their presence, and of everything save the discharge of their own horrible duty. And when, in speech with each other, they expanded their blubber lips, and showed their white fangs, as if they grinned at the thoughts of the expected tragedy, the startled commons could scarcely help believing that they were actually the familiar spirits with whom the witch had communed, and who, her time being out, stood ready to assist in her dreadful punishment. They whispered to each other, and communicated all the feats which Satan had performed during that busy and unhappy period, not forgetting, of course, to give the devil rather more than his due.

"you not heard, father Dennet," quoth one boor to advanced in years, "that the devil has carried away the great Saxon thane Athelstane of Conings-

but he brought him back though, by the blessing of St. Dunstan."

"Is that?" said a brisk young fellow, dressed in a sock embroidered with gold, and having at his about lad bearing a harp upon his back, which became his vocation. The Minstrel seemed of no vulgar sort, besides the splendour of his gaily broideder doublet, around his neck a silver chain, by which hung a ring, or key, with which he tuned his harp. On his arm was a silver plate, which, instead of bearing, as a cognizance or badge of the baron to whose family he belonged, had barely the word SHERWOOD engraved upon it. "Do you mean you by that?" said the gay Minstrel, minding the conversation of the peasants; "I came to seek a rhyme for my rhyme, and, by'r Lady, I were glad to

well avouched," said the elder peasant, "that after the death of Coningsburgh had been dead four weeks——" "It is impossible," said the Minstrel; "I saw him in the passage of arms at Ashby-de-la-Zouche."

"But, however, he was, or else translated," said the peasant; "for I heard the monks of St. Edmund's sing the death's hymn for him; and, moreover, there was much meal and dole at the Castle of Coningsburgh, and thither had I gone, but for Mabel Parkins,

"Dead was Athelstane," said the old man, shaking his head, "and the more pity it was, for the old Saxon

"your story, my masters—your story," said the Minstrel, somewhat impatiently.

"—construe us the story," said a burly friar, who



## IVANHOE

ed beside them, leaning on a pole that exhibited an  
distance between a pilgrim's staff and a quarter-staff, and  
probably acted as either when occasion served—"ye  
story," said the stalwart churchman. "Burn not daylig  
bout it; we have short time to spare."

"An please your reverence," said Dennet, "a dra  
priest came to visit the sacristan at St. Edmund's—"

"It does not please my reverence," answered the ch  
man, "that there should be such an animal as a dra  
priest, or, if there were, that a layman should so spea  
Be mannerly, my friend, and conclude the holy ma  
wrapt in meditation, which makes the head dizzy an  
unsteady, as if the stomach were filled with new  
have felt it myself."

"Well, then," answered father Dennet, "a holy  
came to visit the sacristan at St. Edmund's—"

hedge-priest is the visitor, and kills half the deer  
stolen in the forest, who loves the tinkling of a  
better than the sacring-bell,<sup>1</sup> and deems a fitch  
worth ten of his breviary; for the rest, a good fe  
merry, who will flourish a quarter-staff, draw  
dance a Cheshire round with e'er a man in York

"That last part of thy speech, Dennet," sa  
strel, "has saved thee a rib or twain."

"Tush, man, I fear him not," said Dennet;  
what old and stiff, but when I fought for the  
at Doncaster——"

"But the story—the story, my friend,"  
Minstrel.

"Why, the tale is but this—Athelstane of  
was buried at St. Edmund's."

"That's a lie, and a loud one," said the  
him borne to his own Castle of Coningsbury

"Nay, then, e'en tell the story yourse

The bell rung at the elevation of

Dennet, turning sulky at these repeated contradictions; and it was with some difficulty that the boor could be prevailed on, by the request of his comrade and the Minstrel, to renew his tale. "These two *sober* friars," said he at length, "since this reverend man will needs have them, he had continued drinking good ale, and wine, and what for the best part of a summer's day, when they were assailed by a deep groan, and a clanking of chains, and the spectre of the deceased Athelstane entered the apartment, saying, 'Ye evil shepherds——!'"

"It is false," said the friar, hastily, "he never spoke a word."

"So ho! Friar Tuck," said the Minstrel, drawing him apart from the rustics; "we have started a new hare, I find."

"I tell thee, Allan-a-Dale," said the hermit, "I saw Athelstane of Coningsburgh as much as bodily eyes ever saw living man. He had his shroud on, and all about him was the light of the sepulchre. A butt of sack will not wash it out of my memory."

"Pshaw!" answered the Minstrel; "thou dost but jest at me!"

"Never believe me," said the Friar, "an I fetched not a blow at him with my quarter-staff that would have felled an ox, and it glided through his body as it might through the air of smoke!"

"By St. Hubert," said the Minstrel, "but it is a wonderful tale, and fit to be put in metre to the ancient tune, now come to the Old Friar."

"Laugh, if ye list," said Friar Tuck; "but an ye catch me going on such a theme may the next ghost or devil carry me off with him headlong! No, no—I instantly formed my purpose of assisting at some good work, such as the curing of a witch, a judicial combat, or the like matter of my service, and therefore am I here."

As they thus conversed, the heavy bell of the church of Michael of Templestowe, a venerable building, situated

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hamlet at some distance from the preceptory, to their argument. One by one the sullen sound died away in distant echo, ere the air was again filled with the iron knell. These sounds, the signal of an approaching ceremony, chilled with awe the hearts of the assembled multitude, whose eyes were now turned to the preceptory, expecting the approach of the Grand Champion, and the criminal.

At length the drawbridge fell, the gates opened, and a knight, bearing the great standard of the order, saluted the castle, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by knights, preceptors, two and two, the Grand Master last, mounted on a stately horse, whose furniture was of the simplest kind. Behind him came Brian de Burke, armed cap-à-pie in bright armour, but without lance, shield, and sword, which were borne by two esquires behind him. His face, though partly obscured by a long plume which floated down from his brow, seemed to contend with irresolution. He looked pale, as if he had not slept for several nights, and his pawing war-horse with the habitual ease and grace of the best lance of the order of the Temple.

His appearance was grand and commanding; but when he appeared with attention, men read that in his dark eyes which they willingly withdrew their eyes. On either side rode Conrade of Mont-Breton and de Malvoisin, who acted as godfathers to the order. Behind them followed other knights of the Temple, with a long train of esquires in black, aspirants to the honour of being knights of the order. After these neophytes came the novices on foot, in the same sable livery, and

3 BABBIT-CAP. A flat cap of peculiar form.

ight be seen the pale form of the accused, moving with a few but undismayed step towards the scene of her fate. She was stript of all her ornaments, lest perchance there should be among them some of those amulets which Satan is supposed to bestow upon his victims, to deprive them of the power of confession even when under the torture. A coarse white dress, of the simplest form, had been substituted for her Oriental garments; yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look that even in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses, each eye wept that looked upon her, and the most hardened bigot regretted the fate that had converted a creature so goodly into a vessel of wrath, and a branded slave of the devil.

A crowd of inferior personages belonging to the precept followed the victim, all moving with the utmost order, their arms folded and looks bent upon the ground.

This slow procession moved up the gentle eminence, on the summit of which was the tiltyard, and, entering the lists, marched once around them from right to left, and when they had completed the circle, made a halt. There then a momentary bustle, while the Grand Master and his attendants, excepting the champion and his godfathers, dismounted from their horses, which were immediately removed out of the lists by the esquires, who were in attendance for that purpose.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black flag placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike marring to the mind and painful to the body, she was moved to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally, yet, for her lips moved, though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly at the pile as if to familiarise her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.

Meanwhile, the Grand Master had assumed his seat; and



when the chivalry of his order was placed around and behind him, each in his due rank, a loud and long flourish the trumpets announced that the court were seated for judgment. Malvoisin then, acting as godfather of the champion, stepped forward, and laid the glove of the challenger on the floor, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Master.

"Valorous lord and reverend father," said he, "standeth the good knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who, by accepting the pledge of battle which I now lay at your reverend feet, hath become bound to do his devoir in combat to maintain that this Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her in a sentence by this most holy order of the Temple of Zion, condemned to die as a sorceress—here, I say, he standeth, and to do, knightly and honourable, if such be your sanctified pleasure."

"Hath he made oath," said the Grand Master, "that his quarrel is just and honourable? Bring forward the Te igitur."

"Sir and most reverend father," answered he readily, "our brother here present hath already sworn the truth of his accusation in the hand of the Conrade de Mont-Fitchet; and otherwise he will be sworn, seeing that his adversary is an unchristian who may take no oath."

This explanation was satisfactory, to Albert, for the wily knight had foreseen the great disadvantage rather impossibility, of prevailing upon Bois-Guilbert to take such an oath before the assembly. The Grand Master, having allowed the excuse, Malvoisin, commanded the herald to stand

"Thee therefore" . the book of service



spire. The trumpets then again flourished, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud: "Oyez, oyez, oyez.<sup>1</sup> There standeth the good knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of free blood who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca, to try by champion, in respect of lawful essoine of her own body; and to such champion the reverend and glorious Grand Master here present allows a fair field, and equal partition of sun and wind, and whatever else appertains to a fair combat." The trumpets again sounded, and there was a dead pause of many minutes.

"No champion appears for the appellant," said the Grand Master. "Go, herald, and ask her whether she expects any one to do battle for her in this her cause."

The herald went to the chair in which Rebecca was seated; and Bois-Guilbert, suddenly turning his horse's head toward that end of the lists, in spite of hints on either side from Malvoisin and Mont-Fitchet, was by the side of Rebecca's chair as soon as the herald.

"Is this regular, and according to the law of combat?" asked Malvoisin, looking to the Grand Master.

"Albert de Malvoisin, it is," answered Beaumanoir; "for this appeal to the judgment of God we may not prohibit parties from having that communication with each other which may best tend to bring forth the truth of the quarrel."

In the mean time, the herald spoke to Rebecca in these terms: "Damsel, the honourable and reverend the Grand Master demands of thee, if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom?"

"Say to the Grand Master," replied Rebecca, "that I maintain my innocence, and do not yield me as justly condemned lest I become guilty of mine own blood. Say to

<sup>1</sup> "Hear ye!" a relic of Norman courts of law, and still heard at the beginning of an English court; equivalent to "Silence!"

him, that I challenge such delay as his forms will permit to see if God, whose opportunity is in man's extremity, will raise me up a deliverer; and when such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done!"

The herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand Master.

"God forbid," said Lucas Beaumanoir, "that Jew or Pagan should impeach us of injustice! Until the shadow be cast from the west to the eastward, will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman. When the day is so far passed, let her prepare for death."

The herald communicated the words of the Grand Master to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up towards heaven, seemed to expect that aid from above which she could scarce promise herself from man. During this awful pause, the voice of Boamond Guilbert broke upon her ear; it was but a whisper, yet startled her more than the summons of the herald had appeared to do.

"Rebecca," said the Templar, "dost thou hear me?"

"I have no portion in thee, cruel, hard-hearted man," said the unfortunate maiden.

"Ay, but dost thou understand my words?" said the Templar; "for the sound of my voice is frightful in mine own ears. I scarce know on what ground we stand, or for what purpose they have brought us hither. This little space—that chair—these faggots—I know their purpose, and yet it appears to me like something unreal—the fearful picture of a vision, which appals my sense with hideous fantasies, but convinces not my reason."

"My mind and senses keep touch and time," answered Rebecca, "and tell me alike that these faggots are destined to consume my earthly body, and open a painful but a noble passage to a better world."

"Dreams, Rebecca—dreams," answered the Templar, "idle visions, rejected by the wisdom of your own wiser friends."

"Hear me, Rebecca," he said, proceeding with animation; "a better chance hast thou for life and liberty than the knaves and dotard dream of. Mount thee behind my steed—on Zamor, the gallant horse that never fails his rider. I won him in single fight from the Soldan's vizond. Mount, I say, behind me; in one short hour wilt and inquiry far behind—a new world of pleasure to thee—to me a new career of fame. Let them curse the doom which I despise, and erase the name of Bois-Guilbert from their list of monastic slaves! I will wash out blood whatever blot they may dare to cast on my honour."

"Nempter," said Rebecca, "begone! Not in this last extremity canst thou move me one hair's-breadth from my place. Surrounded as I am by foes, I hold thee as my worst and most deadly enemy; avoid thee, in the name of God!"

Bert Malvoisin, alarmed and impatient at the duration of the conference, now advanced to interrupt it.

"Hath the maiden acknowledged her guilt?" he demanded of Bois-Guilbert; "or is she resolute in her denial?" "She is indeed *resolute*," said Bois-Guilbert.

"Then," said Malvoisin, "must thou, noble brother, requite thy place to attend the issue. The shades are changing on the circle of the dial. Come, brave Bois-Guilbert—thou hope of our holy order, and soon to be its head." As he spoke in this soothing tone, he laid his hand on the knight's bridle, as if to lead him back to his station.

"False villain! what meanest thou by thy hand on my arm?" said Sir Brian, angrily. And shaking off his comrade's grasp, he rode back to the upper end of the lists. "There is yet spirit in him," said Malvoisin apart to Fitchet, "were it well directed; but, like the Greek fire, it burns whatever approaches it."

The judges had now been two hours in the lists, awaiting the appearance of a champion.

"And reason good," said Friar Tuck, "seeing she is a Jewess; and yet, by mine order, it is hard that so young and beautiful a creature should perish without one blow being struck in her behalf! Were she ten times a witch, provided she were but the least bit of a Christian, my quarter-staff should ring noon on the steel cap of yonder fierce Templar ere he carried the matter off thus."

It was, however, the general belief that no one could appear for a Jewess accused of sorcery, and the knights, instigated by Malvoisin, whispered to each other that it was time to declare the pledge of Rebecca forfeited. At this instant a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain advancing towards the lists. A hundred voices exclaimed, "A champion!—a champion!" And, despite the prepossessions and prejudices of the multitude, they shouted unanimously as the knight rode into the tilt-yard. The second glance, however, served to destroy the hope that his timely arrival had excited. His horse, urged for many miles to its utmost speed, appeared to reel from fatigue, and the rider, however undauntedly he presented himself in the lists, either from weakness, weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to support himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald, who demanded his rank, his name, and purpose, the stranger knight answered readily and boldly: "I am a good knight and noble, come hither to sustain with lance and sword the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York; to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false and truthless, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as a traitor, murderer, and liar: as I will prove in this field with my body against his, by the aid of God, of Our Lady, and of Monseigneur St. George, the good knight."

"The stranger must first show," said Malvoisin, "that he is good knight, and of honourable lineage. The Templar sendeth not forth her champions against nameless men."



"My name," said the knight, raising his helmet, "is better known, my lineage more pure, Malvoisin, than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe."

"I will not fight with thee at present," said the Templar, in a changed and hollow voice. "Get thy wounds healed, survey thee a better horse, and it may be I will hold it worthy while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravado."

"Ha! proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou forgotten that twice didst thou fall before this lance? Remember the lists at Acre; remember the passage of arms at Ashby; remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, and the gage of your gold chain against my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and recover the honour thou hadst lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it contains, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in every court in Europe—in every preceptory of thine order—unless thou do battle without farther delay."

Bois-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely towards Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking fiercely at Ivanhoe: "Dog of a Saxon! take thy lance, and prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon thee!"

"Does the Grand Master allow me the combat?" said Ivanhoe.

"I may not deny what thou hast challenged," said the Grand Master, "provided the maiden accepts thee as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in better plight to do battle. An enemy of our order hast thou ever been, yet could I have thee honourably met with."

"Thus—thus as I am, and not otherwise," said Ivanhoe, "it is the judgment of God—to His keeping I commend myself. Rebecca," said he, riding up to the fatal chair, "dost thou accept of me for thy champion?"

"I do," she said. "I do," fluttered by an emotion which the fear of death had been unable to produce—"I do accept



thee as the champion whom Heaven hath sent me. Yet no—no—thy wounds are uncured. Meet not that proud man; why shouldst thou perish also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had closed his visor, and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert did the same, and his esquire remarked, as he clasped his visor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding the variety of emotions by which he had been agitated, continued during the whole morning of an ashy paleness, was now become suddenly very much flushed.

The herald then, seeing each champion in his place, lifted his voice, repeating thrice: "*Faites vos devoirs preux chevaliers!*"<sup>1</sup> After the third cry, he withdrew to one side of the lists, and again proclaimed that none, on pain of instant death, should dare by word, cry, or action to interfere with or disturb this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, who held in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's glove, now threw it into the lists, and pronounced the fatal signal words, *Laissez aller*.

The trumpets sounded, and the knights charged each other in full career. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, as all had expected, before the well-aimed lance and vigorous steed of the Templar. This issue of the combat all had foreseen; but although the spear of Ivanhoe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Bois-Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his stirrups, and fell in the lists.

Ivanhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, placing his foot on his breast, and the sword's point to his throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on the spot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master.

<sup>1</sup> FAITES VOS DEVOIRS, etc. "Do your duty, brave knights!"

“unshriven and unabsolved; kill not body and soul! We allow him vanquished.”

He descended into the lists, and commanded them to unhelm the conquered champion. His eyes were closed; the dark red flush was still on his brow. As they looked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened; but they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed from his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of death. Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions.

“This is indeed the judgment of God,” said the Grand Master, looking upwards—“*Fiat voluntas tua!*”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA. “Thy will be done!”

## CHAPTER XLIV

So! now 'tis ended, like an old wife's story.

WEBSTER.

When the first moments of surprise were over, Wilfred of Ivanhoe demanded of the Grand Master, as judge of the field, if he had manfully and rightfully done his duty in the combat.

"Manfully and rightfully hath it been done," said the Grand Master; "I pronounce the maiden free and guiltless. The arms and the body of the deceased knight are at the will of the victor."

"I will not despoil him of his weapons," said the Knight of Ivanhoe, "nor condemn his corpse to shame: he hath fought for Christendom. God's arm, no human hand, hath this day struck him down. But let his obsequies be private, as becomes those of a man who died in an unjust quarrel. And for the maiden——"

He was interrupted by a clattering of horses' feet, advancing in such numbers, and so rapidly, as to shake the ground before them; and the Black Knight galloped into the lists. He was followed by a numerous band of men-at-arms, and several knights in complete armour.

"I am too late," he said, looking around him. "I had doomed Bois-Guilbert for mine own property. Ivanhoe was this well, to take on thee such a venture, and thou scarce able to keep thy saddle?"

"Heaven, my Liege," answered Ivanhoe, "hath taken *this* proud man for its victim. He was not to be honoured in dying as your will had designed."

"Peace be with him," said Richard, looking steadfastly

the corpse, "if it may be so; he was a gallant knight, and has died in his steel harness full knightly. But we must waste no time. Bohun, do thine office!"

A knight stepped forward from the King's attendants, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of Albert de Malvoisin, said, "I arrest thee of high treason."

The Grand Master had hitherto stood astonished at the appearance of so many warriors. He now spoke.

"Who dares to arrest a knight of the Temple of Zion, within the girth of his own preceptory, and in the presence of the Grand Master? and by whose authority is this bold outrage offered?"

"I make the arrest," replied the knight—"I, Henry Bohun, Earl of Essex, Lord High Constable of England."

"And he arrests Malvoisin," said the King, raising his voice, "by the order of Richard Plantagenet, here present. Conrad Mont-Fitchet, it is well for thee thou art born no object of mine. But for thee, Malvoisin, thou diest with my brother Philip ere the world be a week older."

"I will resist thy doom," said the Grand Master.

"Proud Templar," said the King, "thou canst not: look on, and behold the royal standard of England floats over thy towers instead of thy Temple banner! Be wise, Beauvoisin, and make no bootless opposition. Thy hand is in the lion's mouth."

"I will appeal to Rome against thee," said the Grand Master, "for usurpation on the immunities and privileges of our order."

"Be it so," said the King; "but for thine own sake take heed not with usurpation now. Dissolve thy chapter, and depart with thy followers to thy next preceptory, if thou canst find one which has not been made the scene of treasonable conspiracy against the King of England. Or, if thou wilt, remain, to share our hospitality, and behold our justice."

"To be a guest in the house where I should command," said the Templar; "never! Chaplains, raise the Psalm *Quare fremuerunt gentes?*<sup>1</sup> Knights, squires, and followers of the Holy Temple, prepare to follow the banner of *Beau-seant*!"

The Grand Master spoke with a dignity which confronted even that of England's king himself, and inspired courage into his surprised and dismayed followers. They gathered around him like the sheep around the watch-dog when they hear the baying of the wolf. But they evinced not the timidity of the scared flock: there were dark brows of defiance, and looks which menaced the hostility they dared not to proffer in words. They drew together in a dark line of spears, from which the white cloaks of the knights were visible among the dusky garments of the retainers, like the lighter-coloured edges of a sable cloud. The multitude, who had raised a clamorous shout of reprobation, paused and gazed in silence on the formidable and experienced body to which they had unwarily bade defiance, and shrunk back from their front.

The Earl of Essex, when he beheld them pause in their assembled force, dashed the rowels into his charger's sides and galloped backwards and forwards to array his followers in opposition to a band so formidable. Richard alone, if he loved the danger his presence had provoked, rode slowly along the front of the Templars, calling aloud "What, sirs! Among so many gallant knights, will none dare to splinter a spear with Richard? Sirs of the Temple, your ladies are but sunburned, if they are not worth the shiver of a broken lance!"

"The brethren of the Temple," said the Grand Master, riding forward in advance of their body, "fight not on such idle and profane quarrel; and not with thee, Richard of England, shall a Templar cross lance in my presence. The Pope and princes of Europe shall judge our quarrel."

<sup>1</sup> QUARE, etc. "Why do the heathen rage?" See Psalms II. 1.



"Whether a Christian prince has done well in buckling the sword which thou hast to-day adopted. If unassailed, we are not assailing no one. To thine honour we refer the honour and household goods of the order which we leave behind us, and on thy conscience we lay the scandal and disgrace thou hast this day given to Christendom."

With these words, and without waiting a reply, the Grand Master gave the signal of departure. Their trumpets sounded a wild march, of an Oriental character, which changed the usual signal for the Templars to advance. They changed their array from a line to a column of march, moved off as slowly as their horses could step, as if to show it was only the will of their Grand Master, and not the force of the opposing and superior force, which compelled them to withdraw.

"By the splendour of Our Lady's brow!" said King Richard, "it is pity of their lives that these Templars are so trusty as they are disciplined and valiant."

The multitude, like a timid cur which waits to bark till the object of its challenge has turned his back, raised a loud shout as the rear of the squadron left the ground.

During the tumult which attended the retreat of the Templars, Rebecca saw and heard nothing: she was locked in the arms of her aged father, giddy, and almost senseless, by the rapid change of circumstances around her. But a word from Isaac at length recalled her scattered feelings.

"Let us go," he said, "my dear daughter, my recovered daughter—let us go to throw ourselves at the feet of the youth."

"Not so," said Rebecca. "Oh no—no—no! I must not at this moment dare to speak to him. Alas! I should more than— No, my father, let us instantly leave this evil place."

"But, my daughter," said Isaac, "to leave him who hath fought forth like a strong man with his spear and shield."

holding his life as nothing, so he might redeem thy tivity; and thou, too, the daughter of a people strange to him and his—this is service to be thankfully acknowledged."

"It is—it is—most thankfully—most devoutly acknowledged," said Rebecca; "it shall be still more so—but now—for the sake of thy beloved Rachael, father, grant my request—not now!"

"Nay, but," said Isaac, insisting, "they will do more thankless than mere dogs!"

"But thou seest, my dear father, that King Richard is here in presence, and that——"

"True, my best—my wisest Rebecca. Let us hence! let us hence! Money he will lack, for he has just returned from Palestine, and, as they say, from prison; and for exacting it, should he need any, may arise out of simple traffic with his brother John. Away—away, hence!"

And hurrying his daughter in his turn, he conducted her from the lists, and by means of conveyance which he had provided, transported her safely to the house of Rabbi Nathan.

The Jewess, whose fortunes had formed the principal interest of the day, having now retired unobserved, the attention of the populace was transferred to the Knight. They now filled the air with "Long life to Richard with the Lion's Heart, and down with the usurious Templars!"<sup>1</sup>

"Notwithstanding all this lip-loyalty," said Ivanhoe to the Earl of Essex, "it was well the King took the precaution to bring thee with him, noble Earl, and so many of thy trusty followers."

The Earl smiled and shook his head.

"Gallant Ivanhoe," said Essex, "dost thou know

<sup>1</sup> LONG LIFE TO RICHARD See the Drinking-song in Tennyson's *The Foresters* l. 2.

ter so well, and yet suspect him of taking so wise a pre-  
caution! I was drawing towards York, having heard that  
Prince John was making head there, when I met King  
Richard, like a true knight-errant, galloping hither to  
leave in his own person this adventure of the Templar  
and the Jewess, with his own single arm. I accompanied  
him with my band, almost maugre his consent."

"And what news from York, brave Earl?" said Ivanhoe;  
"all the rebels bide us there?"

"No more than December's snow will bide July's sun,"  
said the Earl; "they are dispersing; and who should come  
to bring us the news, but John himself!"

"The traitor!—the ungrateful, insolent traitor!" said  
Ivanhoe; "did not Richard order him into confinement?"

"Oh! he received him," answered the Earl, "as if they  
met after a hunting party; and, pointing to me and our  
men-at-arms, said, 'Thou seest, brother, I have some angry  
men with me; thou wert best go to our mother, carry her  
maternal affection, and abide with her until men's minds  
are pacified.'"

"And this was all he said?" inquired Ivanhoe; "would  
any one say that this prince invites men to treason by  
clemency?"

"Just," replied the Earl, "as the man may be said to  
invite death who undertakes to fight a combat, having a  
dangerous wound unhealed."

"I forgive thee the jest, Lord Earl," said Ivanhoe; "but,  
remember, I hazarded but my own life—Richard, the wel-  
fare of his kingdom."

"Those," replied Essex, "who are specially careless of  
their own welfare are seldom remarkably attentive to that  
of others. But let us haste to the castle, for Richard medi-  
ates punishing some of the subordinate members of the  
conspiracy, though he has pardoned their principal."

*From the judicial investigations which followed on the  
rebellion, and which are given at length in the Ward*

Manuscript, it appears that Maurice de Bracy escaped beyond seas, and went into the service of Philip of France, while Philip de Malvoisin and his brother Albert, the preceptor of Templestowe, were executed, although Waldemar Fitzurse, the soul of the conspiracy, escaped with banishment, and Prince John, for whose behoof it was undertaken, was not even censured by his good-natured brother. No one, however, pitied the fate of the two Malvoisins, who only suffered the death which they had both well deserved by many acts of falsehood, cruelty, and oppression.

Briefly after the judicial combat, Cedric the Saxon was summoned to the court of Richard, which, for the purpose of quieting the counties that had been disturbed by the ambition of his brother, was then held at York. Cedric rushed and pshawed more than once at the message, but refused not obedience. In fact, the return of Richard had quenched every hope that he had entertained of restoring a Saxon dynasty in England; for, whatever head the Saxons might have made in the event of a civil war, it was plain that nothing could be done under the undisputed dominion of Richard, popular as he was by his personal good qualities and military fame, although his administration was wholly careless—now too indulgent and now allied to despotism.

But, moreover, it could not escape even Cedric's reluctant observation that his project for an absolute union among the Saxons, by the marriage of Rowena and Athelstane, was now completely at an end, by the mutual dislike of both parties concerned. This was, indeed, an event which, in his ardour for the Saxon cause, he could not have anticipated; and even when the disinclination of both was broadly and plainly manifested, he could scarce bring himself to believe that two Saxons of royal descent should scruple, on personal grounds, at an alliance so necessary for the public weal of the nation. But it was not the less certain. Rowena had always expressed her repugnance



Athelstane, and now Athelstane was no less plain and positive in proclaiming his resolution never to pursue his addresses to the Lady Rowena. Even the natural obstinacy of Cedric sunk beneath these obstacles, where he, remaining on the point of junction, had the task of dragging a reluctant pair up to it, one with each hand. He made, however, a last vigorous attack on Athelstane, and he found that resuscitated sprout of Saxon royalty engaged, like country squires of our own day, in a furious war with the clergy.

It seems that, after all his deadly menaces against the foot of St. Edmund's, Athelstane's spirit of revenge, what between the natural indolent kindness of his own disposition, what through the prayers of his mother Edith, attached, like most ladies (of the period), to the clerical order, and terminated in his keeping the abbot and his monks in the dungeons of Coningsburgh for three days on a meagre diet. For this atrocity the abbot menaced him with excommunication, and made out a dreadful list of complaints of the bowels and stomach, suffered by himself and his monks, in consequence of the tyrannical and unjust imprisonment they had sustained. With this controversy, and with the means he had adopted to counteract this clerical persecution, Cedric found the mind of his friend Athelstane so fully occupied, that it had no room for another man. And when Rowena's name was mentioned, the noble Athelstane prayed leave to quaff a full goblet to her health, and that she might soon be the bride of his kinsman Wilfred. It was a desperate case, therefore. There was obviously no more to be made of Athelstane; or, as Wamba expressed it, in a phrase which has descended from Saxon times to ours, he was a cock that would not fight.

There remained betwixt Cedric and the determination which the lovers desired to come to only two obstacles—his obstinacy, and his dislike of the Norman dynasty. The former feeling gradually gave way before the endear-



ments of his ward and the pride which he could not but be nourishing in the fame of his son. Besides, he was not insensible to the honour of allying his own line to that of Alfred, when the superior claims of the descendant of Edward the Confessor were abandoned for ever. Cedric's aversion to the Norman race of kings was also much undermined—first, by consideration of the impossibility of riding England of the new dynasty, a feeling which goes far to create loyalty in the subject to the king *de facto*,<sup>1</sup> and secondly, by the personal attention of King Richard, who delighted in the blunt humour of Cedric, and, to use the language of the Wardour Manuscript, so dealt with the noble Saxon that, ere he had been a guest at court for seven days, he had given his consent to the marriage of his ward and his son Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

The nuptials of our hero, thus formally approved by his father, were celebrated in the most august of temples, the noble minster of York. The King himself attended, and from the countenance which he afforded on this and other occasions to the distressed and hitherto degraded Saxons gave them a safer and more certain prospect of attaining their just rights than they could reasonably hope from the precarious chance of a civil war. The church gave her solemnities, graced with all the splendour which she in Rome knows how to apply with such brilliant effect.

Gurth, gallantly apparelled, attended as esquire upon his young master, whom he had served so faithfully, and the magnanimous Wamba, decorated with a new cap and most gorgeous set of silver bells. Sharers of Wilfred's dangers and adversity, they remained, as they had a right to expect, the partakers of his more prosperous career.

But, besides this domestic retinue, these distinguished nuptials were celebrated by the attendance of the high-born Normans, as well as Saxons, joined with the unvarnished jubilee of the lower orders, that marked the marriage of

<sup>1</sup> *DE FACTO*. "From the fact;" "actually."

individuals as a pledge of the future peace and harmony of two races, which, since that period, have been so completely mingled that the distinction has become wholly obsolete. Cedric lived to see this union approximate towards its completion; for, as the two nations mixed in society and formed intermarriages with each other, the Normans abated their scorn, and the Saxons were refined of their rusticity. But it was not until the reign of Edward the Third that the mixed language, now termed English, was spoken at the court of London, and that the distinction of Norman and Saxon seems entirely to have disappeared.

It was upon the second morning after this happy bridal that the Lady Rowena was made acquainted by her handmaid Elgitha, that a damsel desired admission to her presence, and solicited that their parley might be without witness.

Rowena wondered, hesitated, became curious, and at last, by commanding the damsel to be admitted, and her attendants to withdraw.

She entered—a noble and commanding figure, the long black veil, in which she was shrouded, overshadowing rather than concealing the elegance and majesty of her person.

Her demeanour was that of respect, unmingled by least shade either of fear or of a wish to propitiate. Rowena was ever ready to acknowledge the claims, and attend to the feelings, of others. She arose, and would have conducted her lovely visitor to a seat; but the stranger, seated at Elgitha, and again intimated a wish to discourse with the Lady Rowena alone. Elgitha had no sooner retreated with unwilling steps than, to the surprise of the Lady Ivanhoe, her fair visitant kneeled on one knee, pressed her hands to her forehead, and bending her head to the ground, in spite of Rowena's resistance, kissed the embroidered hem of her tunic.

"What means this, lady?" said the surprised bride; "or do you offer to me a deference so unusual?"

"Because to you, Lady of Ivanhoe," said Rebecca, rising up and resuming the usual quiet dignity of her manner, "I may lawfully, and without rebuke, pay the debt of gratitude which I owe to Wilfred of Ivanhoe. I am—forgive my boldness which has offered to you the homage of my country—I am the unhappy Jewess for whom your husband hazarded his life against such fearful odds in the tiltyard of Templestowe."

"Damsel," said Rowena, "Wilfred of Ivanhoe on that day rendered back but in slight measure your unceasing charity towards him in his wounds and misfortune. Speak, is there aught remains in which he or I can serve thee?"

"Nothing," said Rebecca, calmly, "unless you will transmit to him my grateful farewell."

"You leave England, then?" said Rowena, scarce recovering the surprise of this extraordinary visit.

"I leave it, lady, ere this moon again changes. My father hath a brother high in favour with Mohammed Boabdil, King of Grenada: thither we go, secure of peace and protection, for the payment of such ransom as the Moors exact from our people."

"And are you not then as well protected in England?" said Rowena. "My husband has favour with the King; the King himself is just and generous."

"Lady," said Rebecca, "I doubt it not; but the people of England are a fierce race, quarrelling ever with their neighbours or among themselves, and ready to plunge the sword into the bowels of each other. Such is no safe abode for the children of my people. Ephraim is an heartless dove; Issachar an overlaboured drudge, which stoops between two burdens.<sup>2</sup> Not in a land of war and blood, surrounded by hostile neighbours, and distracted by internal factions, can Israel hope to rest during her wanderings."

"But you, maiden," said Rowena—"you surely can have

<sup>1</sup> *EPHRAIM* etc. See *Hosea* VII. 11.

<sup>2</sup> *ISSACHAR*, etc. See *Genesis* XLIX. 14.

thing to fear. She who nursed the sick-bed of Ivanhoe," she continued, rising with enthusiasm—"she can have nothing to fear in England, where Saxon and Norman will contend who shall most do her honour."

"Thy speech is fair, lady," said Rebecca, "and thy purpose fairer; but it may not be—there is a gulf betwixt us. Our breeding, our faith, alike forbid either to pass over it. Farewell; yet, ere I go, indulge me one request. The bridal veil hangs over thy face; deign to raise it, and let me see the features of which fame speaks so highly."

"They are scarce worthy of being looked upon," said Rowena; "but, expecting the same from my visitant, I move the veil."

She took it off accordingly; and, partly from the consciousness of beauty, partly from bashfulness, she blushed so intensely that cheek, brow, neck, and bosom were suffused with crimson. Rebecca blushed also; but it was a momentary feeling, and, mastered by higher emotions, passed slowly from her features like the crimson cloud which tinges colour when the sun sinks beneath the horizon.

"Lady," she said, "the countenance you have deigned to show me will long dwell in my remembrance. There reigns in it gentleness and goodness; and if a tinge of the world's pride or vanities may mix with an expression so lovely, how could we chide that which is of earth for bearing some honour of its original? Long, long will I remember your features, and bless God that I leave my noble deliverer united with——"

She stopped short—her eyes filled with tears. She hastily wiped them, and answered to the anxious inquiries of Rowena: "I am well, lady—well. But my heart swells when I think of Torquilstone and the lists of Templestowe. Farewell. One, the most trifling, part of my duty remains undischarged. Accept this casket; startle not at its contents."

Rowena opened the small silver-chased casket, and yet



ceived a carcanet, or necklace, with ear-jewels, of diamonds which were obviously of immense value.

"It is impossible," she said, tendering back the casket. "I dare not accept a gift of such consequence."

"Yet keep it, lady," returned Rebecca. "You have power, rank, command, influence; we have wealth, the source both of our strength and weakness; the value of these toys, ten times multiplied, would not influence half as much as your slightest wish. To you, therefore, the gift is of little value; and to me, what I part with is of much less. Let me not think you deem so wretchedly ill of my nation as your commons believe. Think ye that I prize these sparkling fragments of stone above my liberty? or that my father values them in comparison to the honour of his only child? Accept them, lady—to me they are valueless—I will never wear jewels more."

"You are then unhappy!" said Rowena, struck with the manner in which Rebecca uttered the last words: "Oh remain with us, the counsel of holy men will wean you from your erring law, and I will be a sister to you."

"No, lady," answered Rebecca, the same calm melancholy reigning in her soft voice and beautiful features: "that may not be. I may not change the faith of my fathers like a garment unsuited to the climate in which I seek to dwell; and unhappy, lady, I will not be. He to whom I dedicate my future life will be my comforter, if I do His will."

"Have you then convents, to one of which you mean to retire?" asked Rowena.

"No, lady," said the Jewess; "but among our people since the time of Abraham downwards, have been women who have devoted their thoughts to Heaven, and their actions to works of kindness to men—tending the sick, feeding the hungry, and relieving the distressed. Among the good will Rebecca be numbered. Say this to thy lord, should he chance to inquire after the fate of her whose life he saved."



There was an involuntary tremour on Rebecca's voice, and a tenderness of accent, which perhaps betrayed more than she would willingly have expressed. She hastened to bid Rowena adieu.

"Farewell," she said. "May He who made both Jew and Christian shower down on you His choicest blessings! The bark that wafts us hence will be under weigh ere we reach the port."

She glided from the apartment, leaving Rowena surprised as if a vision had passed before her. The fair Saxon related the singular conference to her husband, on whose mind it made a deep impression. He lived long and happily with Rowena, for they were attached to each other by the bonds of early affection, and they loved each other the more from the recollection of the obstacles which had impeded their union. Yet it would be inquiring too curiously to ask whether the recollection of Rebecca's beauty and magnanimity did not recur to his mind more frequently than the fair descendant of Alfred might altogether have supposed.<sup>1</sup>

Ivanhoe distinguished himself in the service of Richard, and was graced with farther marks of the royal favour. He might have risen still higher but for the premature death of the heroic Cœur-de-Lion, before the Castle of Chaluz, near Limoges.<sup>2</sup> With the life of a generous, but rash and romantic, monarch perished all the projects which his ambition and his generosity had formed; to whom may be applied, with a slight alteration, the lines composed by Thomson for Charles of Sweden—

His fate was destined to a foreign strand,  
A petty fortress and an "humble" hand;  
He left the name at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral, or adorn a TALE.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> RECOLLECTION OF REBECCA'S BEAUTY. The novelist Thackeray has written an amusing burlesque sequel to *Ivanhoe*, entitled *Rebecca and Rowena*.

<sup>2</sup> NEAR LIMOGES. See Green's *Short History*, Chap. II. See IX.

<sup>3</sup> TALE. From Johnson's *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, a favorite poem of Scott.



## APPENDIX

### AUTHOR'S NOTES

#### NOTE A.—THE RANGER OF THE FOREST

A most sensible grievance of those aggrieved times were the Forest Laws. These oppressive enactments were the produce of the Norman Conquest; for the Saxon laws of the chase were mild and humane, while those of William, enthusiastically attached to the exercise and its rights, were to the last degree tyrannical. The formation of the New Forest bears evidence to his passion for hunting, where he reduced many a happy village to the condition of that one commemorated by my friend, Mr. William Swart Rose:

"Amongst the ruins of the church  
The midnight raven found a perch,  
A melancholy place;  
The ruthless Conqueror cast down  
Woe worth the deed, that little town,  
To lengthen out his chase."

The disabling dogs, which might be necessary for keeping flocks and herds from running at the deer, was called *lawing*, and was in general use. The Charter of the Forest designed to lessen those evils, declares that inquisition, or view, for lawing shall be made every third year, and shall be then done by the view and testimony of lawful men, not otherwise; and they whose dogs shall be then found unlawed, shall give three shillings for mercy, and for the future no man's ox shall be taken for lawing. Such lawing also shall be done by the assize commonly held, and which is, that three claws shall be cut off without the ball of the right foot. (See on this subject the *Historical Essay on the Magna Charta of King John*—a most beautiful volume, — Richard Thomson.)

#### NOTE B.—NEGRO SLAVES

The severe accuracy of some critics has objected to the complexion of the slaves of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as being totally out of costume and propriety. I remember the same objection being made to a set of sable functionaries, whom my friend, Mr. Lewis, introduced as the guards and mischief-doing satellites of the wicked Baron in his *Castle Spectre*. Mat treated the objection with great contempt, and averred in reply that he made

slaves black in order to obtain a striking effect of contrast, and that, could he have derived a similar advantage from making his heroine blue, blue she should have been.

I do not pretend to plead the immunities of my order so highly as this; but neither will I allow that the author of a modern antique romance is obliged to confine himself to the introduction of those manners only which can be proved to have absolutely existed in the times he is depicting, so that he restrain himself to such as are plausible and natural, and contain no obvious anachronism. In this point of view, what can be more natural than that the Templars, who, we know, copied closely the luxuries of the Asiatic warriors with whom they fought, should use the service of the enslaved Africans, whom the fate of war transferred to new masters? I am sure, if there are no precise proofs of their having done so, there is nothing, on the other hand, that can entitle us positively to conclude that they never did; besides, there is an instance in romance.

John of Rampayne, an excellent juggler and minstrel, undertook to effect the escape of one Audulf de Bracy, by presenting himself in disguise at the court of the King, where he was confined. For this purpose, "he stained his hair and his whole body entirely as black as jet, so that nothing was white but his teeth, and succeeded in imposing himself on the King as an Ethiopian minstrel. He effected, by stratagem, the escape of the prisoner. Negroes, therefore, must have been known in England in the dark ages.

#### NOTE C. — MINSTRELSY

The realm of France, it is well known, was divided between the Norman and Teutonic race, who spoke the language in which the word "yes" is pronounced as *oui*, and the inhabitants of the Southern regions, whose speech, bearing some affinity to the Italian, pronounced the same word *oc*. The poets of the former race were called *Minstrels*, and their poems *lays*; those of the latter were termed *Troubadours*, and their compositions called *sirventes*, and other names. Richard, a professed admirer of the joyous science in all its branches, could imitate either the minstrel or troubadour. It is less likely that he should have been able to compose or sing an English ballad; yet so much do we wish to assimilate him of the Lion Heart to the band of warriors whom he led, that the anachronism, if there be one, may readily be forgiven.

#### NOTE D. — BATTLE OF STAMFORD

A great topographical blunder occurred here in former editions. The bloody battle alluded to in the text, fought and won by King Harold over his brother, the rebellious Tosti, and an army of Danes or Norsemen, was said in the text and a concluding note, to have taken place at Stamford, in Leicestershire.

upon the river Welland. This is a mistake into which the author has been led by trusting to his memory, and so confounding two places of the same name. The Stamford, Strangford, Staneford, at which the battle really was fought, is a ford on the river Derwent, at the distance of about seven miles from York, and situated in that large and opulent county. A long wooden bridge over the Derwent, the site of which, with one remaining buttress, is still shown to the curious traveller, was furiously contested. One Norwegian long defended it by his single arm, and was at length pierced with a spear thrust through the planks of the bridge from a boat beneath.

The neighbourhood of Stamford, on the Derwent, contains many memorials of the battle. Horseshoes, swords, and the heads of halberds, or bills, are often found there; one place is called the "Anes' Well," another the "Battle Flats." From a tradition that the weapon with which the Norwegian champion was slain resembled a pear, or, as others say, that the trough or boat in which the soldier floated under the bridge to strike the blow had such a shape, the country people usually begin a great market, which is held at Stamford, with an entertainment called the Pear-pie feast, which, after all, may be a corruption of the Spear-pie feast. For more particulars, Drake's *History of York* may be referred to.

The author's mistake was pointed out to him, in the most obliging manner, by Robert Belt, Esq., of Bossal House. The battle was fought in 1066.

#### NOTE E. — THE RANGE OF IRON BARS

This horrid species of torture may remind the reader of that which the Spaniards subjected Guatimozin in order to extort the discovery of his concealed wealth. But, in fact, an instance of similar barbarity is to be found nearer home, and occurs in the reign of Queen Mary's time, containing so many other examples of atrocity.

[Sir Walter here proceeds to set forth in detail a narrative which he takes from the *Journal* of Bannatyne, secretary to John Fox, recounting "The Earl of Cassilis' Tyranny against a Quick (i.e., Living) Man." The account describes a species of torture—roasting similar to that with which Front de Bœuf threatens the Earl of York. He then adds:]

It appears by some papers in my possession that the officers Country Keepers on the border were accustomed to torment their prisoners by binding them to the iron bars of their chimneys to extort confession.

#### NOTE F. HERALDRY

The author has been here upbraided with false heraldry, as having charged metal upon metal. It should be remembered, however, that heraldry had only its first rude origin during the crusades, and that all the minutiae of its fantastic science were the



of time, and introduced at a much later period. Those who think otherwise must suppose that the goddess of *Armoirers*, like the goddess of Arms, sprung into the world completely equipped in the gaudy trappings of the department she presides over.

In corroboration of what is above stated, it may be observed that the arms which were assumed by Godfrey of Boulogne himself, after the conquest of Jerusalem, was a cross counter pale cantoned with four little crosses, or upon a field azure, displaying thus metal upon metal. The heralds have tried to explain the undeniable fact in different modes; but Ferne gallantly contends that a prince of Godfrey's qualities, should not be bound by the ordinary rules. The Scottish Nisbet, and the same Ferne, maintain that the chiefs of the Crusade must have assigned to Godfrey the extraordinary and unwonted coat of arms, in order to induce those who should behold them to make enquiries; and hence give them the name of *arma inquirenda*. But with reference to these great authorities, it seems unlikely that the assembled princes of Europe should have adjudged to Godfrey a coat armorial so much contrary to the general rule, if such rule had then existed. At any rate it proves that metal upon metal, now accounted a solecism in heraldry, was admitted in other cases similar to that in the text. (See FERNE's *Blazon of Gentry*, p. 238, edition 1586; NISBET's *Heraldry*, vol. i., p. 113, second edition.)

#### NOTE G. — HEDGE-PRIESTS

It is curious to observe, that in every state of society, some sort of ghostly consolation is provided for the members of the community, though assembled for purposes diametrically opposed to religion. A gang of beggars have their *Patrico*, and the banditti of the Apennines have among them persons acting as monks and priests, by whom they are confessed, and who perform mass before them. Unquestionably, such reverend persons, in such a society, must accommodate their manners and their morals to the community in which they live; and if they can occasionally obtain a degree of reverence for their supposed spiritual gifts, are, on many occasions, loaded with unmerciful ridicule, as possessing a character inconsistent with all around them.

Hence the fighting parson in the old play of *Sir John Oldcastle*, and the famous friar of Robin Hood's band. Nor were such characters ideal. There exists a monition of the Bishop of Durham against irregular churchmen of this class, who associated themselves with Border robbers, and desecrated the holiest offices of the priest's function by celebrating them for the benefit of thieves, robbers, and murderers, amongst ruins and in caverns of the earth, without regard to canonical form, and with torn and dirty attire, and unclean rites, altogether improper for the occasion.

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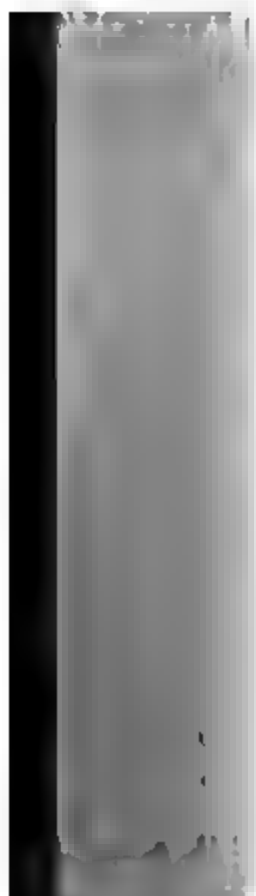
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